HERSELF - IRELAND

ELIZABETH · P · O'CONNOR

DA977
O2

HERSELF—IRELAND



THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN
Designed by Cooley, an Irish Architect (Page 62)

HERSELF—IRELAND

BY

ELIZABETH P. O'CONNOR

(MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR)

Author of "My Beloved South," "I Myself," etc.

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

1918

Copyright, 1918, by
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC.

47189

TO
THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOVED IRELAND
TOO WELL TO LEAVE HER.
AND TO THOSE WHO, STILL LOVING HER, HAVE
HELPED MAKE MY COUNTRY THE
GREATEST OF REPUBLICS

AN APOLOGY

A VERY brilliant Irishman, Oscar Wilde, claimed to be a seer in palmistry.

Many years ago, at a gay little gathering, he offered to read the hand of any guest whose character could stand the light of publicity.

"I will not move away from the fire and tea," he said, "and go into a dark corner to screen the iniquities of any person present; but in this magic circle, in the full light of the lamp, I am prepared to reveal in classical English the past, present, and future of a daring heart."

His eyes danced with deviltry, he made a dramatic gesture, "Lady with courage, lend me your hand."

I immediately laid mine open upon the table. He bent his head, and concentrated his attention on the many divergent lines.

"You are Irish?"

"No, there is not a drop of Irish blood in my veins."

"Then," he said frowning, "there is no excuse for your character."

Much laughter followed, and more when he began his paradoxes.

"You are religious, and you have no religion. You are a spendthrift, and you save. You are amiable, and you have a high temper. You are passionate, and cold. You are sympathetic, and hard. You are forgiving, but never forgive. Therefore, in spite of the American Eagle, and your corporeal body, you are Irish."

These idle words spoken in jest and forgotten for years, have been a whimsical help in writing this book. For at least I have felt to-day, as on that light-hearted afternoon, in sympathy with the Irish.

I am a writer of necessity—not of talent. Therefore this book will not bring any additional light on that lively, ever-recurrent, and absorbing topic of interest, The Irish Question. Nor will it contain any new interpretation of the political situation, nor any erudite or important information. Various kindly people interested in my work, have questioned me as to its character. The first asked if it was to be a book of travel? I said, "Not altogether that." A brother-in-arms with a methodical mind, enquired if I intended dividing it into Sections? With my vagrant wits, that was a terribly discouraging question. Another questioner asked if it was to be a guide-book? That too lowered my courage, and when the lady persisted in a definition I could only answer, "It's just a book." But notwithstanding its wants and

limitations, it is written with honesty of purpose, and a keen desire to arouse in my reader—who, I hope will be as ignorant of Ireland as I was when I arrived in Dublin, almost a year ago now —an interest in the country which has proved of such absorbing interest to me. I can only liken my pages to an *hors d'œuvre* served before a banquet. The little salted fish is but to increase the appetite for better things to come. *Herself—Ireland* is for the same purpose, a slight fillip to the feast of other and more worthy confrères.

I am not a politician. Literature, poetry, art, music, science, friendship, character, all make their appeal, but politics and politicians leave me cold. Until I came to Ireland, The Irish Question to me was a closed book, although I have heard it discussed for years. Now my opinions are, like the Faith of the people, clear and definite. It is not however of Irish politics I have written, but of Ireland and the Irish, who in many ways resemble my own race, the people of the South.

I have lived in England thirty years, and admire the English. I had not lived in Ireland thirty days, before I loved the Irish. England appeals to the head. Ireland appeals to the heart. England is good for the body. Ireland is good for the soul. And whatever of bitterness or unfor-

givingness towards life I brought to these green shores, is buried and put away for ever, by contact with people of indestructible Faith, unselfish purpose, and not only brave—but cheerful, and even gay—endurance of poverty.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Why I Went to Ireland	1
II	The Rebellion of 1916	21
III	Old Dublin	54
IV	Dean Swift	82
V	Hicks, a Man Without Price	94
VI	Old Ireland, and the Little White Flower	112
VII	Irish Wit	128
VIII	The Irish Temperament	153
IX	A Performing Zoo	173
X	The Treasures of Ireland	184
XI	The National Gallery	200
XII	Cork and Queenstown	233
XIII	Killarney	260
XIV	Limerick	279
XV	A Pleasant Tour	293
XVI	Galway, an Old City of the West	328
XVII	Evergreen Friendship	351
XVIII	Mitchelstown Castle and an Irish Romance	367
	My Irish Year	388

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Four Courts, Dublin, designed by Cooley, an Irish architect (page 62) . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Devenish Round Tower, Lough Erne . . . 10

St. John's, Wellington Place, Clyde Road, Dublin . 28

"Kit" (French *pochette*) or dancing-master's fiddle. By Perry of Dublin. Late eighteenth century 42

Portrait of an Irish Lady 66

Peg Woffington, National Gallery, Dublin . . . 88

The Cross of Cong. Made for Turlough O'Conor, King of Ireland in 1123, designed as a shrine worthy to hold a piece of the true cross . . 100

End of Saloon, with organ, at Carton, the Family Seat of the Duke of Leinster 118

Loving Cups, Dublin make, 1730, 1775 . . . 136

Miss Kitty Gunning 160

Lion Cubs at the Dublin Zoo 174

"General" and "Captain" are as well trained elephants as the usual performing animals of a circus 182

Ceiling, Wall Panelling, Doors, Mantel-piece, and Fire-grates from Tracton House, St. Stephen's Green. The Ceiling dated 1746 186

FACING PAGE

The Tara Brooch. Made about 700 A.D. and discovered in 1850 on Strand at Bettystown near Drogheda 194

Gold Lunula. Found in 1836 at Barrisnoe near the eastern side of Benduff Mountain, Tipperary County 194

The Piping Boy. By Nathaniel Hone 204

The Village School. By Jan Steen 216

Harpsichord, mahogany with ornamental brass mountings. By Ferdinand Weber, Dublin. The property of Robert W. Smythe, Esq. 240

Scenes in the Lake Country 268

On the Road to Parknasilla 284

In the Hotel Garden, Parknasilla 298

Poisoned Glen and Marble Church, Dunlewy, Gweedore 310

Island where a Girl lived alone. Lough Gill, Sligo . 338

Doneraile Court 356

Mitchelstown Castle 374

THE WEST'S ASLEEP

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep.
Alas! and well may Erin weep
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry.
Sing, oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and Nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumbering slaves a home so grand.
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinell'd the place.
Sing, oh! not e'en their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often in O'Connor's van
To triumph dashed each Connaught man,
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Curlieu's Pass and Ardrahan.
And later day saw deeds as brave,
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave.
Sing, oh! they died their land to save
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's alseep, the West's asleep—
Alas! and well may Erin weep
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
But hark! some voice like thunder spake.
"The West's awake! the West's awake!"
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake—
The West's awake! the West's awake!

—Thomas Davis.

HERSELF—IRELAND

CHAPTER I

WHY I WENT TO IRELAND

It is not day yet
(Old Gaelic Proverb)

"WHY do you go to Ireland?" said an English friend. "The country is under Martial Law, Dublin is in ruins, there is sure to be another uprising, and you will probably be shot."

"Nobody from Texas is afraid of a familiar little thing like a bullet, and nothing can be so good for the circulation as an insurrection. How the exaltation of spirit would make the blood race through the body. I shall go to Ireland the day after to-morrow."

"Is it necessary to select this particular time? You have never been interested in Irish politics."

"That's just it, I carry with me a nice clean mind, like a sheet of white paper, for Imperialist, Nationalist, Idealist or Sinn Feiner to write upon. The spring and summer are before me, and at this moment Ireland is the most interesting country in Europe. Men who were alive and loved life, loved Ireland more, and have just died for her."

"Once a rebel, always a rebel," said my friend.

"You were obliged to have Martial Law in your own country, you know something about it."

"Yes," I said, "and as long as the South was under military discipline she never raised her despairing head; it was a hopeless chaotic country until the reins of government were in her own hands again."

"Then you are already a Home Ruler?"

"I can better tell you what I am, after I have lived in Ireland."

"I'll forgive you Home Rule," said my friend, "but I draw the line at a Sinn Feiner."

"Lines," I said, "are elastic, and are determined by time and point of view. A rebel of 1916 may be a hero in 2016. In 1836 a young uncle of mine who had just taken his degree at Bardstown—the college where Louis Phillipe was a professor, when they were after his head in France, even Monarchs are sometimes rebels—raised a regiment of soldiers, the flower of Kentucky manhood, and marched into Texas to capture it from the Mexicans. These young Southerners fought with desperate bravery, but were taken prisoners by the Mexicans, and shot. Mexico regarded them as traitors, and even the young United States thought them foolhardy visionaries. But they started the ball rolling, eventually Texas was wrested from the Mexicans,

became a Republic, later a State; and to-day a granite monument of imposing dimensions, stands in front of the Capitol, to record the daring of Captian Burr Duval and his brave followers. The youth of Texas only know these men as heroes, not as rebels. So who can tell how history may, after a century or two have passed, regard the uprising in Ireland?"

"You say you are not a politician," said my friend, "but that does not modify your convictions. I am sure you think you could have averted this war."

"Anybody could prevent war, who had power to send the King, the Privy Council, the House of Commons, the Cabinet, the House of Lords, the members of the Government, and all editors and journalists, to open the campaign. After three months' dignified, ponderous, middle-aged, and decorous fighting, the Army and Navy could then be called upon to join the fray."

"And in your native land,—what would you do there?"

"The President," I said, "the Cabinet, the Senate and House, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and all fire-eating editors and journalists, should bare patriotic breasts to the enemy, before reinforcements came from the Army."

"Your theories are too altruistic for adoption, but if you really intend going to Ireland, I'll

drive you to the station, and you can make arrangements for your journey. Have you got a fur coat? If not I'll lend you mine."

"Even if I come back a Sinn Feiner?"

"Yes, if you'll only come back; you see I can talk to you, as if we both lived in a palace of truth. You are a fool, but not a vain fool."

When without misunderstanding, two women can call each other fools and liars, their house of friendship is built upon a rock.

"I don't want you to go to Ireland," said my confidanté and comfort, Rose, "but of course I'll pack for you. Will you need clothes for a short or a long time?"

"That," I said, "is on the knees of the gods. A week will be long enough if I'm disappointed, if not I'll stay six months, or perhaps for ever, who knows, so there must be separations in my wardrobe, winter garments somewhere out of reach, a summer outfit for the later months, and spring garments to hand."

"It reminds me," said Rose, "of the good old days at Oakley Lodge, when Cook went up to you for orders, and asked, 'How many to dinner, Madam?' And you said, 'Ellen, I don't know if I'll be alone, or if there will be fourteen to dine.'"

"When I kept house I wasn't so bad as that, Rose. It sounds like me, but Ellen must have

had a sense of character, and invented the conversation."

"No, she did not, Madam; it was what you told her; for seven came, Ellen said it was a temptation to teach you a lesson, but she relented; for she really liked dinner parties. We all did."

Being equal to any emergency, Rose packed for the week, or the year, waked me in time for the early train, and I crossed by day to Dublin. I had been up late the night before, was tired and depressed, but when I set foot on Irish soil, a word of sympathy cheered me in the greeting of old Davy Stevens, the elderly newsboy of Kingstown, who observed my weary eyes, and said:

"Buy a picture paper Lady avick, then you won't have to read."

One of the most striking qualities of the Irish is perception. They divine your mental and physical condition by intuition, and even the lower classes have singularly good manners. With tradition behind them, manners are to them an instinct, for no matter how humble in occupation an O'Brien, or an O'Donohue, or an O'Grady may be, he is the kinsman of a one-time King or Prince. I know working people in Dublin, who washed—yes, I must acknowledge they would have to be washed—and suitably dressed, could pass muster in any society. I have met an Irishwoman married to an English gentleman, who

began life as a furniture polisher. She is romantically pretty, and not only are her manners good, but she is serenely at ease, and is as cultivated and agreeable, as any woman of my acquaintance. Pretentiousness is vulgar. The lower classes in Ireland are never pretentious. But I regret to say, when they emigrate to America, they take on the worst features of the pushing polygot American. There, they too often exchange simplicity for self-assurance, and modesty for braggadocio, and the Irish Yankee who returns to his native country is seldom popular, with either priest or people.

On my arrival in Dublin, I went to the Shelbourne Hotel, where it is said, if you stay long enough, as in London and Paris, you will meet every one you know. English people come to Dublin, for the Horse Show, for the races, for the hunting,—they come for a thousand reasons,—but they come. And sooner or later at lunch or dinner, you meet your friends at the Shelbourne.

Putting aside any interest one may have in Ireland, the Hotel is an exceptionally comfortable and satisfactory place of abode. In the first place, there is hot water. Not warm water. But boiling water, like the natural geysers of Australia. You can take a cure by drinking it, and you can have an enlivening bath at any hour of the day or of the night. And such water! As soft and tender

as the down on a newly hatched chicken's breast. A little soap goes a long way in this pale blue limpid fluid. Hair after being washed is satin-smooth to the touch, and the lustrous Irish poplin, and the excellent stout and whiskey, are said to owe their renown to Dublin water. The Shelbourne's other pleasant qualities, perceptible to sensitive olfactories, are an agreeable odour of good scrubbing soap, Ice polish, and clean linen. Generously proportioned, well-furnished bedrooms. Adequate and willing service. Constant attention at the telephone. A good table of elastic hours. A lounge large enough—no matter how fully peopled—to ensure a quiet corner with a friend, and an atmosphere withal of interest and friendly kindness. What more can be wanted, or asked for in any Inn? If I could always be sure of the same measure of comfort, I would start to-morrow on a journey around the world.

The few people I knew in Dublin happened to be away, and I should have felt lonely, the early days of my arrival, but for a friend. While unpacking I heard a coo-oo, coo-oo, and looking up found at the corner of my window, a pair of bright, curious eyes observing my movements. They belonged to a wine-coloured pigeon, of liberal dimensions. Without movement, he sat watching me place pincushion, comb, hairbrush, nail scissors, cold cream, and polisher on the

dressing-table, but stretched his wings if I got too near. When I retired, he folded them close to his plump body, and coo-cooed with renewed confidence, indicating that he had appreciated my tact. After tea, when I returned to my room, it was not long before he flew to the outer ledge to eat the crumbs I had brought him. The next morning I found a corn chandler, and bought a bag of maize. This thoughtful hospitality on my part, sealed our fellowship. Very soon he occupied the centre of the window-sill, and one day after a profound examination of me, with a trusting baritone coo, he proudly promenaded the dressing-table, leaving little muddy tracks on the toilet-cover.

"Glory be to God! I'll show him the windy, I will that," said my chambermaid, "traipsin' over the clane linen, like a Christian, an' lavin' black tracks all up and down—and him with heels like a jay-bird."

"No," I said, "please don't show him either the window or the door. I want him encouraged to come; not to go."

And I made one other friend. A ten o'clock duck.—He lived on the pond in Stephen's Green. At the last stroke of the clock, I am sure he looked up at my window and quacked, "Go to bed! Go to bed!" After a few ten o'clocks, I walked over to the Green, found the little lake, and as the

ducks swam towards me, I recognised my portly friend's quacks. His enunciation was better than the others'. He was quicker to discern food, and his appetite was very sound.

I have an affection for ducks. They are more benign than chickens, more trustful, and they have less idle curiosity.

Every night I listened at ten o'clock, for that penetrating quack, and he never failed me. And every morning, during my six weeks' stay, my wine-coloured pigeon woke me with his deep-throated note. I travelled about Ireland during the summer, and returned to Dublin in September. My chambermaid said:

"Ye couldn't have belaved how that bird carried on, whin you went away. He was here the whole day, peerin' in the room, an' if I opened the door sudden, he'd be sittin' on the dressin'-table, lukin' at himself, an' as plain as annything, he axed me where you were." But he never came back during my second visit, and a little wine-coloured feather is all that I have of our friendship.

There are certain cities where one can be alone, and others where loneliness is unbearable. New York, for instance. There life assumes a ruthless and belligerent aspect, intimidating to the strongest spirit. London is too vast, and grey, sombre, and indifferent, to endure solitariness. Belfast is uninteresting enough to create

restlessness. But Washington, where one can spend weeks, among the treasures of the Capitol, or Florence, where the architecture is of unforgettable beauty, or Madrid, sitting for hours before the immortal work of the great Masters—making them one's own in memory—or New Orleans, caressed by the softly perfumed air of the South, and surrounded by the past glories of old France, or Dublin, which possesses a charm peculiar to itself, in all these cities, of a friendly size and atmosphere, loneliness is not only possible, but even restful and agreeable.

I like to wander alone, in the streets of a strange town, to loiter before the shop-windows, and look at old pictures, old silver, old fans, or old china. A collector of old jewelry placed a whole heap of antiquated rings before me; they included one or two specimens of Claddagh marriage rings, and engraved in the thin gold circles I found these different love phrases:

"In thee I find content of mind."

"Let love abide, till death divide."

"God for me appointed thee."

"Love fixt on virtue lasteth."

"My love and I, till death divide."

Walking along Lower Leeson Street in the early morning, I noticed a child, with the bluest eyes that eyes can endure, and although he was not more than four or five years old, some phase



Devenish Round Tower, Lough Erne

of life seemed already to have made an impression upon him.

"What is that pretty badge you are wearing on your innocent breast?" I asked, pointing to a round disc of green, white, and yellow.

He straightened his sturdy little figure, swelled out his small chest, and said, "The colours of the Irish Republic, Sorr—Mam," he corrected, and there was the steady light of battle in his eye, which I quelled with a bag of chocolates.

"Now kiss me good-bye, Sinn Feiner of the eyes so blue," I said. "Go to America, and be good." And we parted to meet no more.

One afternoon in Grafton Street, while in a shop giving directions about the repairs of a silver box, two young ladies came in, stood by my side, and asked to see rings. The clerk who served me said in an undertone:

"That is Mrs. Plunkett, the young widow who married her husband during the rebellion, just before he was shot, and a friend who is constantly with her."

As they looked neither to the right nor to the left, it gave me an opportunity of observing them. Mrs. Plunkett wore no mourning except a broad band of black on her white hat, and on the sleeve of her coat. Her dress was of emerald-green tweed. Her face was pale, the wide-open blue eyes observed what passed before them with quiet

indifference, and never have I seen a jewel selected so quickly.

"Are the diamonds good?" the dark young girl asked.

The salesman said, "Yes, all these rings are of the best quality."

"I will take this one. Send me the bill," said the dark-eyed girl, and with that brief direction, these interesting ladies departed. It seemed to me a tragedy lurked in the background of that sparkling circle. Perhaps it was purchased by his fiancée, at the request of one of the Insurrectionists, before being deported.

Mrs. Plunkett had expressed no opinion about the ring. And I thought of the difference there would have been in my own happy land, if two American girls had entered Tiffany's on a like errand. Tray after tray of rings would have been brought forward, dozens of them tried on, and flashed in the light with breathless exclamations of:

"Oh, Mary, don't you just love rubies!"

"My dear, look at this, it's a perfect vision!"

Eventually half-a-dozen rings would have been ordered home for "Poppa" to see, and with not a care in the world, the lively pair would have fluttered out of the shop, and stepped briskly forth on Fifth Avenue. I can scarcely believe that I saw

such an important thing as a diamond ring bought in two minutes, but then strange things happen in Ireland.

The very first of my serious sight-seeing was to view the mail-clad figure of Strongbow the Dane, in Christ Church, where in one of the vaults St. Patrick said the first Mass in Ireland. The ancient warrior has very tender associations for me, for as soon as my son, Francis Howard, could draw, he pictured Strongbow. How many times have I regretted his noble proportions on my best notepaper. Sometimes he was surrounded by his military monks, the Knights Templar, sometimes he was alone, and occasionally he divided honours with Rufus and his spider. I paused before the beautiful Norman door, and the exquisite interior of the Church delighted me, but my coign of vantage was the tomb bearing the recumbent figure of a Knight in chain armour. By his side is a smaller tomb, with a half-length figure of his son, whom he slashed in twain for cowardice in battle. I suppose that is why there is only half a son lying by him. Spartanism is admirable in heroes, but not in fathers; the tie of blood should temper it with mercy.

The monument of the nineteenth Earl of Kildare, the father of the first Duke of Leinster, is quite beautiful, and there are two chapels of consideration, one of St. Lorcan, the Abbot of

Glendalough, the second saint canonised in Rome after St. Malachy, and the Lady Chapel, which was the original chapel of St. Nicholas. The red Cork marble, the green Galway marble, and the black Kilkenny marble, have all been used to great advantage in the building of the pulpit. These various stones, with their warmth of colour, including Irish blue marble, are quite as valuable for decoration, as any of the Italian marbles, and architects might well make use of them, both in England and in America. The crypt is not only interesting to the antiquary—from various evidence, it is proved a Danish built Christian church—but the wooden stocks and quaint candlesticks, used in the celebration of Mass during the reign of James II, the silver gilt Dutch plate, presented to the Cathedral by William III are objects which would be appreciated by the most casual observer. I should like also to see a reproduction of the royal palace, built of peeled wands, in which Henry II lived just outside Dublin. It must have been of the same character as the picturesque cabins, built of wattles, and so poetically appreciated by Yeats.

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

"And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

"I will arise and go now, for always night and day,
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavement gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

Henry II may have had nine bean rows and a hive for honey bees, but peace is not for Kings. He was obliged to leave his castle of peeled wands and return to England. John, his son, who was made Lord of Ireland, was never popular in the country, what a pity the fine title was allowed to lapse! Perhaps one day if Ireland should find favour in Royal eyes, a Lord of Ireland may reign again in the Emerald Isle.

My sight-seeing, which in a city of so many interests can never end, began to be intermittent, as friends came and went from the Hotel. The Insurrection had been over for some weeks, but every one, especially those who had seen it, been thrilled and terrified and inconvenienced by it, still talked of nothing else. The Government was held responsible by some, John Redmond, the Leader of the Irish Party, by others; and even his followers, particularly the young men, felt that at the

beginning of the War, by too great impulsive generosity, he had thrown his own great chance and that of Ireland to the winds. A young Irish gentleman, the son of a Unionist, but himself a believer in Home Rule, with no ambition for political place, only a burning desire for the welfare of his country, said to me:

"John Redmond missed his opportunity at the beginning of the War. Instead of pledging Ireland to England in a very fine and dramatic speech, and offering them Irish soldiers, he should have demanded Home Rule in exchange for Irish Regiments. He should have demanded Ireland's freedom for the lives of her sons. There might have been hot controversy in the House of Commons, but, eventually, he would have got Home Rule. England has always understood better than any other nation barter and exchange. She also understands a gun as well, or better, than any other country. Was it Mr. Dooley who told Mr. Hennessy that when John Bull was at dinner, the butler interrupted him and said:

"'There's a man outside, who wants to see you, with a grievance.'

"'Tell him to go away,' said John Bull, 'I don't want to see a man with a grievance.'

"In a short time the butler returned and said:

"'The man with the grievance is back again. This time he has got a gun.'

"'Has he?' said John Bull; 'then show him in, and we'll have a talk about it.'

"As England wanted Ireland to shoulder the gun, John Bull should have made him a loyal subject by putting Home Rule into operation. There are probably, or there were, before the slaughter (for Irishmen went to fight when England was short of ammunition, and had only the breasts of soldiers as a defence against German guns) 170,000 Irishmen in the Army. If we had got Home Rule we could have doubled this number, and without conscription. Probably MacDonagh, and the O'Rahilly, and Connolly, and other leaders of the uprising, would have died with the Victoria Cross on their breasts, fighting for, instead of against, England."

"But surely," I said, "these men if they were not madmen, must have known that death was inevitable?"

"They were not mad, they were exalted visionaries and fanatics, burning with the unquenchable spirit of nationality. Bloodshed is losing its terrors. The papers contained a daily Roll of Honour. Irish soldiers arrived from the Front wounded, maimed, and dying. Death hovered in the air, and became a familiar friend. These men resolved to die for Ireland. They thought her patience to await events was weakening the Irish character. Irish Nationality was being withered,

like a blight. Parnell said that no Irish member was useful to Ireland after he had served two years in a British Parliament. The Insurrectionists had lost faith in Irish parliamentarians. Mr. Birrel must have heard of the uprising. It was openly whispered over Ireland that an insurrection was in the air of such dimensions that after the War, at the table of peace, Ireland would be exalted to consideration by the International Council of the World. And though she was not mentioned by name, America loomed large in the foreground, for the Sinn Fein movement made a strong appeal to young Irish America."

"And," I said, "Germany must have been somewhat involved?"

"Germany, I am sure, had little to do with the actual uprising; it was too small a thing to engage her attention—and too hopeless, but undeniably there was a hidden hand somewhere. England has been, and is, Master of the Seas. In spite of her submarine warfare, Germany has a hungry realisation of this fact. Possibly she furnished a certain amount of arms and ammunition. She also furnished arms and ammunition to Ulster, for which she has never been paid,—the war interfered with that."

"What a pity," I said, "the very varied interests of Ireland are not fused together. If

Cork and Belfast were united, couldn't The Irish Question be settled at once and for ever?"

"Perhaps, but you are opening up a wide field now. I must send you to Belfast, to talk with my brother-in-law. He is a Resident Magistrate there, a very broad-minded and intellectual man; my sister will be delighted to have you pay her a visit."

"Can you invite me, a stranger, to your sister's house?" I said, smilingly.

"Certainly I can," he said, cordially; "and to half-a-dozen other houses in Ireland. To my mother's in County Cork, and my brother's in Queenstown, and a cousin's in Kerry. You must make them all visits."

This hospitality was as whole-hearted as that of the South, although less compelling. A story is told of a man riding through my own State, Texas, in the early days, who looked up, and saw a negro seated on a fence tremblingly pointing a rifle at him.

"Damn you, put that down, it will go off in a minute—what the hell are you trying to shoot me for?"

"I ain't gwine to shoot you, Sir, if you'll only do what my ole Massa axes you to do," said the negro.

"What the devil does he want me to do?" said

the man. "It must be something inhuman if it has to be done at the muzzle of a gun."

"No it ain't, Sir—ole Massa's mighty lonesome, livin' on dis big ranch by hisself, an' he says to me dis morning, 'Jim, go down to de road, an' bring me a visitor. Ef you don't I'll blow out yo' brains an' mine.' I bin sittin' here some time, an' I seen two other men go by, but I knowed dey wouldn't er suited ole Massa. He might er blowed out dur brains, along wid mine and his'en. But you an' ole Massa will git along togedder. I knowed you was a gentleman de minute I heard you cuss."

The man threw himself off his horse, walked with the negro to the house, and said at the end of his enforced visit he never spent a pleasanter fortnight.

CHAPTER II

THE REBELLION OF 1916

God Save Ireland and the People in it
(Old Gaelic Proverb)

I MADE no haste to see the ruins of Sackville Street; the great plate windows of the Shelbourne, decorated with holes, from which zigzag lines sprang like violent spiders' webs, were reminder enough of Dublin's tragic week. And from those who were eye-witnesses I could visualise all that had happened. A journalist describing his experiences said to me:

"On Easter Monday, I was writing my daily column, when I heard the tramp, tramp of marching men. It was no unusual sound, but the rhythm of those steady feet somehow thrilled me. I dropped my pen. Ran to the window. Threw it up. Heard a shot. Saw a policeman fall. A priest hurried to his side. Sharp firing began, and though dazed I realised it was an attack on Dublin Castle. A few minutes later the premises of the *Evening Mail* were seized, and I was mentally preparing a column more vital than the one I had been forced to abandon. As they say in the vernacular of your country, there was not only

a 'story' opening before me, but a living drama, unleavened by comedy, and submerged in blood, and tears, and death."

"Yes," I said, "'The filling up of graves, the wringing of drenched hands,'—and then?"

"The Insurrectionists held our office all the afternoon, and Monday night the battle still raged. The Volunteers fought with red-hot courage, desperately, as men fight who put an extravagant resolve to the test. The bullets swarmed like deadly gnats; from Cork Hill they formed a zone in which nothing could live. Men in khaki tried in vain to storm the fortress. The Insurgents fired with unerring aim, and the soldiers fell dead or wounded in groups of three or four, until the end of the siege, when the final assault made the Sinn Feiners lay down their arms.

"Tuesday, fighting was going on all day, snipers firing from the houses in the neighbourhood of Cork Hill, and the soldiers dared death in trying to find them. Men going from house to house duty were almost certain to be killed or wounded. I saw two brave Colonials, a captain and his corporal, hunting for rebels, the latter with an amateur bandage about his jaw, and the former with an awkward bandage round his hand. Although both should have been in hospital, they were clearing the streets, firing at windows and roofs, and being fired at in return. Thursday, I

saw them again, and I watched the captain until he was wounded in the leg, but even then he continued on duty, and if he had been in France fighting against the Germans, instead of in Dublin fighting against the Irish—very probably he was himself of Irish extraction—undoubtedly he would have won the Victoria Cross."

"Tell me how he deserved it?" I asked.

"On Friday he was at the Four Courts; it was toward the end, and both sides were fighting doggedly. In some of the smaller streets barricades had been erected by the Sinn Feiners on the one side and the regular troops on the other. The Sinn Feiners were firing continuously, and proving what good marksmen they were. A number of wounded soldiers had already been carried off, when the Colonial captain filled two bags with bombs, slung them across his shoulders, leaped over his own barricade, made for the barricade of the enemy, threw bombs to the right and to the left, demolished the defence, routed and wounded the snipers lying behind it, but fell, shot through the heart himself."

"A gallant man," I said, "a very gallant soldier of the King, indeed he deserved the Victoria Cross. And what of the rebels, did you single out any one man among them?"

"Yes, there was a tall young giant from the South or West, he seemed to bear a charmed life,

for again and again, the 5th Dublin Fusiliers fired at him, a bullet winged his sleeve, another went through the top of his green hat and toppled it to the ground; he let it lie, tossed back his red mane, and with a steady aim sent a bullet through a soldier's body. After that, a perfect volley fell around him, but he still remained unhurt; his fingers moved like lightning, he fired with the quickness of a Gatling gun, and he must have wounded any number of men."

"Was he killed?"

"Not while I watched him. Sometimes when he fired he yelled out, 'God save the Irish Republic!' He was a spectacular rascal."

"The Irish Republic," I said, "it must have given even your loyal heart a thrill."

"It did nothing of the kind," said my exponent. "I am not a believer in Republics, even in yours, and we don't want to be governed in Ireland by madmen."

"You did not contemplate that danger too long," I said, "the leaders were all shot without delay. And four of them—who, by the way, were not leaders—were wrongly condemned by the order of one of your own madmen. A man who for your credit, you have now put in a lunatic asylum."

"In a crisis," said my exponent, "some wretched mistakes must occur."

"Not necessarily," I said. "The wisest lawyers, judges, supreme judges, and great jurists whom I have known, men with broad and judicial minds, all argue that Court Martial should be abolished, more especially where private citizens are concerned. The hanging of Mrs. Surrat, after a trial by Court Martial, for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, is now considered a blot upon the administration of American justice. The military mind is not usually analytic, and it often works slowly. Military legs and arms are quick, but in a crisis it is more necessary for the mind to work with despatch than the body. But I am interrupting you; please go on with your history of the rebellion."

"On Wednesday I got as far as Ballsbridge, and met the troops who had arrived at Kingstown, and were then nearing their headquarters in the Show grounds of Ballsbridge. They were dying of thirst, and boys, women, and children ran for water, bringing it back in cups, jugs, and buckets, which the men drank. And well they did, for early in the afternoon the battle began. At first the populace following the soldiers had no realisation of danger. Even when firing commenced they were not alarmed; it was only when the Sinn Feiners answered and here and there a soldier fell, that they took alarm and ran pell mell back to the houses."

"And on Thursday?"

"After Wednesday I confined my movements to Dublin. I was trying to find a young lieutenant who had been missing since Monday. A boy had seen him in the neighbourhood of the Post Office on that day, and it seemed more than probable that he had been killed; as a matter of fact, he was a prisoner in the General Post Office. While buying stamps, he heard a voice outside shouting, 'Charge! Charge!' A crowd of Insurgents rushed in, a Volunteer presented a bayonet to his breast. He was taken prisoner, bound with wires, and placed in the telephone box, which almost immediately became a place of danger, for as soon as the employees were marched out, the Lancers fired from outside, and bullets whizzed through the box. After three hours, by the O'Rahilly's orders, he was taken to the top floor and commanded to watch the safe. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday he performed this duty in the midst of constant firing. On Friday the roof began to blaze, and he and other prisoners crawled under a table when they saw it was about to topple on them. In the evening they were taken downstairs to the basement below the building, but their danger only increased, as it was a repository for bombs with fuses set, for dynamite, gelignite, cordite, and guncotton. Seeing the menace of a horrible

death, they shouted and a lieutenant of the Insurgents found them and said, 'It's all right, follow me, boys,' and they did with remarkable celerity. He took them through the burning building to the yard at the back. A short time afterwards they were led to Moore Lane and told, at the point of the pistol, to cut and run. They were off like hares, and successfully passed a back street where troops were firing a machine-gun, only to get in an alley where a big gun was spattering out bullets like rain. They escaped that danger by climbing over a parapet, found themselves in a courtyard, and crawled down the cellar of a house which had been gutted by fire. There they spent the night and the next day, a machine-gun being constantly busy in the vicinity. Towards evening things got so hot for them they crawled out of the cellar into a van which had been left in the yard. At half-past six o'clock they were discovered by a corporal who was on the lookout for rebels. They had then been without food or drink for twenty-four hours. My friend had received a shot in his leg, and I found him in a hospital, where he had been before, recovering from other wounds, which, as a gallant Irish soldier, he had received at the Front. I also saw that broad and beautiful thoroughfare, Sackville Street, later in red flames, completely demolished by fire; so you will not be surprised that I

consider the Sinn Feiners, who brought all this ruin and destruction upon our city, as rebels who only got what they deserved in summary punishment."

"And what about the looting?" I asked.

He smiled. "There Irish comedy asserted itself. The jewellers' shops containing valuables, diamonds and pearls, silver and gold, were left intact. Smart hats and frocks intimidated the poor, but sweets, and fruits, and shoes were more popular loot. There was no organisation for the appropriation of property; what was taken was rather like a comic scene, staged for the amusement of the public."

Then I asked a friend who could give me a little history of the Volunteers. And he said, "Colonel Moore knows more of that movement than any man in Ireland."

"I am told," I said, when I met him, "that the initial idea and the organisation of the Irish National Volunteers were due to you. Will you tell me how it came about?"

"Shall I begin at the beginning?"

"By all means, as an introduction is necessary to illumine my ignorance."

"Well, there was the Gaelic movement, headed by Dr. Douglas Hyde, which aimed at the revival of a culture of National literature, music, dances,



St. John's, Wellington Place, Clyde Road, Dublin

and language. Next in importance came Sir Horace Plunkett's organisation of Irish Agriculture and the Industrial Development Association. Sinn Fein was very sympathetic towards all these movements, which received little encouragement from the Parliamentarians; but somehow it gradually degenerated from being pro-Irish to anti-English. It would be an error to class all, or even a majority, of the people who described themselves as believers in the Sinn Fein policy, as believers in revolution, or as sympathetic to rebellion. Many Sinn Feiners believed that by a cultured propaganda and economic organisation the Ireland they wished to create would come into being without any appeal to arms. They undoubtedly hoped for Self-Government, but many people who would before the war have called themselves Sinn Feiners are now in the English Army and even hold Commissions. In fact, the Sinn Fein movement in its widest sense ranged from believers in agricultural organisation and voluntary co-operation, like Sir Horace Plunkett and Sir Nugent Everard, and propagandists of the native culture and language like Dr. Hyde and Professor MacNeill, to those who were inclining to revolution, and wished to achieve by direct action in politics what voluntary organisation was doing in agriculture and the Gaelic movement was doing for the Irish language.

"After the last Fenian rising for fifty years there had been no attempt at an armed revolution; the possibility of it had disappeared out of the minds of nearly all Irishmen, even the most extreme; they had trusted to the exertions of their representatives in Parliament, and in this way had gradually gained much of the liberty for which they had formerly shed their blood. They seemed to be on the point of gaining the last and greatest boon, the right to govern their own country. Home Rule was in sight, when a new theory was developed by their opponents. Sir Edward Carson and the Orangemen stated that votes were of no account; and majorities not worth talking about. They appealed to force, appointed a Provisional Government, and proceeded to arm and organise an army to intimidate the Government of the country. Parliament was openly flouted, and the Orange watchword was, 'Ulster will fight.'"

"How well," I said, "I remember that slogan, 'Ulster will fight.' The *Daily Mail* had its back page filled with photographs of soldiers seven feet high at attention, with Sir Edward Carson in a semi-demi military costume inspecting them, while Arnold White stood by patriotically wearing the cap of a sailor, and representing 'the Queen's Navee.' Why, the whole lot of them were perfect pets, only waiting to fight, and so

anxious were they to do it that the admiring public did not realise there was nobody to fight."

"Quite so," said Colonel Moore, with a smile; "nevertheless the leaders of one of the great English parties upheld them, and Ministers condoned their acts; Judges, Peers, Bishops, Clergymen, society women lauded them as heroes and patriots, and even in England Volunteers were enrolled to fight against Parliament under the Orange flag. Race hatred and religious bigotry were excited to the utmost to bring about Civil War.

"Mr. Bonar Law, at Dublin, 28th November, 1913, said:

"'I have said on behalf of the party that if the Government attempt to coerce Ulster before they have received the sanction of the electors, Ulster will do well to resist them *and we will support resistance to the end.* I wonder whether you have tried to picture in your own minds what Civil War means . . . it is a prospect from which I shrink in horror, and for which I wish to avoid if I can any responsibility; but really we must try to think what the effect of bloodshed and Civil War would be on our Parliamentary institutions, on the Army, on the Empire as a whole. It would not mean anarchy, it would mean literally red ruin and the breaking up of law. It would produce results from which our country

would not recover in the lifetime of any one of those whom I am addressing.'

"Under such circumstances Irish Nationalists would have been unworthy of freedom if they had not accepted the challenge flung so insultingly in their faces.

"In October, 1913, a meeting was held in Dublin for the purpose of forming a Volunteer force —so you see the germ of the idea was not mine— the object of which was stated to be, 'to defend the rights and liberties of all Irishmen irrespective of creed or class or politics.' But the underlying idea in the minds of all was to support Parliament against the illegal threats of the Orange Party."

"And then what happened?"

"I joined the movement at its birth, and was scoffed at by my Unionist friends in Ireland and England, who prophesied that I could not raise a hundred men in Ireland to defend Home Rule. 'No one wants it,' they said, 'now that the peasants have got the land.'"

"I don't know what Unionists would do for an argument without peasants and the land."

"I went to Mayo, which is my own country, and began raising Volunteer Corps in various towns; in this way I was brought in touch with men of all classes, creeds, and opinions; and when I put forward the object of the movement,

the one that produced the most intense enthusiasm was the chance of reconciling hostile sections."

"How splendid," I said; "it really seemed the beginning of the settlement of The Irish Question."

"I explained that we were not attacking landlords or tenants, Protestants or Catholics, and that we looked upon Orangemen as our fellow-countrymen. We intended neither to oppress them, nor to force them, where they were in a majority, to accept a Government against their inclinations; but, on the other hand, we would defend our own rights and not suffer ourselves to be oppressed. We wanted Land Leaguers, Hibernians, Sinn Feiners, and loyal Unionists to drill side by side, not giving up their own opinions or associations but coming together as Volunteers. These were the tenets of the Irish Volunteers when they were inaugurated, and they captured the country in a few months. To such an extreme was this toleration carried that in Dublin and Galway cheers were given for the Ulster Volunteers as brother Irishmen. Men of the most intensely opposite sections became friends; I was met one day outside a meeting by the heads of two hostile leagues walking arm in arm; they told me they had not spoken for years but were going to drill together."

"How proud you must have been," I said.

"All this was not done without difficulty; it was rumoured that the Parliamentary Party was opposed to our movement, but in the main I carried my way in the West, and the same doctrine was preached in every province.

"When I was satisfied about the soundness of my views, and the practical possibility of our plans, I went to Dublin and joined the Provisional Committee. On my first entrance I found about twenty-five members present; nearly all of them were young men. None of them knew anything of military affairs or the 'division of battle more than a spinster,' but they had hired halls for drilling and obtained the free services of excellent sergeants to instruct them. Except Mr. John MacNeill and Mr. Pearce and Mr. MacDonagh, I had never seen or heard of any of them before, and it took two or three days to size them up and separate the groups. There were about two extremists and four or five young boys under their domination; these latter were mild and quiet and by no means unreasonable. Five or six Sinn Feiners were in a distinct group; they might be described as extreme Home Rulers at this time; they did not approve of the methods of the Parliamentary party, but they were not revolutionists; they had a very cloudy idea how they were going to attain their ends, but in the main they disliked Mr. Redmond and the Parlia-

mentary party which they distrusted; they followed the opinions of Mr. Griffith, the Editor of the Sinn Fein newspaper. There were a few like MacNeill, Pearce, MacDonagh, Plunkett, and the O'Rahilly, who belonged to no special political party; they were idealists. The remainder of the Committee were moderate men inclined to follow the Parliamentary party. All these opinions were kept strictly in the background; no politics of any sort were discussed, and the shades of opinion would have been difficult to find out except by private conversation. It will be interesting to note how some of the Sinn Fein party, and some of the Idealists gradually became extremists and merged with the Fenians. The Volunteers themselves were on strictly non-party lines; it was their boast that they were a national, not a political body, and this was not a great exaggeration."

"What sort of men were the leaders?"

"They were men of the highest character, public and private, whose whole lives from childhood had been permeated with thoughts not of their own selfish interests, but of the interests of their country. They were intimately acquainted with its history, its literature, its language and its antiquities, and had the most romantic views regarding its future. Some of them, like MacNeill, were scholars and Professors, whose opinions are as much studied and respected by students abroad

as at home; others, like MacDonagh, were poets with considerable gifts. Only yesterday I was charmed by a beautiful poem he had translated from the Gaelic. Pearce was a man of such tender sympathies that he would not shoot nor fish because he could not bear to give pain; his school garden full of fruit was not shut off from the boys; he trusted to their honour not to steal, and when the temptation of rosy apples proved too great, he could not bring himself to slap the little culprits. All were men who would have been the choicest and the finest blossom of any Nation in the world, and whose one absorbing passion was to lay down their lives in order that their country might be advanced even one step in prosperity and enlightenment. If they had been born in Canada or Australia they would have been great citizens; it is certain they would have been foremost in some wild Anzac charge, and might have died by Turkish bullets instead of against a Barrack wall in Dublin."

"Yes; a different environment and such men are heroes. Then what happened?"

"We were then advanced as far as a committee."

"A very dangerous stage in Ireland," I said.

"From the first I had seen that a large body of twenty-five members of different views, very indiscriminately chosen, and with no technical

knowledge, could not govern the Volunteers. I pressed this point on Mr. MacNeill and those who were the most intelligent, and it was agreed amongst a few that this idea of a small committee should be developed. I considered that a committee of three would be best; but it was argued that there were not in the committee three men sufficiently known and trusted in Ireland to undertake the job, and that five would be necessary."

"The smaller the committee the better," I said.

"And I was deputed to see Mr. Redmond on the subject. The party had not hitherto approved an organisation that might develop on wrong lines, but they now agreed to join with a committee of nine as a governing body.

"Unfortunately, there was a slight disagreement as to its composition, and the dispute ended by Mr. Redmond appointing twenty-five new members as an addition to the old Committee; a thoroughly bad arrangement which made a split inevitable."

"Why didn't you, knowing this," I said, "state your views quite frankly to Mr. Redmond?"

"At the moment I had gone off to inspect and teach Volunteers in the West. I was in Limerick when I heard that a dispute had arisen. I returned to Dublin, but it had taken so aggravated

a form that intervention had then become impossible."

"It shouldn't have been," I said. "You had got 170,000 men together in Ireland. It was your job. You should have been firm over the twenty-five members of the committee when you didn't believe in them."

"Perhaps so," he said; "but Mr. Redmond had written, 'Will you accept my terms or will you not? If you will not I will start a new organisation of my own.' That meant a split in every town and village in Ireland. My hands were tied, but nevertheless the Volunteers grew rapidly in numbers and organisation; Mayo reckoned 10,000; Galway not much less; Derry City over 2,000 trained men, so that we could count in the spring about 170,000 men in Ireland. I had been appointed Inspector General from the beginning, and now Colonel Cotter, late R.E., joined my office as Chief of the Staff. We organised the scattered Corps into Companies, Battalions, and Brigades, and the nucleus of an army began to make its appearance. Public opinion in England was impressed, and the Orangemen began to hesitate as to their conduct. In the beginning they thought—wrongly I believe—that they had squared the Army. It is natural for soldiers to obey, they have acquired the habit, and although Carson's friends and the loyal pretty ladies of

his acquaintance had asked a few officers not to fight against Ulster, and in a moment of expansiveness they had said they would not, still when the moment came officers and soldiers alike would have fallen into line and obeyed orders; but in the beginning Ulster men calculated on a walk-over. Now it seemed different; the Government was reinforced, and stiffened its attitude to the Orangemen."

"And the whole of Ireland was becoming an army of drilled militiamen?"

"Yes," said Colonel Moore; "and events of importance were developing in England. War threatened with Germany, and it was evident some sort of settlement, permanent or temporary, regarding Ireland must be arranged between parties. At this moment the Irish Volunteers rose to the height of their popularity, not only among those who usually supported the National cause, but among the Southern Unionists. The most prominent Unionists in Ireland offered their services, and I was glad to seize the opportunity to bring them into our movement, as a sign that we were not narrow or bigoted in our views. Men like Lord Powerscourt, Lord Fingal, Marquis of Conyngham, Captain Bryan Cooper, Lord Arran, and numberless others, patriotically putting aside old antagonisms, came to our help and became officers of the Irish Volunteers. We had already

far surpassed the Ulster Volunteers in numbers, and now also we were ahead of them in the rank and position of our officers. We had succeeded in welding together all parties in at least three out of four southern provinces, and we had achieved the result without money or patronage, but merely by the patriotism of our people, the moderation of our words, and the wisdom of our actions. It is a result of which I at least am proud."

"And with reason," I said. "You had achieved the impossible."

Colonel Moore sighed. "War was declared early in August, and it seemed impossible to carry on a foreign war with rebellion threatening at home in Ulster. On the National side Mr. Redmond relieved the situation by making a public and unconditional offer of the services of the Volunteers for the defence of the country.

"As usual, the Government hesitated what course to pursue, and tried to do nothing. Day after day speculation was keener and controversy grew louder as to the signing of the Home Rule Bill. I was travelling all over the country reviewing Volunteers, and everywhere I found the anxiety growing more intense. It was freely stated that Carson had made his bargain, and that Redmond had shown his cards, and was being cheated by the Government."

"In this instance the delay of the Government proved not only dangerous but fatal."

"Yes," said Colonel Moore; "the Sinn Feiners took full advantage of these fears, and preached the doctrine of 'perfide Albion.' Lord Kitchener sent over an officer to raise an Irish Division, and the inclination of many people was to wait until the Government declared itself; the Sinn Feiners said, 'The English are humbugging us; they want our recruits, and when they have them safely bagged, they will snap their fingers at us.' It could not be denied that their history was true, and their forebodings had every appearance of being true also. Week after week passed by with no sign, only the call for more recruits. The time was agonising and nerves began to give way."

"With disunion and division in view that was inevitable."

"I am confident that the weeks elapsing between the passing of the Bill and its signature by the King, coupled with the demand for recruits, estranged the people of Ireland as much as the Bill itself had conciliated them. When at last the Bill was signed the enthusiasm was gone; and the fact that it was not to be put in force until after the War, with the threat of an undefined amending bill, left the uncertainty as great as ever. Nobody believed in it.

"Nothing but the enormous influence of Mr.

Redmond and the leaders of the Irish party prevented a universal and determined agitation against recruiting; whereas, if the Home Rule Bill which had passed three times through the House of Commons, had been loyally adopted by England, there would have been such enthusiasm for the Empire that any number of recruits would have come in, and Sinn Fein would have become less influential than ever."

"But the Party leaders continued to assist in recruiting, didn't they?"

"Some of them did. Mr. Redmond made a speech to the Volunteers at Woodenbridge in favour of recruiting; the Sinn Feiners admitted at this time that they could not complain of his advising Irishmen to enlist, but they put forward the theory that the Volunteers had offered to defend the shores of Ireland, and that men who had made certain sacrifices should not be specially selected for opprobrium because they did not go further; moreover, men were on parade and could not express their opinions; it was not fair to lecture them in this position. But the real bitterness was because the Bill was not signed and it was believed that it would be torn up as soon as the recruits had been collected."

"And so England again lost the confidence of Ireland."

"I was at this time sitting regularly on the



"Kit" (French Pochette) or Dancing Master's Fiddle

By Perry, of Dublin. Late Eighteenth Century

provisional Committee and was in almost daily private conversation with the men who have since been executed for rebellion. With the possible exception of one or two of the extremists, I do not believe even now, looking back with the experience of late events, there was a man who thought of rebellion, though some may have had indefinite national aspirations in the far future. They were all Home Rulers, angry at being cheated out of their rights; many of them distrustful of Mr. Redmond, and all of them by this time intensely distrustful of English promises. Distrust of English good faith is the basis of Irish disloyalty."

"What a wonderfully descriptive phrase, 'Distrust of English good faith, is the basis of Irish disloyalty.'"

"Before the war began, like most other people, I foresaw the difficulties that were bound to arise owing to the existence of two hostile armed parties in Ireland. I knew that the Government was afraid to suppress the Carson army, and therefore could not suppress the Volunteers. The only solution I could find for the entanglement was for the Government to extend the Territorial Act to Ireland, into which men of both parties might enlist. Orangemen would have found it difficult to refuse on account of their loyal professions, and many of the Irish Volunteers would do the same. I believe now that was the proper solu-

tion, and that it was quite feasible; serving together in the same regiments, party antagonisms would have softened. An Orange rebellion would then have been impossible, and the main object of the Volunteers would have been effected.

"But time was not available; the war clouds had already risen, and men's minds were wandering from Ireland and the Volunteers of either party to greater issues. I saw the necessity of taking another line, and aided by Sir Horace Plunkett, a man always ready to help at a difficult moment, for whom I have the highest appreciation, I got in touch with the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. At his invitation I went to see him, in company with Capt. Hon. FitzRoy Hemphill, and expressed my desire to find some scheme for the co-operation of the Volunteers in the defence of Ireland.

"An officer of his Staff proposed a scheme by which all the Volunteers in Ireland, Unionist and National, should receive Military Training; he calculated that when the troops were removed there would be room for 20,000 men at one time in barracks, and these should, after a two months' training, be passed on to the standing camps; their places in barracks being taken by a new levee of 20,000 Volunteers; after the camp training they would be ready to take their place on the coast defences; passing after their tour of duty to their

own homes. In this way by circulating new levees through the barracks and camps the whole force would be trained. Working side by side in this way, I hoped the troubles and hatreds between the different parties in Ireland would have gradually abated, and while the last obstacle to National Self-Government would be overcome, our former quarrels would have ended in advantage to the Empire. The Volunteers were to be under their own officers and their own organisation, and we bargained that the arms should belong to them after the War."

"If this had been done," I said, "in all probability the rebellion would have been prevented."

"At any rate," he said, "the most prominent members of the Provisional Committee, men even outside the moderate section, agreed to these proposals. Later on Mr. Redmond and the leaders of the Irish Party also accepted them, but Lord Kitchener refused even to discuss the incorporation of the Volunteers, and the proposal was abandoned."

"Then it was Lord Kitchener," I said, "who signed the death knell of your plans."

"I want to lay stress on the fact that the leaders of the Irish Volunteers, and that members connected with the late rebellion, were willing to join in the defence of Ireland, but were refused by the Government."

"What a melancholy indictment," I said.

"Nothing could have been more disastrous than the treatment meted out to the Volunteers; every advance we made was rejected with contempt."

"And this after all their sacrifices to become soldiers!"

"The feature that surprised me most in the Volunteer movement, was the strong desire of the men to become soldiers, real disciplined soldiers, not mere make-believe soldiers. Any officer or soldier of the Regular Army, any man, that is, who understood the trade, obtained their allegiance. No talker or writer could compete with a soldier for leadership; in fact, there was a great distrust of oratory. There would have been no difficulty in training practically the whole male population of the country if the superior authorities had been intelligent, or had listened to the advice of the military and civil authorities in Ireland. But the opportunity was allowed to pass, and the military ardour was allowed to be diverted into other channels. I believe every one in Ireland has recommended it, military and civil, except perhaps the Orangemen."

"It is not surprising," I said, "to learn that every Irishman is a soldier in embryo, for the bitterest enemy of the Irish has never called them cowards."

"Meanwhile the anger of the Volunteers against

the Government and the English nation for putting off Home Rule became more intense, until a split occurred in the Committee between the extremists and the Redmondites; I wrote advising the Volunteers to follow Mr. Redmond, and it was calculated that about 160,000 followed us, and about 10,000 followed the Sinn Feiners, many left the ranks disgusted, and never returned again. Then came a series of the most stupid mistakes, every one of which increased the strength of the Sinn Fein section. Under the Defence of the Realm Act men were deported and imprisoned without even a crime being alleged against them, but merely on the information of a policeman and the warrant of the authorities; the advice was often prejudiced or ignorant. Newspapers were suppressed, and allowed to reappear again under a different name with worse articles.

"There was an occurrence shortly before the war which undoubtedly caused great anger in Ireland, and which certainly was one of the main causes for the line taken by a prominent man who is now accused of extreme courses. All the commerce of Ireland passes through Great Britain, and a toll for transport is levied on all goods. Before 1782 this commercial blockade was carried out by law, and was the occasion of the demand successfully made by Grattan and the Volunteers for free trade for Ireland. Since then it is be-

lieved that the same effect has been produced by the secret but no less powerful combination of English merchants."

"And what," I said, "about Queenstown?"

"There again," said Colonel Moore, "the Cunard steamers were built by a loan of Government money, and were bound by contract to call for mails at Queenstown, but suddenly permission was asked to leave out this port and proceed directly to England; this breach of contract was permitted by the Postmaster General to the great detriment of Queenstown and Ireland, which, as the result of the intrigue, was again cut off from intercourse with foreign nations, except through England. To remedy this, communications were begun with the Hamburg-American Line, and arrangements were made for a regular service from Queenstown. Agents were named and passages taken, when suddenly the sailings were cancelled without any reason being alleged. It was generally believed that this was contrived by the Foreign Office, jealous of any foreign intercourse with Ireland. Whether this were so I will not argue; but it certainly had that appearance, and created a very bad feeling in Ireland.

"But I think the first event that roused real bitterness among the Dublin Volunteers and resounded all over Ireland, was the action of certain police officials in regard to the landing of

rifles at Howth. The Arms Act was repealed, and the Ulster Provisional Government took advantage of this state of affairs to arm the Ulster Volunteers. No steps were taken to prevent this, although it was admittedly for a disloyal purpose, until the Irish Volunteers were founded and became numerous. Then an order—believed to be a partisan stroke against the Nationalists—which has since proved to be illegal, was issued, preventing the introduction of arms into Ireland.

"In spite of this a ship was chartered, and with the connivance of some sympathetic officials, and the overbearing of others the rifles were landed at Larne, and the Ulster Volunteers paraded with them through the streets of Belfast, openly and unrebuked. A little later the Irish Volunteers followed suit and landed their cargo at Howth. Immediately news of this was received a large body of police and soldiers was assembled and ordered to take the rifles by force from the men's hands in the streets. In attempting to do this several men were batoned, others bayoneted, and a great disturbance was created in Dublin. A little later in the day some civilians, men and women, were shot by the soldiers during further disturbances.

These unequal proceedings caused a very hostile feeling in Ireland; so far from weakening the Irish Volunteers their numbers were nearly

doubled in the next week, but an anti-English feeling, and a feeling against the Army was provoked just before the war. The extremists became more extreme, and many moderates were attracted to that party."

"Then it was not surprising that some people opposed or discountenanced recruiting."

"No. The Irish are a jealous people and resent uneven treatment more almost than harsh usage. The question was asked then as it is to-day in every house in Ireland: What would have happened if the Home Rule Act had been enforced instead of postponed, and the Covenanters had revolted as they had sworn? Would Sir E. Carson, Mr. Bonar Law, and those rich and respected Ulster magnates who formed the Ulster Provisional Government have been shot by order of a Field General Court Martial? And if not, why not? Let us carry back our minds to the state of feeling that existed in Ulster and England two years ago, and answer that question without fear or favour. Had they been condemned I am sure every Nationalist in Ireland would have petitioned for grace.

"Idealists are, as a rule, ready to die for their ideals, but they never get large numbers to die with them, unless there is an economic grievance ready to ally itself with other grievances.

"The strike in Dublin three years ago left be-

hind it worse feeling than any of recent years. Labour was starved out, and the condition of the poor in Dublin is worse probably than that of any city in these islands. The bitter feeling of injustice engendered by the strike, and what followed, provided the passionate element needed to drive revolutionary idealists into action."

"And then came the rebellion?"

"Yes, and the deciding factor in the rebellion was the labour leader James Conolly, an organiser and leader of men; a man of action who insisted on the literary idealists translating their words into deeds. He indicated the inevitable meaning of their speeches, and pointed the direction they must go if they were not to be held up to their country as mere dreamers.

"I am inclined to think some months ago the Governing Committee of the Irish Volunteers passed a resolution condemning any anti-English or pro-German agitation; but a small inner council formed itself with other views, and a junction was formed with the Transport Union under Conolly, who besides being a labour leader was an ardent Nationalist; his grandfather had been hanged after the rebellion of 1798 and the tradition remained in his heart. I have heard the policy of the Governing Committee was that there should be no resistance to the police or military

unless disarmament or conscription were attempted.

"The leaders of the Volunteers had sources of information in Government circles through whom they knew that a disarmament stroke was intended against them; there were details disclosed before the Commission, but probably these were not known to the Sinn Fein leaders; only the fact that a disarmament was intended. It cannot be ascertained for certain by whom the document read at the Corporation Committee was forged—if it was forged—as the authorities state; it may have been done by an agent provocateur of the Police."

"But how horrible!" I said; "do you mean to tell me that England stoops to employ the agent provocateur?"

"Indeed, yes; they have done plenty of work in Ireland. Undoubtedly this was the match applied to inflammable material; it alarmed the Volunteers throughout the country, and the Easter Sunday review was used as a favourable moment for the conflagration. Perhaps not more than twenty-five men in Ireland were in the secret; otherwise it would not have been so well kept. It is certain that Mr. MacNeill, the Chairman, was kept in ignorance. Priests announced countermanding orders in Dublin, and they were published in the Dublin papers. Much evil was no

doubt prevented by these measures but the secret Committee issued their own orders as a counter-blast. On Monday the O'Rahilly returned to Dublin tired but jubilant at his success in the country in preventing an uprising. Later on he went into the streets and found his own comrades in arms; sadly he bid his wife good-bye, knowing he was going to certain death, but too gallant to desert his comrades even in their folly. Rifle in hand, he joined them, and more fortunate than other leaders, he met his death on the field of battle. Hundreds of those who joined this rebellion knew nothing of what was intended, till on Monday rifles were put in their hands and they found themselves face to face with the soldiers and participants in an insurrection."

CHAPTER III

OLD DUBLIN

The Insurrection was lamentable enough, but luckily it spared the most historic part of Dublin. There are many streets of shabby but still beautiful old houses in different quarters of the city with imposing doors, richly carved brass knockers, beautiful fanlights, wide, generous steps and even in their sad decay an air of hospitality lingers about them. They seem to say, "I was once not only a fine house, but a Home to those who loved me, and lavishly opened my doors to all who would enter."

Moira House was a very fine mansion with an octagon room, made brilliant by inlays of mother-of-pearl. John Wesley was much impressed by its rainbow radiance, and pronounced it the finest room he had ever seen. Pamela, the wife of Lord Edward FitzGerald, was a visitor in this house, the guest of Lady Moira when the news was brought to her of the arrest of her husband.

Burke was born at 12 Arran Quay, Dean Swift at 7 Hoey's Court. Sir Philip Francis, whom many historical students claim as the author of the letters of Junius, was born in Dublin, so

was Michael Balfe, Charles Villiers Stanford, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Joseph Le Fanu—never shall I forget, as a little girl, the wild thrills an Irish actor gave me by his recitation of "Shamus O'Brien."

"And Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round;
Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly and warm hearts grew chill,
And the good priest has left him, having said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground!
Bang! Bang! go the carbines, and clash go the sabres!
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbours!
Through the smoke and the horses, he's into the crowd!
By the heavens he is free!"

What superlative joy that news gave me.

Thomas Moore was born at 12 Aungier Street, and the insignificant bust on the house is not even kept clean, but his Irish Melodies, known all over the English-speaking world, will last longer than stone or marble. And I cannot at all agree with the critics who designate this lyrical poet as shallow and trifling; personally I feel towards him, as the darkies would say, as if he were my own kin, for the very first song that I remember—I could have been scarcely four years old—was

"The Light of Other Days." In the warm summer evenings, my mother, dressed in a low-necked and short-sleeved bérage, with a little lace cape over her shoulders, would go among her flowers at sundown, armed with a big watering-pot, and followed by a swarm of little darkies, each carrying a little watering-pot. After the procession finished sprinkling the grateful roses and pinks, crêpe myrtle and jessamine, making the air fragrant with a thousand spicy odours, she would step on to the long balcony and seat herself in her little rocking-chair, before the wide-open French doors of my nursery, and my father would bring her guitar and ask her to sing, and the last words floating me away to happy dreams were:

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!"

And after all these years whether it be the association of early memories, "the tender grace of a day that is dead"—for the old South changes

year by year—or whether Moore is really a poet—I love him still.

Molyneaux House in Peter Street is quaint and interesting and still stands. High Street and Thomas Street are wide, and some of the houses are fine on the outside. 151 Thomas Street was the house of a prosperous wool merchant; it was at midnight, in the guest-chamber, that Lord Edward FitzGerald was arrested and received his fatal wound. 65 High Street is a particularly interesting house, associated as it is with the memory of two patriots, for Sarsfield was born within its walls, and Theobald Wolfe Tone's body rested there after his tragic end. It was in the rebellion of 1798 that he awaited the landing of the French at Killala; when arrested he was wearing the French uniform, and in this dress was brought to Dublin for trial and condemned to death. But on the day of his execution, his kinsman, Lord Kilwarden, who was himself a Wolfe, granted a decree of Habeas Corpus with an order to serve the writ at once. Curran, acting for Wolfe Tone, feared that the prisoner might be executed before the order arrived. "Let the Sheriff hasten to the barracks and see that he is not executed," said the Chief Justice. In a short time the messenger returned and said that the Field Marshal had refused to obey. Lord Kilwarden then odered the Sheriff and Provost Mar-

shal to take possession of Wolfe Tone, and show the order to General Craig. Notwithstanding the delay might mean reprieve, Wolfe Tone had cut his throat with a penknife, rather than meet death at the hands of the hangman. The wound was not immediately fatal, and when found pale and bleeding he whispered, "I am but a poor anatomist." The wound was sewn up, and even then his enemies desired his execution, but Lord Kilwarden allowed his brave kinsman to die of his self-inflicted wounds.

Fishamble Street holds other and more cheerful memories, for Handel often played the organ at the Fishamble Street Theatre, and conducted his rehearsals for the first performance of *The Messiah* there. The Dublin *Evening Post* of April 15, 1741, was kindly but tepid in its notices of this noble creation:

"On Tuesday last," it records, "Mr. Handel's oratorio of *The Messiah* was performed at the New Musick Hall, Fishamble Street. The best judges allowed it to be a most finished piece of musick." And it has proved not only a "finished piece of musick," but an inspired and immortal oratorio. Handel, however, was satisfied with this meagre praise. He wrote to a friend in London:

"The nobility did me the honour to make among themselves a subscription for six nights which did

fill a room of six hundred persons so that I did not need to sell a single ticket at the door, and, without vanity, the performance was received with general approbation."

Grattan, the great Irish patriot, the son of an eminent physician, was born in Fishamble Street. And Clarence Mangan, the gifted and unhappy poet, was born not many doors away at No. 3. The delicate boy had a most unhappy childhood owing to his father's severity and unpleasant temper. James Mangan was very like the father of Jane Eyre, who, to discipline his children when he found them wearing little red shoes, sent them as a present by a friend of their mother's, ordered the removal of their finery, and deaf to the pleadings of the two weeping little girls, placed the treasures on a red-hot fire and burnt them to ashes. It is a natural consequence for sensitive children unjustly punished to become morbid and to contract the habit of permanent unhappiness. At an early age Clarence Mangan was apprenticed to a Scrivener, and remained at this monotonous occupation the greater part of his life. He is described as prematurely old at thirty-five, odd in appearance, near-sighted, and stoop-shouldered, but his face was beautifully chiselled. Whenever I cross St. Stephen's Green, I make a little detour to pass by his statue and give him a friendly greeting. If he had written nothing else, " The Dark

Rosaleen," would have proclaimed his genius. An Irish girl with a plaintive voice sang it without accompaniment to me, and I seemed to be listening to the sad but ever unconquerable voice of Erin's ages of oppression.

Belvedere House, standing in a fine position, is one of the most commanding of the old Georgian houses. It overlooks North Great George's Street, that in its day was such a fashionable thoroughfare. The floor of the entrance hall is of black and white marble, and the wide staircase is richly ornamented with a profusion of stucco work. The Venus, the Diana, and the Apollo—the three great reception-rooms—take their names from their elaborate mythological ceilings which are boldly executed. The chimney-piece and old brass fire-grates are of noble design, and over the mantel of the room of Diana hangs a richly painted Dosso Dossi. Luckily for the preservation of this historical house the Jesuits bought it in 1843, and later the Rev. Professor Thomas Finlay—who has done so much for Ireland in co-operative work and the encouragement of manufactures—was instrumental in having the ornamentation, which was in bad condition, restored.

I wonder if the students ever see a gentle, unhappy ghost wandering over the house; for the first Countess of Belvedere, whose jealous husband suspected her of an intrigue with his brother,

sent her to his country place, Gaulstown, and there she was incarcerated as a close prisoner for seventeen years. A dark-haired girl of twenty-five, when she was forced to enter her lonely prison, she left it a broken-spirited, white-haired woman over forty. Like the prisoners of the Bastille she had lost heart and courage, a stranger to her children, life's dearest links broken, she sank into a quiet melancholy and died. Even in the beginning she had never loved her husband, but was persuaded by her parents into the marriage, and well might she have said:

"I go to knit two clans together;
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore:—
Our clan fears nought! but I go, O whither?
This day I go from my mother's door.

"He has killed ten chiefs, this chief that plights me,
His hand is like that of the giant Balor;
But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me,
And the great stone dragon above his door.

"Had I daughters nine with me they should tarry;
They should sing old songs; they should dance at my door;
They should grind at the quern;—no need to marry;
O when will this marriage-day be o'er?"

I went through the Coombe one day, and tried to imagine the poverty-stricken quarter prosperous and populous as it was when the Huguenots made

brocades, paduasoys—which were thick softly corded silks—plain silks, and Flemish tapestries there. Dr. Samuel Madden, the friend of Johnson, gave handsome prizes of £50 and £25 for the most perfect painting on silk, £10 for the richest velvet, £10 for the finest coloured original tapestry, and £15 for the cleverest imitation of Flemish tapestry. Where are all these products from Irish looms now? Doubtless in other countries treasured as heirlooms from France or Belgium. One piece at least of beautiful tapestry, woven by John Van Beaver, representing the Battle of the Boyne, hangs over the chimney-piece in what was the House of Lords. But much Irish work has passed to other lands. The picturesque Quays are full of curiosity shops, and one can cross and recross the bridges over the Liffey, loiter among old books and old china, and pass down the narrow lanes and alleys. Smoke Alley contained the theatre where Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Kemble, Miss Farren Garrick, Peg Woffington the beautiful, warm-hearted Irish actress, and other lesser lights delighted Dublin audiences.

On the Quays are the two most picturesque buildings in Dublin: The Four Courts, designed by Cooley, an Irish architect, is an imposing edifice of grey marble, a beautiful dome rising from the centre of it; and the lovely Custom House with four fronts. The South Front, facing the river,

is composed of pavilions at either end and joined to arcades, and united by the centre ornamentation of figures. They lovingly embrace each other, and bear in their hands emblems of peace and liberty. England and Ireland for ever united by peace, and above all by liberty. What a satiric commentary in stone! The dome rises splendidly in the centre, and is not unlike the dome of the Capitol. Instead of our massive Goddess of Liberty a statue of Commerce dominates it. The keystones of the arches are colossal heads emblematic of the big rivers of Ireland. And near by, or far away, it is an interesting and architecturally most beautiful building, a lovely memorial to the memory of James Gandon, the English architect who designed it. Sir Hugh Lane wanted the Municipal Gallery on the Liffey, but the idea did not meet with Dublin's approval, so the pictures are now housed in Harcourt Street. Why is it that some one scene or appearance in the life of a friend etches itself upon the memory, as though drawn by an indelible pen! I saw Hugh Lane at many distinguished assemblies in London, at receptions, picture exhibitions, in fine houses, and for the last time in New York the night before he sailed on the doomed Lusitania. But the picture that remains with perfect distinctness in my memory of him, is on a day towards the end of February. The sun

had shone from early morning in a cloudless sky, as though it were June, and snowdrops and primroses had opened their pearl and velvet faces to the warmth, until the park was starred with gold and white. The budding trees looked almost green, as I walked from Carlton House Terrace, through St. James' Park, by Victoria, and on to Warwick Square. The magnificent sunset gave fair promise for the following day, banks of thin white clouds were transformed to rose and gold by the strong departing rays. It was one of those soft, tender days when spring, treading on the heels of winter, can make even the saddest spirit rejoice. As I approached my son's house I saw a man, standing at the top of the steps, ring the bell. Under his left arm was a large, untidy bundle, and when near enough I noticed a long, red velvet sleeve fringed with gold, which swept to the end of his light overcoat. When my eyes reached as high as his head, his hat was swept off with a grand bow, and there stood Hugh Lane laughing like a boy.

"What in the world——?" I asked him.

"Oh, it's easily explained," he said. "Toodie threatens not to wear his fancy dress to the Chelsea ball to-night, so I have brought him one or two costumes to see if they will please him any better."

"Did you tie up that bundle yourself?" I said,

lifting the velvet sleeve and laying it across the torn brown paper.

He laughed again. "That is why people have been smiling and looking at me as I walked along. It was not my handsome self, but my handsome sleeve which attracted their attention."

Then the door opened, he was shown into the drawing-room, and I went upstairs to try on a white wig.

And that is how I always see him, as a good-natured, laughing boy, holding a bundle of gay tinsel, velvet, and silk under his arm, happy in doing a favour for a friend.

What more beautiful memorial has any man than the Municipal Gallery of Dublin, which is for ever stamped with Hugh Lane's manifest spirit of generosity? He not only gave pictures of great value himself, but he so impressed his generous spirit upon his friends, that they too gave their best. Not to the gallery really, but, imbued by his ardent enthusiasm, to him. It is easy enough for all of us who have the power and the means to give, but to induce generosity in other people is quite a different matter. For that your own spirit must be free, genuine, sincere, and filled with buoyant and communicable enthusiasm. The Municipal Gallery ought really to have its name changed to Hugh Lane's Gift Gallery. It would better serve to explain his remarkable

genius. And not only was he generous in gifts, but he was generous of something far more precious, his time, which, with his great talent, was of inestimable value to the world at large. A member of his family told me that he often said at the end of a long London day, "I am tired to-night, and I've not had an hour to attend to my own affairs, from early morning till late evening, every moment has been given to looking at pictures, either that my friends wanted to buy or wanted to sell, and pronouncing judgment upon them." If the owner of a picture was poor and needy, he would travel miles to see it, and the smallest merit induced him to pay a fair price. To the more humble-minded of his friends who bought, instead of pictures, enamels and bronzes, screens or lacquer, porcelain or delft, he was quite as kind and lavish in his advice to them.

One afternoon when having tea with Miss Purser in the drawing-room in Mespil House with its beautiful Georgian ceiling, I admired a finely carved and coloured coromandle screen. My hostess said, "Yes, it is beautiful; I bought it on the advice of Hugh Lane who went with me to see it."

And many a young, struggling artist has been helped and heartened by his appreciative criticism and understanding suggestions. With his strange, divining eye, he could see the promise



Portrait of an Irish Lady

and the meaning of a half-finished picture, and almost portend its future. One of his great and most amusing and unusual gifts was his vision of penetration, the power of seeing through and under layers of paint. If a beautiful lady, as sometimes happened, even one who had been painted by Romney or Sir Joshua Reynolds, had later a fancy for a more modern costume, Hugh Lane discerned her restless vanity, and would direct a picture restorer very carefully to work and remove a billowing crinoline overlaid with taffeta flounces, to find underneath it a white muslin and blue ribbons. Or a stiff, high-bodiced brocade, the costume of another changeable dame, would conceal the classical folds of blue gauze and fair, drooping shoulders. He even removed elaborate headgear, mountains of waving feathers and amazing coiffures to find the hair simply dressed, which made the charming face more charming still.

The first room of the Gift Gallery is called the Irish Room, as the pictures in it are painted by distinguished artists of Irish birth or descent. There are two landscapes by the younger Nathaniel Hone, " Malahide Sands " on a golden evening with a wide sky full of light and a freshening wind, and " The Donegal Coast." Sir Hugh Lane thought so highly of the talent of this artist that he presented one of his pictures to the

Luxembourg. John Lavery has given a distinguished portrait of "An Austrian Lady" in a shining satin gown that you feel would be silken smooth to the touch. A young girl with a string of iridescent pearls around her neck, and a vivid paroquet on her shoulder, seated at an embroidery frame of glowing colours, is the gift of J. J. Shannon. "The Winged Horse" by George Russell (A.E.), a finely imaginative picture, is a Lane gift. "The Fish Market," by Walter Osborne, is not only arresting as an exceedingly fine picture full of movement and opalescent colour, but it depicts the picturesque old Fish Market in Patrick Street, which is now demolished. William Orpen has contributed what he calls "Reflections," a most brilliant study of Chinese and Japanese porcelains. A bunch of anemones by Gerald Chowne is rich in tone, and like the flowers velvety in texture. Although every amateur begins by painting roses or pansies, there is really nothing more difficult to reproduce than the life and delicate appearance of a flower. Miss Cecilia Harrison, a Dublin artist, has contributed an expressive and clever portrait of herself. Mark Fisher is represented by his picture of "The Bathers," which won the gold medal at the St. Louis Exhibition, and is probably the artist's finest picture. Although he was born in Ireland, America claims the gaiety of his sunshine, and France his bold

technique. There are two pictures, "Towards the Night and Winter" and "The Study of an Old Woman," by Frank O'Neara, whom the gods loved, for he died young. There is a luminous study by Ambrose McEvoy, "Sheep-shearing" by Dermod O'Brien, "An Oriental Group," charmingly painted by Chinnery. "A Tea Party" by B. Bellingham Smith. "The Stranger" by Norman Gartin. "The Building of the Ship" by Alexander Roche. "Meditations" by Mrs. C. J. MacCarthy. "A Flood in the Dargle" by J. Vincent Duffy, and two interesting pictures, "My Daughter" and "The Bird Market" by John Butler Yeates.

While these finish the notable Irish Room, it is only the beginning of this entirely interesting and carefully chosen collection, which includes examples of the art of many continental painters. A noticeable bust is that of George Bernard Shaw by Rodin. The chisel of the great master reveals the author at his best, for the face is not only intellectual, thoughtful, and distinguished, but the humour in the hair slightly raised at each side suggests a gentlemanly faun.

It does not seem possible that a city can contain such beauty as the Four Courts, the Custom House, the Municipal Gallery, and at the same time the repulsive ugliness of the slums.

It is said that the Insurrection in Dublin can be

traced not indirectly but directly to the slums, and having seen them I can well believe that such a poisonous ulcer would make any wild upheaval in the blood possible. The heart-rending sights in this district brand themselves upon the memory. The largest national school is well-built, light, airy, and comfortably warm—but the children, oh, the children! The wretched, hungry, thinly clad, shoeless, stockingless children! I saw several boys wearing only one garment, a man's coat with the sleeves cut short, a belt round the waist, and the collar pinned together with a safety pin. The little fellows dressed in this way looked at me with self-conscious shame, as if I could see through their miserable garments to their pitiful nakedness. What sort of a future is the State preparing for these children? What has life given them but hunger, cold, and mortification? Between these wretched waifs and carefully nurtured, well-fed, happy, careless children, full of the joy of life yawns a black abyss. They live in another world. And, incredible as it may seem, greater depths of poverty are reached than the one ragged coat. There are children with no clothes at all. A doctor told me he had been hurriedly summoned to a sick call, and when he climbed five pairs of stairs to a garret room, it was perfectly bare except for an old mattress on the floor, which had been slit at the top, and in which were lying three children

stark naked, one of them very ill. Whether the mother was out trying to get work or drink he did not know. Many of the children that I saw at the school looked thin and frail, but, even clothed in one garment, others were ruddy and healthy; presumably they are the survival of the fittest, as the mortality of infants and children is appalling in Dublin. The teachers in the national schools are doing noble work, but it is against horrible odds. They know what would help heal this festering sore, but are in no position to speak. Politics, preference, and public houses form too strong a combination against them. They can only appeal to the children by example, and give an incentive to order, decency, and cleanness. A large pink ribbon rosette is pinned on the breast of the cleanest child in the class. One little girl of five was brought forwards in a stiffly starched pinafore adorned with the badge of honour. She looked pale and chilly. The teacher said, "There is very little under that clean apron," and certainly two scant cotton garments cannot give much warmth on a bitter day in January. At noontime a certain number of children who are literally starving for food are provided with cups of cocoa and generous slices of bread and butter.

A young priest whose hands seemed to touch half-a-dozen heads at once of the children who clustered about him, said to me, "Many of them

will not have a single mouthful to-day except this bread and cocoa. For myself, I rarely have a penny in my pocket, if I wanted to buy a cup of tea I could not. In this freezing weather the poverty which surrounds us cannot wait, for delay often means death. A woman came to me last night and said, 'Father, Mrs. McCarthy has a new-born baby, if she doesn't get food for herself she cannot nurse it, and the child will die.' I was obliged to say, 'My good woman, go away and leave me in peace, to-night I have not one farthing in the world. I will see the woman in the morning.' I give all I have and all I can beg, and yet the children must go hungry."

"What," I said, "makes this overwhelming poverty among these people?"

"Want of work, poor wages, but above all drink," he said. "You have seen their places of abode?"

"Yes," I said, "and they are not fit to shelter decent animals. The owner of a race-horse would not let it remain for half-an-hour where these women and children spend their lives. They have neither necessities nor decencies. The housing of the poor is a crying injustice, not only to Dublin but to the Imperial Government."

"Then," said the priest, "as you have seen their surroundings you will scarcely wonder that these poor creatures go to the public houses where

they can have warmth and light and sit on a clean chair, but almost invariably they drink too much, and their condition then becomes hopeless. I am setting my face against the public houses immediately about us, and more than likely on this account I shall be removed from my work, but whatever the outcome, it is a question of principle. I must go on."

I looked at his strong face and said, "Father, that jaw of yours ought to accomplish something, it indicates grip and courage."

"Both are needed here," he said.

The slums are a result of consequences. The consequences of human nature at its worst. They represent the injustice, cruelty, indifference, and ruthlessness of the rich to the poor, the powerful to the weak. They are a shrieking reproach to mankind, and a monster indictment against publicans, the public houses, and the corporation. Thank God, O thank God! that such a state of things could not exist in my own free country of yellow journalism, for newspapers would get at the root of the evil, and cry their knowledge from the housetops. Women would form themselves into meetings and committees, money would flow, and be properly applied to the cure of the cancerous growth that is destroying the life and self-respect of Dublin. There are slums in New York, of course, and other cities, but nothing that ap-

proaches Dublin in the horror and dirt of its poverty. And there is scarcely a newspaper or a man in Ireland that dare lift a voice against the distillers or publicans, least of all the politician whom they send to Parliament; he is muzzled and obliged to play into the ruthless hands of the men who ruin the poor, and are directly responsible for the starvation and death of many children. Publicans are not impulsive murderers; they destroy by inches and slow methods the bodies and the souls of those who enrich them. It is prophesied that in twenty-five years every saloon in every State in the Union will be closed. If this is done, then indeed America will be the greatest country in the world. I have only seen one paper in Ireland that has dared to speak in favour of temperance; it is edited by a man of unswerving honesty and unflinching courage, George Russell, "A.E.," who says:

"We must say, though we never liked autocracy, that we envied Russia its autocrat, when we read the letter printed on the Russian Budget and prohibition. In Russia for the sake of human efficiency and decency, the State sacrificed a revenue of £90,000,000 a year, and no intoxicating liquors containing more than one and a half per cent. of alcohol are allowed to be manufactured or sold. This prohibition is probably the most beneficent action any autocrat took since an ancestor of the

present Czar emancipated the serfs, and the Russian Duma passed a law making prohibition permanent. Russia will be a dry Empire, in future, and we have not the slightest doubt when its brains are no longer muddled with vodka, it will become one of the most progressive nations in the world. We in Ireland have signalised the War by increasing expenditure on drink by two millions. The world tragedy has been celebrated by us by the expenditure of fifteen million pounds spent on alcohol in one year. Fifteen million pounds on drink, when industry and agriculture are starved for want of capital and a body like the Agricultural Organisation Society finds it difficult to get the few thousand a year it requires to carry on its work of national organisation of agriculture. Fifteen million pounds spent in muddling our wits and suppressing the soul of God breathed into man, in one small country with a population of four million people. Our politicians are afraid of their lives to hint at enmity to this beastly trade! Men who won't unite or consult with each other for the good of their country, will unite cordially for its evil, so that the devil may always be on tap in pints and pots, in bottle and in barrel for all who require him. We wonder whether any of the galaxy of autocrats created by Mr. Lloyd-George will have the courage to prohibit the sale of alcohol in these islands? The unmaking

of the distilleries would be the making of the people."

Ireland can be quite certain none of Mr. Lloyd-George's autocrats will have the courage to prohibit the abolition or sale of alcohol. And not a single Irish member of Parliament would dare wage war against the distilleries of Ireland.

A. M. Sullivan, writing of the Temperance movement, under Father Mathew in 1845, said:

"That never had a people made within the same space of time such strides from hardship to comparative comfort, from improvidence to thrift, from the crimes of inebriate passion to the ordered habits of sobriety and industry. It did not remove the deep-lying political causes of Irish poverty and crime; but it brought to the humblest help, it banished from thousands of homes afflictions that politics could neither create nor cure, it diffused self-respect and self-reliance among the people. We all noted its influence, not only in their personal habits, but in dress, in manners, and in the neatness and tidiness of their homes. The magistracy and police told of crime greatly diminished. The clergy told of churches better filled with decent worshippers. Traders rejoiced to find how vast was the increase in expenditure on articles of food and clothing or of home or personal comforts. It was convincing to find that the annual committals to prison in the seven years from 1839

to 1845, with a rapidly increasing population, showed a steady decrease from twelve thousand to seven thousand; that the capital sentences in each year declined gradually from sixty-six to fourteen; and that the penal convictions sank from nine hundred in 1839 to five hundred in 1845." And the same result would be found to-day if a temperance movement swept over Ireland. Drink is a strong and slimy web which covers the entire country, and no courageous knight-errant will rise up with righteous sword to cut its venomous threads.

The Homestead, edited by George Russell, is a high-minded, courageous paper, animated by lofty ideals to benefit mankind. With capital behind it, the good it might accomplish is limitless; unfortunately capitalists are not idealists, and so the slums of Dublin and other wrongs remain unrighted.

It says much for Dublin that not even the slums, when one gets away from them, can affect its charm. The pale silvery grey skies, the sweet green even in mid-winter of the peaceful squares, the leisurely approach of the public vehicles, nothing is hurried in Dublin. Running quickly to catch a tram, the conductor notices my plump proportions and calls out, "Ah, sure, don't hurry, lady, we'll wait for you." The same thing would have been said to me in New Orleans, or in Charleston,

by a tram conductor there. Heaven bless them, and all people who wait for us—pleasantly.

Another day I had lunched with a friend at Kingstown and found at the station that my ticket had vanished.

"I'm very sorry, but I've lost my ticket," I said to the man at the gate, "what are you going to do with me?"

"Sure, what can I do wid yez, lady," said the man, "but pass yez through, an' say no more about it?"

And it was in Dublin that I met a waiter who refused a tip! I often think I've expected too much of life, but I certainly never expected to meet a waiter who would refuse a tip! Such an experience convinces me more than a sheaf of literature, of the uncalculating generosity of the Irishman. Think of a waiter in the dead of night refusing a perfectly good two-shilling piece from a lady whom he was never to see again. And thus it happened:

I was dining with Sir John and Lady O'Connell at Kilkenny, and though my subconscious man advised me against it, they had no great difficulty in persuading me to take a late train. The company was agreeable, and as there were none of them coming to town, naturally they were optimistic about my finding a cab at the station, but the station and street were as empty of cabs as

Venice. The night was rather dark, and even in the daylight my sense of location was vague. I looked about, and asked a man the way to the Shelbourne. He was just tipsy enough to be too obliging, and said he would show me the way. I declined the offer—crossed the street—it was then nearly midnight—and rang the bell of a small hotel. The porter who answered the door telephoned for a taxi, but they were all out, and the man in the garage said it might be a long time before any of them came in. I asked was there a waiter who would see me safely to the Shelbourne. "Yes," he said, "a man who lived in Kildare Street," would change his coat and be ready to escort me in a moment. Presently a tall, pink-faced young man appeared, speaking with a tremendous brogue, and we started for the Hotel.

"Lady, you look like an American lady who used to come to Killarney. Are you an American lady?"

"I am," I said. "Have you ever thought of going to America?"

"That's the dearest wish of me heart, an' 'tis to America I'm goin' the minute the war's over."

"I wish," I said, looking at his fine physique, "more young Irishmen would go to the war."

"Tim wint," he said; "he was killed at Ypres."

"Was he your brother?" I asked.

"Yes, he was the oldest of the flock; he was more like me Mother than anny of us. Tim cud dance the ould Irish dances, an' he was a great wun for the songs; me Mother was too when we was childer; an' he played the fiddle in a way to draw the Good People from the mountains to listen to him. It was a great blow to me Mother whin Tim wint an' 'listed in the Dublin Fusiliers. I was goin', but me Mother put her apron over her head, an' rocked an' cried, an' wouldn't uncover the poor face on her, till I promised to stay in Ireland."

"What do you think of Conscription?" I said. "What would you do then?"

"Ah, well," he said; "sure if they compelled me to go I'd go willingly, so I would, for then me Mother could say nothin.'"

"Tell me," I said, "why do you want so much to go to America; you will have to leave your Mother then?"

"Mary's there," he said; "me friend Mary O'Hagan, an' she says it's the grandest place, an' plenty of money to be made. She's in a grand shop, an' she's savin' a hundred pounds an' more. She do make dresses most beautiful, she learned her trade in Cork."

"Where is she?" I asked. "In what part of America?"

"Mitchigan," he said. "Detroit, Mitchigan.

She's with her brother an' his wife. They do be havin' a grand house them two, for he's a builder he is."

"And is Mary your sweetheart?" I asked. I could see him blush as we passed under a street-lamp.

"There's a kindness bechune us," he said. "A great kindness bechune us two; there has been—since me an' Mary was no more than fourteen years old—me Mother loves Mary too. She's a grand girl indeed is Mary."

"I am sure of it," I said. "And I hope you will both be happy in my country, which has proved a happy home for so many Irish people. Good-night, and thank you." I held out the two shillings.

"Good-night, lady," he said. "I'm pleased to have been of service to you," and with a grand sweep of his hat, and a careless glance towards the bright coin, he vanished into the night.

Perhaps he refused the money because I came from Mary's country—how soon the Irish with appreciative understanding adopt America as their own—with "a kindness between them, a great kindness." It was the first time I had heard the expression, and how tender it is—he is sure to follow Mary, and one day they will have a little house all their own, built by the builder in "Mitchigan."

CHAPTER IV

DEAN SWIFT

He now would praise esteem approve,
But understood not what was love.

The Cathedral of St. Patrick has had a chequered past. It was founded as early as 1190. The great tower of Irish limestone, with walls ten feet thick, was built by Archbishop Minot, in 1362. After various dangers, dilapidations, and vicissitudes, the complete restoration was begun in 1865. The ground plan is said to be of a beautiful proportion, and the great Latin Cross demonstrates a mind of wonderful mathematical knowledge and accuracy; being finer and more exquisitely exact than any Cathedral in England. The interior is adorned with numerous monuments, brasses, and tablets, among them an imposing fourteenth century statue of St. Patrick. Further away, a little crowd of people, seventeen in all, piously kneeling together, are described as Sir Edward Fitton, his wife, and family. He was President of Thomond under Queen Elizabeth. A monument to Dame Mary Sentleger describes a full life, inasmuch as during her thirty-seven

years, the lady provided herself with four husbands. It is to be hoped the manner of their death was enquired into before her prowess in disposing of them was recorded.

There are banners and escutcheons to the Knights of St. Patrick, tributes to the Royal Irish, who fought so bravely at Sebastopol, and a finely carved Celtic Cross to the memory of the heroes of the South African campaign. There is a bas-relief to Turlough Carolan, the last of the Irish bards; I daresay the good-looking blue-eyed Carolans of California are his descendants; but nothing interested me so much as the bust of Dean Swift, his epitaph to Stella, his epitaph of himself, and his autograph contained in a little glass case.

When I was a little girl, the most condemnatory word applied in the South to a person, or persons, was "Yahoo," or "Yahoos." I have known a good many in my life, and they inevitably remain as they were born, Yahoos. Dean Swift enriched the language with other words equally useful, Liliputian and Brobdingnagian, for example. My father insisted upon my reading at a very early age Scott's Swift, and I remember exactly how the books of Addison, Swift, Steele, Dryden, Pope, Grey, and Arbuthnot were bound, and on which shelf of the library they stood.

My beloved father, who was himself a man of

great independence, used to tell the story of the Lord Treasurer, who at one of his levys asked Swift to present Parnell, and he replied with a brilliant smile, "A man of genius, my Lord, although you may not realise it, is superior to a Lord in station, and, therefore, I will leave you to seek out Dr. Parnell and introduce yourself." Lord Oxford took the reprimand good-naturedly, and with his Treasurer's staff went from room to room until he discovered his guest.

On another occasion, when the Duke of Buckinghamshire, a nobleman who bristled with pride, asked to be introduced to him, the Dean raised his handsome head, and said:

"I regret that at present it is impossible. The Duke has not yet made sufficient advances to me."

I suppose on account of his reputation for wit, his sarcastic humour was borne with patience. If he had lived in the present day, there would have been no unwise insurrection, he would have been the leader of the Clan-na-Gael or Sinn Fein, or of both, as the text of all his eloquence was Ireland for the Irish. What a pity that he could not have been one of those souls waiting for birth, so poetically described by Maeterlinck. With the fearless genius of Dean Swift now at the helm of affairs in Ireland, she might have had independence, respect, and recognition as a nation.

It is two hundred years ago, in 1719, that he

wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Proposals for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures," its object being to induce the people of Ireland to use only wearing apparel, furniture, carpets, and rugs manufactured in the country, and to close their markets against everything wearable imported from England. What he said seemed an echo of the Irish House of Commons, but it was in reality a stinging and bitter protest against the inhumanity and injustice which had characterised the policy of England towards Ireland since 1665. It was a clarion note to the nation at any cost to assert herself.

"Burn everything from England except the coal!" he exhorted them.

In 1660, the prospects of Ireland looked fair and bright, the soil was fertile, the pasture lands rich and beautiful. There were many rivers which were navigable, and the ports and harbours—alas, now lonely and deserted—were the envy of maritime Europe. Farm produce, fat cattle, and grain were sent to England, and fine woollen goods were being rapidly manufactured. There was hopeful talk and plans of sending ships laden with goods to the Colonies. But either England feared Ireland's commercial relations with other countries, or, jealous of her, she deliberately proceeded to destroy all her fair prospects. The wool trade was ruined, industrial people were

thrown upon the parish for charity, and emigration—which, alas, has never since ceased—sent the strong and the able-bodied from the country. With a prophetic realisation of Ireland's cruel future, and a resentment that his own brilliant efforts in her behalf had failed, it was no wonder the heart of Dean Swift was almost broken and his whole life was embittered. He never forgot the terrible scenes of famine and wretchedness which he had witnessed, although, with his splendid intellect, he had moments and hours of keen enjoyment, and until the death of his tender, devoted, life-long friend, Esther Johnson, he was never lonely.

She was only seven years old when Swift first saw her. They lived under one roof; he as the secretary; her mother, Lady Giffard as housekeeper, to Sir William Temple. To amuse himself he began to teach the thoughtful, pretty, intelligent, gentle child, who won his heart by diligence to her books. He was her revered teacher, she was his beloved pupil, and thus began the innocent friendship which was to prove his greatest happiness, and to last until her death. There is no manner of doubt that Swift loved Esther Johnson; that he ever fell in love with her is another question.

There can be, and are, strange bonds between the sexes. A man can love a woman as a com-

panion, comrade, and friend without desiring her as a wife. A woman can love a man without desiring him as a husband. The spark of passion between them has not been, and can never be, ignited. If spiritual and physical communion on both sides be compassed, that marriage is planned in Heaven. But such unions are all too rare. Many marriages are only a compromise. Many friendships are only a compromise. Occasionally, there is an understanding so complete between two people that words are almost unnecessary. I had such an understanding with my father; and it is as restful and refreshing to the spirit as a soft, warm bath to the body.

The bond between Swift and Esther Johnson was a spiritual one, with no hint of passion to disturb the harmony. He loved her too much to marry another woman, and what woman could have borne his friendship with Esther? Whom, nevertheless, he did not love enough to marry. Perhaps he was incapable of such love. Undoubtedly there are men born celibates and priests, as there are men born to be soldiers and patriots. Esther Johnson was not an unusual woman to be satisfied with friendship alone, there are many such in the world who can subjugate passion with tenderness. And there would be much more friendship between the sexes but for a censorious world. To men and women, of undeveloped intel-

lectuality and meagre spiritual gifts there appears to be but one bond existing between other men and women—a physical one—whereas, a spiritual bond is often the strongest, and the most enduring.

Next to the love of a mother for her children, there is no love more unselfish than that of a true friend. It is effortless, flowing in a strong, deep tide, like the waters of the Mississippi. It is easy and comfortable, giving a feeling of sureness and serenity that is almost unknown in love. And perhaps friendship has even higher ideals than love. To find a friend unworthy creates a most hurtful wound.

Swift enjoyed the intellect of Esther Johnson, he respected her character, he basked in her reasonable amiability, he desired above all things to stand well in her eyes, and, allowing for his divagations, she remained the first woman in his life and in his heart. That he philandered with Hester Vanhomrigh is perfectly certain, but there are the fewest men in the world—particularly middle-aged men—who would not inhale incense offered to their vanity by a young woman enamoured of their vanishing charms. The fumes are too potent for resistance. Dean Swift had an extraordinary mind and intellect, but his vanity was like that of other men. Hester Vanhomrigh offered him the most seductive of all flatteries,



PEG WOFFINGTON
National Gallery, Dublin

a physical adoration of his fine eyes, his fine nose, his fine hands, rather than his fine intellect.

For a moment her fresh enthusiasm gave him renewed youth. While in her presence he felt the world a gayer, pleasanter place, but with a man of his clear and bitter insight into motives and character, the reaction came, and there were dangerous intervals for her and for him, when he almost despised her, but she was passionately importunate.

"It is impossible," she wrote in one of her letters, "to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you again, but these resolves to your misfortune did not last long."

Swift, being a man, in answer naturally wrote the wrong letter.

"I will see you in a day or two, and, believe me, it goes to my heart not to see you oftener. I will give you the best advice, countenance, and assistance I can. I would have been with you sooner, if a thousand impediments had not prevented me. I did not know you had been under difficulties. I am sure my whole fortune should go to remove them. I cannot see you to-day, I fear, having affairs of my own place to do, but

pray do not think it want of friendship or tenderness, which I will always continue to the utmost."

This suggestively worded missive, while it says nothing obviously compromising, soothes and puts forth delicate tendrils of hope, and no drowning man is quicker to catch at straws than the anxious and uncertain lover.

Probably, if there had been no other woman, Hester Vanhomrigh would have captured the Dean; as it was, she only appealed to his vanity, while Esther Johnson appealed to his heart. Many men have philandered at the same moment with two women. One is loved, the other is appreciated for her love of him. Dean Swift may have been devoid of passion, but he was not devoid of the love of adulation, he would have been superman if he had been. He cared nothing for Hester, and when she eventually wrote a letter to Esther Johnson, demanding to know if the Dean was her lover or husband, and jeopardised his relations with his life-long friend, he was transported with rage, rode on the wings of the wind to Celbridge Abbey, rushed into Vanessa's boudoir, threw the offending missive at her feet, and in that tragic moment of silence the man and the woman dropped their protecting masques and looked upon each other for the first time. Hester saw a man devoid of all compassion toward her, his heart filled with rage, selfishness, and

irreconcilable resentment; and he saw a woman whose quest had failed, hard, angry, and vindictive. With a grim look of hate and no word of farewell, he left her for ever.

This action is conclusive evidence of where his heart belonged, and which woman he wished to protect and save from pain. A great deal of sympathy has been lavished on Vanessa, but after all Dean Swift practised no deceit upon her. She knew too of his allegiance to another woman. Diana was a huntress. There are many women who love the chase. Vanessa was one of them. To conquer the citadel of a heart that has endured a long siege is very sweet. Shaw has never written a truer document than "Man and Superman." There are innumerable Annes. At the present time they are nursing in hospitals in France and in England. They are travelling back and forth to Serbia. They are seeking and finding opportunities all over this warring and wounded world to exercise the unacknowledged right of choosing their mates. Men are having nothing their own way any longer. Not even the quest.

But, however manufactured, the human heart loves romance. There are people who have never read a line of Dean Swift, who know of the existence of "Vanessa's Bower." In the grounds of Celbridge Abbey, an ancient and picturesque bridge, so overgrown with ivy that only the arches

are visible, connects a little island in the Liffey with the mainland. A screen of laurel, cypress, yew, and box trees hides the celebrated arbour which blossomed in roses, eglantine, jessamine, and honeysuckle. It was not only the meeting-place of Dean Swift and Vanessa, but Henry Grattan loved it, and has written a poem of remonstrance to one of the later owners, Dean Marley, who meditated making changes in the grounds near the island.

There is a very early link connecting this historic house with America, for in 1683, Colonel Thomas Dongan, one of the younger sons of the owner of the Abbey, was appointed Governor General of the Duke of York's Province in New York. Sympathising with the ambition of the Colonists, he called together a General Assembly which formed a Charter of Liberties, and he effected a Treaty with the Five Nations of the Iroquois Indians, withdrawing them from their French Allies. He also granted to New York City the celebrated Dongan Charter, which is still the basis and foundation of its municipal law. The Duke of York's Province comprised at that time the States of Maine and New York and the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard.

Booth, the historian of the City of New York, wrote of Colonel Dongan, "The firm judicial policy of this distinguished Irishman, his stead-

fast integrity, and his pleasing and courteous address soon won the affections of the people."

He was, however, recalled in 1688; and on the death of his elder brother, William, whose son had been killed in the Battle of the Boyne, he became Earl of Limerick. It was after he had succeeded to the Earldom that Celbridge Abbey was leased or sold to Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, and upon his death it descended to his daughter Hester.

This honoured house, one of the landmarks of history and romance, which holds so many memories of famous aristocrats, statesmen, poets, and patriots, has now passed into the hands of appreciative Americans.

CHAPTER V

HICKS, A MAN WITHOUT PRICE

And then I found Hicks. Hicks the rare—Hicks the untemptable—Hicks the incorruptible—the man to whom, after a deal in old furniture, Lord Charles Beresford said, "Hicks, when you die, you ought not to be buried; you should be stuffed and put in a glass-case."

A little old, interesting engraving of George Washington, displayed in the window, induced me to enter a shop and enquire the price. It proved moderate, and I bought the print in spite of its not representing President Washington at his best. The mouth, though firm, looks as if the lips had closed over a set of very badly fitting false teeth, which was probable, as history records that General Washington, like many of the soldiers at the front to-day, suffered from toothache; and false teeth were not made with the perfection of the present mechanician, although I have seen some wretched affairs, not only in Ireland, but elsewhere. And Mr. Labouchere had in all, twenty-seven sets of false teeth. He used to say that wherever he went he had teeth made, hoping they would be more comfortable than the

others. At their villa in Florence, after a dinner-party, when the guests were assembled in the library, a distinguished General of the English Army, standing by the mantelpiece, smoking a cigarette, flicked the ashes into a small coral-coloured object. Mr. Labouchere watched him with mischievous eyes and no interference until the receptacle was heaping full; then he said:

"General, do you know you have been using my teeth as an ash-receiver?"

The General said, "God bless me, so I have."

"It's a matter of no consequence," said Mr. Labouchere. "I've got twenty-six other sets of false teeth; there is no reason why one of them should not be converted into an ash-tray."

In the sourse of conversation about the engraving and its authenticity, this Irishman's name, by the way, was Bragazzi—his father was an Italian, and he makes beautiful frames—I asked him the names of shops for old furniture.

"The most honest man in Dublin for old furniture," he said; "he hasn't got the most, mind you, but what he has got he'll speak the truth about, for he can nayther be bought nor sold, is Hicks of Lower Pembroke Street."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "there is such a *rara avis* in the world, such an original and surprising creature, as a dealer in antiques

who is scrupulously honest and reliable? I can hardly believe you."

"Lady, you can, for I'm tellin' you no lies. And the amazin' part of it is, an' that's where Hicks' timptation comes in, he can make new furniture out of old wood, an' the divil himself can't tell that it's new. But Hicks he'll up and tell you, if he cud make a hundred pounds or more, 'tis new an' 'tis old."

I said, "It seems to me that Hicks is making a glorious path to Heaven, isn't he?"

"He is that, lady, an' he won't stumble over a single imitation table, or stool, or chair on the way. You see, it is in Hicks' blood to make furniture; his father was a famous chairmaker of Dublin. Now, occasionally, a beautiful old chair of the elder Hicks will come on the market, and fetch a large price as a genuine old bit of Chippendale, Sheraton, or Hepplewhite. The father trained both his sons, William and James, to be not only first-class cabinet-makers, but rale artists. William—Lord rest his soul!—was a famous carver, and had a hand on him as light and delicate as a woman, and as steady and strong as a man. Sir Thornley Stoker owned a table carved by William Hicks; the wood was a fine old piece of mahogany, and his understandin' hand done justice to it. After Sir Thornley's death, in the sale of his furniture, one of these Bond Street

dealers pronounced it a genuine Adam table—no Irishman was going to contradict him—there were many bidders for it, and the hammer fell at 115 guineas, and it went off to London. James Hicks is just as remarkable in his way as his brother William. Sir Thornley Stoker, wandering about the old shops,—he was a born collector,—came across a fine old wreck, so bad, that old Mrs. Brady was glad enough to get five pounds for it. It was a Louis Quinze chest of drawers with a bow in front, as the legs were entirely gone, sittin' flat on the floor. Sir Thornley sent it on to James Hicks, who restored it and made new legs of old wood. It was afterwards pronounced genuine by competent—annyway, they thought themselves competent—judges, and at Sir Thornley's sale fetched three hundred guineas. Hicks is well known to royalty and aristocracy; he has made a lot of old-new furniture for the Duke of Connaught's house in London, and while the Connaughts were resident in the Royal Hospital, he gave the Duchess lessons in cabinet-making. There is no one in the kingdom that can turn out more beautiful work in marquetry. Give him a piece of fine old satinwood, and bits of hardwood, and he can make a table or a cabinet that would pass for a fine French piece annywhere, even in France. In fact, a good many of his pieces have found their

way to Paris. He buys tumbled-down, forlorn wrecks of furniture that you wouldn't look at; they can be covered with dirt and divided with cracks, but he makes no mistake, and turns old mahogany tables, old beds, and old sideboards into beautiful copies of old furniture. It is a pity that he rarely puts his name on anny of his work, as he never keeps annything long. A lot of the London dealers come over to buy his stuff, and they tell me a great deal of it has been passed as genuine old French and English pieces; and to my thinkin', it would be just as well that Ireland got the credit for good Irish work. But he's an artist, not a tradesman, and glory be to God, it's not his fault that he ever sells annything. I was in his place one day when Lady Cadogan, who was the Lady Liftenant of them times, came in with some quality, and began to admire his stock, and she particularly liked some chairs. He was standin' by with a pad and pencil. 'No,' he said, 'thim chairs is not as they ought to be. If I was to make thim ag'in here's what I'd do'; and then he began to draw different parts, and if he didn't go about among thim English folk disparagin' his own work and showin' thim how he could improve on it. Bein' accustomed to English tradesmen, who have a rule of praisin' iverything in their own shops,—good, bad, and indifferent, and the more indifferent the more praise

—these ladies and gintlemen didn't know whether Hicks was a fraud or a janius. But one thing they did know: they had never met annybody like him in Bond Street. They had to come to Ireland to find himself. He has got an order now from the Queen of Spain to make an illegant writin'-table and a large chair for Prince George of Battenburg as a wedding present. The chances are that the table and chair will go out of Dublin without annywan but myself seein' thim, when, sure, they ought to be put on exhibition in Grafton Street for ivery stranger to see what can be done in Ireland. But maybe if you are over here whin they are ready for the Prince you can see thim."

When finished, the chair and table were noble pieces of furniture. I saw them before they were packed, and Hicks was in great feather, as he said Prince George had the taste of a gintleman, and would appreciate his work.

It was after my talk with Brigazzi that I went to see Hicks, and since then I have spent many afternoons in the shop of that entertaining man. The night before my first visit, that brilliant Irishman, Barry O'Brien, the biographer of Parnell, was talking to me of that great statesman.

"I claim," I said, "through America, half of Parnell's glory. Do you remember the description of him by A. M. Sullivan? 'In everything but convictions and resolutions, a more un-Irish,

un-Celtic man it would be rare to meet.' He is, indeed, the very antithesis of the emotional and impulsive Celt, whose heart divides with his head, the course of his policy. Many Englishmen expect to see in him a burly, brawling, fierce Irishman. Instead of that, they would meet a pale-faced and thoughtful young gentleman, quiet, reserved, and refined. In personal appearance, in manners, voice, and accent, he is English with a tinge of the American. A stranger would judge him to be a cultivated Englishman who lived in America, or a cultivated American who had lived in England."

"Yes," said Barry O'Brien, "but you know that Parnell's grandfather, Admiral Stewart, known as Old Ironsides, was an American. After a dashing courtship, he married Elizabeth Tudor, a beautiful girl of New England birth."

"I visited Mrs. William Tudor in Boston," I said. "A lovely portrait of Elizabeth Tudor hung in the drawing-room; she was William Tudor's grandmother as well as Parnell's."

"When she was the affianced bride of Admiral Stewart," said Barry O'Brien, "he asked, as he was sailing for English waters, 'When I come back what shall I bring you?' 'An English frigate,' she said. 'I'll bring you two,' he answered, and he did. His battleship appeared with two frigates in tow. Do you know that



THE CROSS OF CONG

Made for Turlough O'Conor, King of Ireland in 1123, designed as a shrine worthy to hold a piece of the true Cross

pretty story of your high-spirited country-women?"

What a strange coincidence that I was to see the picture of those very ships. Looking about the salesroom of Hicks the next day, he soon divined my nationality, and offered to show me two pictures that were in process of packing for shipment to America. A life-sized portrait of Admiral Stewart, in the gold-laced uniform of the American Navy was one; and a picture of three ships—an American battleship and two English frigates—was the other. They had originally come from America, had hung for many years in Avondale, Parnell's house in Wicklow, and were now going home. I hope they have crossed the water for the last time, and will be treasured by some member of the Tudor family.

"How much are these chairs?" I asked Hicks, on another visit.

"They are not for sale; they belong to a gintleman who sent them to me fifteen years ago to be repaired."

I smiled. "Fifteen years ago! And have you repaired them?"

"They are nearly finished," said Hicks. "When he comes for them they'll soon be ready."

"And don't you charge for storage?"

"An' how could I be doin' that? Sure, the man may be travellin'; certainly he has the best

of raisons for leavin' thim chairs here. But that's not so long as a harpsichord a lady left with me for twenty-five years, and it would have been there still but for a dinner-party given by the Duke of Connaught."

"Did you lend it to the Duke for the party?" I asked, remembering that one day I had seen a van piled high with beautiful furniture, which Mrs. Hicks, a true lady in manner and in heart, told me they were lending to a poor young doctor who was getting married. I wonder if they'll lend it to him for fifteen years.

"God bless my soul, no," said Hicks. "The Duke wouldn't be borrowin' furniture. He has got a very fair an' decided taste of his own; he knows what to buy, and he buys it. What a blessin' for Ireland if we had him here altogether. He's a rale gintleman—if he *is* a royalty—and he could help settle The Irish Question better than most, because he has an understandin' of the people. The Irish like him, and they wouldn't like him if he didn't like thim."

"Tell me," I said, "about the dinner and the harpsichord."

"I have to go back," said Hicks, "to whin the piano arrived from London, and I paid twenty-five shillin's carriage—I wrote that down in a book—and I heard nothin' more. Twenty years afterwards, I opened the case; the instrument pretty

well fell to pieces. It wasn't for music the lady bought it, annyhow, but for satinwood, and sure it was a rare piece of wood. There was wan other thing in the case, a mahogany stand. A grand thickness it was, and I could have used it for manny a thing, and thought I would when twenty-three years wint by. But, as luck would have it, I let it alone. Then the Duke came to me and says, 'Hicks, have you got an old satinwood piano or harpsichord?' 'I have, Sir,' I said. 'I got one at a sale in town. It is a beautiful piece of satinwood, and has got the name of the maker on it,—H. Woffington,—most probably he was a relative of the celebrated actress, Peg Woffington, that wonderful daughter of a Dublin bricklayer and a Dublin laundress, who took the town by storm in the *Beggar's Opera,* when she was only eighteen years old. But she could niver have gone straight into opera without some musical education; so it seems to me, that her father and the H. Woffington that made this harpsichord must have been brothers. That Mrs. Woffington must have been a great woman to preside at the Tory dinners of the Beefsteak Club.' Well, the Duke was very pleased to hear about the harpsichord, and I didn't let him see it until I got a pianomaker to come and set the movements right, and it made a nice little gentle, old-fashioned, tingling kind of music. Most dealers make these

pianos into cabinets, but I think it is much better to leave things for what they were meant to be. If it is possible, a thing should remain honestly what it is. I must say that the Duke was pleased and smiling when he saw the piano,"—then Hicks gave an unconscious sigh,—"but what with one thing and another, restoring it, and the piano-maker to set it right again, I must say I had more pleasure than profit when I sold it. In fact it was only a matter of a few pounds. But then over a very good thing I often make no more than a couple of pounds. And, upon my word, I'd rather that than sell it to a rank outsider, who wouldn't know what he was buying. If I say to a customer who knows what's what, 'That table's tin pounds,' and he says, 'Hicks, send it to me to-morrow, and here's a cheque for eight,' 'tis hard for me to hold out agin' him. I've got a kind of feelin' for furniture; I suppose it is I like me chairs to go where they will be kindly tr'ated and looked after. So I sint the tinklin' harpsichord to the Duke and he agreed with me it was a grand piece. And at the dinner-party a lady said to him, 'I see Hicks has sold you me cousin's piano that he's had stored away.' 'No,' said the Duke, 'I'm very sure Hicks wouldn't do a thing like that.' The lady said she knew the piano. The Duke explained it had not been in Hicks' possession for long, but she was uncon-

vinced. The Duke said nothin' to me—he was too much of a gintleman for that—but one of the guests said, 'Hicks, I heard an aspersion on your character the other evening,' and then she told me the conversation. God knows, after all these years, when nayther satinwood nor mahogany, nor the best ould imitation I iver made—an' some of thim's almost deceaved miself—have induced me to imperil my immortal soul, I was boiling mad. Maybe I'll deserve purgatory, but manny a dealer in ould stuff won't even have a look in at that place of purification, he'll go straight down, and stay there sittin' and roastin' and squirmin', on his red-hot bastard sofas and chairs. I wrote and asked the lady, who had been to the Duke's dinner, to come to the shop, and I showed her her cousin's piano, and the mahogany stand, which the two of them had forgot—I might have used it after all, it was a grand piece of wood—and I says, 'Please tell your cousin to pay me the twenty-five shillin's'—I showed her the book—'and to send for the piano at the same time, I can't keep it any longer.'"

"And did she send for it?" I asked.

"Ah, sure, about a year after, it was hauled away."

"And you got your twenty-five shillings, I hope?"

"About that," said Hicks, "about that; maybe

it was but twinty. Where are those good chairs that another gintleman left with us seventeen years ago? Show them to Mrs. O'Connor," he called to Mrs. Hicks.

"They're in our own house now," said Mrs. Hicks.

"I'm hopin' he won't come for them," said Hicks. "I've got to like them."

"In Texas," I said, "after a man's squatted on land for ten years, he gets a quit claim to it; seven years desertion and silence give a woman a divorce; I think there should be a law in Ireland about the abandonment of pianos and chairs. When there is a Parliament on College Green, I'll propose a bill."

"I'd rather have you a mimber than anny I know," said Hicks, gallantly, although I doubt if he believes in Woman's Suffrage.

Hicks is an artist in the making of furniture. The first thing that strikes the eye of the ordinary observer is, of course, line. But an expert cabinet-maker must have feeling, an appreciation for design, an unerring eye for the colour of the wood, both in the raw material and as a finished product. He must not, if he is copying eighteenth century furniture, add a hair's breadth to the inch. He must understand mathematical precision. The legs of a chair must approach the body as close as wax. The carving must be sharp and

bold. The inlay so smooth, that the finger of a blind man passing over it is unable to detect flower or scroll. All this my friend Hicks can compass, and his copies of old furniture have often puzzled experts. The Duke recommended him to a gentleman who not only became a good client, but appreciated Hicks' unerring eye for genuine old pieces. Hicks was asked to his place in the country for the purpose of passing judgment on various treasures. When they came to the drawing-room and Hicks loitered near a beautiful French table, Sir Arthur jocosely said, "Don't take the trouble, Hicks, to fix your copying eye on that old table; it's beyond you. The green inlay was only done to perfection in the time of Marie Antoinette."

"No, Sir," said Hicks, running his hand affectionately over the pale green ribands, set in golden satinwood, "I made this table."

"Hicks, you're a liar!"

"I may be," said Hicks; "but not about this table, Sir. Thirty years ago a gintleman customer of mine, who only owned respectable furniture—by that I mean furniture that speaks for a man's taste, knowledge, and breeding—believe me, Sir, cabinets and chairs and tables can say a good deal for a man, as china and prints can speak for a woman,—came to me and said, 'Hicks, I want you to cross to London to-night and buy a table for

me that is to be sold in a few days at Christies'. It's a genuine bit of Louis XVI, and was at one time at Versailles, there's no doubt about that. But I can only go to a certain figure. Photograph it with your eyes, measure it with your hands, drink in the beautiful colour of it, so that, at least, I may have a reminder of the lost treasure, if I don't get it.' That table certainly was of the best, mellow in colour, lovely in line, and inlaid by the hand of a great artist. I knew the moment I saw it, that I wouldn't be able to buy it, so I set about photographing it with my eyes, and luckily I knew one of the men at Christies'. He allowed me to measure and to sketch it. I was there as soon as the doors were open in the morning, and I stayed until after the sale. The table fetched three times my price. Then I came back to Dublin, and set to work, and made four of these tables. One went to Germany, one to London, one to my client, and you have the other."

"Well, I'm damned," said the owner. "Hicks, I gave a lot of money for that table, a fancy price, and bought it for the genuine thing. Are you sure this isn't a fairy story, you villain?"

"Turn it up, Sir, and you'll find a little scrawly 'H' in ebony, close to the right foreleg."

"It's here, Hicks, that betraying 'H,'" Sir Arthur said, with the table turned upside down.

"What a pity I didn't send for you before I bought it."

"Yes, Sir, in one way it is; but all the same, in my own defence, I will say that it's a mighty good table; I never made a better; the wood is old and mellow, the colour is soft and deep, the design is fine, the inlay is perfect, and the work is a credit to me, and to the men who did their share of it."

"And," said Sir Arthur, "as the firm I bought it from have gone bankrupt, I must be satisfied with a good table and a good story, that's about it."

"And it might have been worse, Sir. I've seen gintlemen done with a bad table, and no joke either," said Hicks.

Hicks is very observant, and sympathetic enough to be an almost unerring judge of character. A lady of England having bought various valuable pieces of furniture from him, said, "If you are ever in London, Mr. Hicks, come and see me, I may find something in my house for you to do." A day came when Hicks remembered her words and went to London—being a sportsman, he is always ready to take a fighting chance—but this time Fate seemed against him, for the butler said the lady had gone abroad.

"Has she a sicretary?" asked Hicks.

"She has," said the butler, "and I'll ask him to see you."

When Hicks repeated the conversation between the lady and himself the secretary said, "I have no authority to give you an order to do any work." But being already prepossessed in his favour, when Hicks asked to be shown over the house, the secretary opened the rooms to him.

Hicks stopped long at the door of the drawing-room, tapped the walls, with his quick eye measured them, and said, "This room must be panelled."

"What!" said the startled secretary.

"It cries out for panellin'," said Hicks.

"But I can't give you an order to panel it," said the secretary.

"How long will the lady be away?" questioned Hicks.

"Two or three months."

"Then I'll begin work to-morrow, an' if the lady likes the room and the price she can pay for it. If not I'll lose confidence in me pocket and me judgment. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the secretary, who was a sportsman, too; "but first write me a letter which absolves me from all responsibility."

"I'll do that," said Hicks, "an' we'll give her ladyship the pleasant surprise of her life."

When introduced to the room, the lady was

first surprised, then delighted, then amused; and she paid the bill of three hundred pounds without a protest. And Hicks, with confidence in his judgment, his pocket, and his lucky star, returned to Ireland more than ever a Knight of Chance.

CHAPTER VI

OLD IRELAND, AND THE LITTLE WHITE FLOWER

I AM not only grateful to my friend Hicks for a quite beautiful chest of drawers that he made for me, but it was he who brought to my notice the Georgian books. Those five valuable volumes, compiled under the auspices of the Georgian Society, which contain the records of the noble eighteenth century architecture of celebrated houses in Dublin, and of historic country places throughout Ireland. Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, Provost of Trinity College, who has contributed much appreciative work to these books, was kind enough to give me permission to use any of the beautiful illustrations. Unfortunately for my purpose, the plates have been destroyed. This is an advantage to the limited number of volumes which have been issued, making them each year increase in value; but it seems a pity not to have sealed up the plates and put them in some place of safety, for the benefit of future generations. Not only will these books give hours of delight to the idle person, who amuses himself with picture books,

but they are satisfying to lovers of architecture, full of suggestions to architects, and Pepys himself, in his gossiping Diary, is not more piquant than a number of these records of the great houses, and the great people of Ireland's prosperous past.

Lady Caroline Dawson, afterwards Countess of Portarlington, in the autumn of 1778, writes to her sister, Lady Louisa Stewart, in a sprightly fashion of Carton, the family seat of the Duke of Leinster:

"You will be surprised, when I tell you there are at present four generations in the house, the Duchess having her mother, and grandmother paying her a visit, which with her children make up four; and the great-grandmother is a very good-looking woman, not older than most people's mothers, and the Duchess' mother, Lady. St. George, one would take to be fifteen. I must describe her to you because she is so remarkable. She has a very pretty little figure, with a face not handsome but well enough, and her dress in the afternoon is a polonaise trimmed with gauze; upon recollection I am telling you wrong, for it is a circassian all over loops and tassels (like the one Mrs. Stewart brought from Paris last year), and a little black Henri Quatre hat upon her head, with her hair dressed up to it behind. In the morning she wears an orange-coloured habit, embroidered or rather embossed with gold,

and a great rich gold stuff waistcoat, with broad laced ruffles, and a little white beaver hat with a bunch of white feathers upon the top, and a black stock, so that she looks the finest French figure you ever saw. Everything seems to go on in great state here. The Duchess appears in a sack, and hoop, and diamonds, at every meal, and such quantities of plate, etc., that one would imagine oneself in a palace; and there are servants without end. One morning they drove us all over the park, which is really fine, though all done by the Duke's father—therefore no wood of any growth—but there is a fine river with rocks, etc.

"It is not the fashion at Carton to play at cards. The ladies sit and work, and the gentlemen lollop about, and go to sleep—at least the Duke does, for he snored so loud the other night that we all got into a great fit of laughing and waked him. They asked me if I liked cards, and I pretended I did, much more than I really do, for the sake of getting a card-table, for when there are a great many people sitting in that manner it's very tiresome, so I had a party at whist every night; but they seemed to think it very odd that a young woman should like cards. Yesterday before we set out, we went to church with them. They have a very comfortable gallery with a good fire. I forgot to mention to you the Duke's

chaplain lives in the house with them, and reads prayers every morning, which all the ladies of the house attend very devoutly, but I can't say so much for the gentlemen. I think it a very proper custom in a large family, but then I think the master as well as the mistress should attend. Even though there is a great deal of state, I could not help admiring the great grown-up girls stealing an opportunity, when they thought the company did not mind them, to hug their father and mother, with an appearance of affection that did one good."

This agreeable letter shows that young grandmothers have existed in every century, and apparently Lady St. George, "looking fifteen," was quite equal to any of the present-day wonders. "A face not handsome but well enough," suggests what the French call "*une jolie laide.*" I have never seen a circassian "all over loops and tassels" but it sounds deliciously youthful and coquettish, and "a polonaise trimmed with gauze" is positively ravishing. The little lady in the morning must have rivalled an aureole in her orange-coloured habit, embossed with gold, and "a great rich gold stuff waistcoat, with broad laced ruffles." I am sure the glossy white beaver hat, with a bunch of white feathers on the top, and a black stock, created havoc among the male sex, grandmother as she was. The privacy of their "com-

fortable gallery with a good fire," must have been an inducement to church attendance if not to piety. Mr. Labouchere once told me that he had read all of Sir Walter Scott's novels in the softly cushioned gallery of a church, where his uncle, Lord Taunton, did not go himself, but sent his nephews for the good of their souls. And I like the "great grown-up girls, the daughters of the Duke, stealing an opportunity of hugging their father and mother." It might have been the history of one of the warm-hearted aristocratic families of South Carolina or Louisiana, and the following paragraph is even more reminiscent of the South:

"The house is crowded—a thousand comes and goes. We have an immense table—chocolate—honey—hot bread—cold bread—brown bread—white bread—green bread,"—was green bread rye, I wonder—"and all-coloured breads and cakes. After breakfast, Mr. Scott, the Duke's chaplain, reads a few short prayers, and then we go as we like—a back room for reading, a billiard-room, a printing-room, a drawing-room, and whole suites of rooms, not forgetting the music-room.

"We dine at half-past four or five, courses upon courses, which I believe takes up two full hours. It is pretty late when we leave the parlour; we then go to tea, so to cards about nine, play till supper-time—'tis pretty late by the time

we go to bed. I forgot to tell you the part you would like best—French horns playing at breakfast and dinner. There are all sorts or amusements; the gentlemen are out hunting and shooting all the mornings."

Ireland, among all classes, and in all centuries, seems to have indulged in opulent and picturesque funerals. Four thousand pounds was spent upon the funeral of the first Lady Blessington. She died in Paris, and was brought back to Dublin by a whole retinue of mutes and mourners. The drawing-room in Blessington House had been converted into a *chapelle ardente.* The walls were hung in purple silk, an altar was erected, upon it stood gilt candlesticks holding lighted wax candles, silver censers threw out clouds of incense, and in the centre of the room the magnificent coffin was placed, draped in a black velvet pall, glittering with gold embroidery. The mourners, six on either side, swathed in crêpe with bands of white silk across their breasts, sat beside the coffin, and for eight days all of Dublin poured in to view this spectacular exhibition. And as far back as 1786, the burial service of the Right Hon. Lord Colooney, son and heir of the Right Hon. the Earl of Bellamount, is thus described:

"The remains lay in the saloon in the attick storey three days, said time being necessary to

give due notice to the gentlemen of the County, who had expressed their intention of showing their regard to the Earl and his family, by their attendance at the interment from the most distant parts. The saloon, which is supported by pillars and lighted by a cupola, was hung with a black cloth; as also the cupola, which was lighted with tapers, and constantly attended by upper servants, appointed to succeed each other night and day.

"On Wednesday, 10th inst., the remains were removed in the following order from Bellamount Forest, to the Earl's family vault in the parish church in the town of Cootehill, amidst the greatest concourse of spectators ever remembered in the County on any occasion, who all testified their concern and respect by the most solemn silence and strict regularity throughout the whole of the ceremony in which every affectation of extraordinary parade was avoided. (?)

"The procession:

Twelve conductors, two and two, with black cloaks, and white staves.
Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, two and two.
Clerk of the Parish.
Clergy of the Church of England, two and two.
Dissenting Clergy, two and two.
Seceding Clergy, two and two.
Moravian Clergy, two and two.
Clergy of the Church of Rome, two and two.



End of Saloon, with Organ, at Carton, the Family Seat of the Duke of Leinster

Three servants in their full liveries, scarfs and hat-bands, uncovered.

The Hearse
drawn by six horses, with
plumes, escutcheons
and streamers, carrying
the remains in a black
velvet coffin, enriched
with proper
emblems.

Three servants in their full liveries, scarfs and hat-bands, uncovered.

Bearers.

Charles Stuart, Esq., one of the representatives of the County.	The High Sheriff.
Oliver Nugent, Esq.	Robert Saunderson, Esq.
Thomas Nesbit, Esq. Member for the Borough of Cavan.	Richard Anketell, Esq.
	Matthew Anketell, Esq.
	Late High Sheriff of the County.
Rev. Joseph Pratt.	Richard Adams, Esq.
	John Moutray James, Esq.

Principal Gentlemen of the County, two and two.

Robert Mayne, Esq. | Ralph Downes, Esq.

The Gentlemen, Merchants, Traders, and others, comprising the Earl's principal Tenantry, two and two.

A mourning coach and four horses, with two women servants in deep mourning, and white hoods.
A mourning coach and four horses with two upper men servants, in deep mourning.

"The final ceremony was performed by the Rev. Gustavus Hume, assisted by the Rev. Michael Lee, who waited for the remains at the Earl's family vault. The whole of the ceremony was conducted by Mr. Kirchoffer of Dublin, who had prepared the hearse, mourning coaches, and all other articles expressly for the occasion. The only article in which Mr. Kirchoffer failed was the number of scarves, which fell far short of the number of qualified persons and attendants."

The fashion of wearing wide white linen scarves, instead of "lute string" scarves was in full favour at this time, and the fashion obtains more or less to the present day, for an Irish lady told me, that her mother kept her family supplied in pillow-slips and toilet-covers, made from linen funeral bands. And I heard of one economically disposed young lady who fashioned a dress from a collection of scarves. A witty friend called it her "shroud," but, being a healthy-minded girl, free from superstition, and impervious to ridicule, she continued to wear it.

I interspersed reading the Georgian books with Dublin newspapers and was much intrigued with these advertisements:

In grateful thanksgiving to the Little Flower for many favours received. M.L.

Thanksgiving to the Little Flower for request granted, publication promised. J.G.

In triumphant thanksgiving to the Little Flower who saved my life at the battle of the Somme. J.M.

To satisfy my curiosity I went into a bookshop and asked for a book called *The Little Flower.* The bookseller said he had only the story of *The Springtime of a Little White Flower,* and I bought the small book and read the history of Marie-Françoise-Therese Martin.

She was born at Alençons in France, in 1873, so if she had lived she would still be a young woman. Louis Martin, her father, in his early youth, had presented himself at the Monastery of the Great St. Bernard to become a priest.—I once spent two days at the Hospice; never will I forget that mountain honey, nor the beautiful young Frenchman, whom I saw admitted into the priesthood. Only the most zealous souls desire to serve in this lonely place, as the climate is so severe, they rarely live more than five years. The wise Priest of St. Bernard found that Louis Martin had no vocation for the priesthood, and he returned to France.

Zelie Guerin had made an equally fruitless effort to be admitted amongst the Sisters of Charity. She was not only pious but pretty and

light-hearted, so the Mother Superior sent her into the world again. A kind fate brought these two young devout Catholics together, they loved each other—married—and Madame Martin became the mother of five daughters, who entered one or another of the convents of France.

Therese was very like her mother, pretty, sweet, wonderfully appealing and attractive, and from babyhood she disclosed a most poetical nature, loving to gather garlands of wild flowers, delighting in magnificent sunsets and silvery moonlight, appreciating musical language, and revealing an exquisite spiritual nature. Beautiful, with an imperious little manner, she was called by her own family "The Little Queen." Her mother died when she was four years old, and she was brought up by her father and her eldest sister. They were an extremely devout family, going to church every day, but Therese says with her proud and ardent nature the world might have attracted her if it had not been for her early surroundings, and the example of her saintly family. "The Soul of a Child," she says, "is like soft wax, upon which any impression, good or bad, can be made," which is only another variant of, "Give me a Child for seven years, and I will set my seal upon his future."

With her exalted nature, and the imagination of a poet, it was natural that she should develop an

early ambition to do great and noble deeds. She says in her Diary:

"After reading the Life of Jesus of Nazareth, I too, was consumed with a desire for souls, and was eager to save them from eternal flames at any cost. Soon afterwards I heard of a great criminal, whose paralysed conscience had no fear of eternal damnation, being condemned to death for frightful crimes. I prayed, fasting and without cessation, for the hardness of his spirit to melt away, and the murderer had a sudden conversion, and repented. Since then my desire to save souls has grown stronger every day."

Therese, with surprising wisdom, thought the best preparation for her spiritual life should consist in breaking her own will, in conquering her temper, and in being unselfish to her family. When she went to the Abbé Delatorelle with the request to become a nun, a lovely child of fifteen, with shining hair and eyes, and a fairylike beauty of form, he gave a decided no to her extraordinary request; but he did not count on her gentle but firm persistence. She persuaded her father to take her to Rome, where she hoped to gain the consent of the Pope. Leo XIII was much touched with the holy desire of this wonderful young girl, who wished permission at once to enter Carmel, but refused to make an immediate decision, and she returned to Lisieux bitterly disappointed. In a

few months, however, the earnestly sought permission was granted, and Therese received the habit of a nun on the 10th of January.

She describes her spiritual life with great ardour and simplicity, speaks with frankness of "the aridity of her soul," but that passed. She never regretted the world, not even "the delight of rambling through the meadows enamelled with the treasures of spring." For nine years Therese was a devout and inspiring little nun; even the holiest of the Sisters considered her a saint. Her life was directed by those most beautiful words, so often forgotten, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you." How any very young woman could have been so instinctively wise is a mystery, except that genius takes the place of experience, and Therese had genius for spirituality. She was only twenty-four when she died. Death came to her at the threshold of womanhood.

In her Diary she says:

"It has ever been my desire to become a saint, but, alas, I have always realised that when I compare myself to a saint, there exists the same difference as in Nature between a mountain whose summit is lost in the clouds, and the obscure grain of sand trampled under foot by the passerby."

Almost at the end of her Diary she writes:

"I feel that a change is coming, my mission on earth is soon to begin. I will ask to spend my heaven in doing good upon earth. Thus after my death I will let fall a shower of roses."

How did so sinless a creature have such a realisation of sin, how did she know the crying need we have on earth of invisible angels to guide our wayward footsteps?

The devotees of Therese are satisfied that since her death she has been busy working on this planet. Her modesty was great, she always insisted that she was humble and unknown; for this reason probably, it occurred to one who had received her favours, that only by publicity could her fame go abroad, and help those who desired her intercession, and thus began these strange, touching, and pathetic little advertisements.

Among the many humble acknowledgments of her help, a lady writes that in June, 1911, her little New Forest pony had an apparently fatal attack of pneumonia. The groom and veterinary surgeon had been up all night with him. In the morning he was worse, at midday the groom called her to see the struggling animal, who trembling and quivering, was hoarsely gasping for breath, while his head hung low, indicating collapse. The lady, with tears running down her face, spoke to him tenderly, and he turned his piteous and terror-stricken eyes to her, but could not lift his droop-

ing head. The groom said he had neither eaten nor drunken anything for twenty-four hours, his strength was going, and if his legs gave way, he would lie down and die. His mistress told him to make haste to the veterinary surgeon, and ask for strong straps to support the pony's body from the top of the stall. The groom ran off, and the lady went outside to her two little daughters, and called to them:

"Prince is dying. Pray, pray, quickly to the Little Flower, and ask her to save your poor little friend!"

On going back to the stall she lifted the pony's head to her shoulder and said, "Don't give up, old boy, you are not dead yet," and she too begged the Little Flower to save the suffering animal. Suddenly he raised his head from her shoulder and slowly walked two or three paces.

The lady called to her little girl, "Eleanor, Prince is better; bring him a bit of sugar."

There was some ground barley in his box and a pail of water near by; before the little girl had time to return with the sugar, he had taken a long drink and had begun to munch his food. When the veterinary surgeon and the groom arrived with big leather belts, they were amazed at the animal's miraculous recovery.

The Little Flower's pony is still alive, merry and healthy, running about the lawn, with the

halter about his neck woven of flowers, and happy children riding on his back. Perhaps one day his patron saint will be known as the friend who will plead for all dumb creatures who cannot plead for themselves.

But from the roar of the guns comes the tenderest of all the stories about the beloved friend of Ireland.

One eventide, a doctor walking over the battlefield was surprised to find many of the soldiers holding little white flowers in their hands. And he saw a young nun stooping over the dead. When he spoke to her she lifted a lovely face, and smiled but made no answer. He related the incident to the Mother Superior of the hospital; she said none of her sisters were out at that hour, and as the doctor insisted he could not have been mistaken, she called the nuns together, and asked him if he recognised among them the sister whom he had seen on the battlefield.

He said, "No, she is not here, but that is her picture on the wall."

It was a portrait of the Little Flower.

And that is how I like best to imagine her. On the dreadful field of battle, where mothers and sisters and wives may not go, bending tenderly over their solitary dead, and gently touching their hands, as she fills them with the shining white flowers of Paradise.

CHAPTER VII

IRISH WIT

"Come now, Pat," said a facetious bounder, "tell me the biggest lie you ever told and I'll give you this glass of whiskey."
"Begorra, your honour's a perfect gintleman."

THERE is no Irish type, any more than there is an American type, or an English type, but there is Irish wit and character. It is almost unnecessary to say the people as a race are modest and chaste. Statistics prove that a much smaller number of illegitimate children are born in Ireland than in any part of the United Kingdom. And the Irish are not greedy about either money possessions or food. Mr. Dooley has said that the difference between a hungry Irishman and a hungry Englishman is, that the hungry Irishman dreams of a feast of the gods, with himself in one of the front seats drinking mead and honey out of golden goblets. But the hungry Englishman is thinking, "If I only had that fine piece of steaming hot tripe out of the cookshop round the corner." And there is something to be said in favour of the Englishman, for the tripe is obtainable, while the golden goblet and the mead are only visions.

The minds of the Irish have a spiritual quality which you can see in their clear, thoughtful eyes.

An Irish girl in London was visiting me, and I said to a friend, a Dutchman, with only a limited vocabulary of English, "Hasn't Charlotte lovely eyes?"

"Yes," he said; "dere is something in."

I know women of different nationalities with bright, handsome eyes, but they are just eyes "there is nothing in," while Irish eyes speak of beautiful aspirations, contemplations, tendernesses, sorrows, dreams, and visions. You look and look, and they reveal much, but not everything; there is something always of mystery and reserve, of merriment and pathos, which is yet unfathomed. Form and features can be exquisite in modelling and colour, but nothing is so entirely fascinating as the play of expression upon mobile features, in other words, the revelation of the human soul. How well Rejane understands this. She is not in the least a pretty woman, her features are irregular, her face is too short, and her figure is not especially good, but she does not hesitate to surround herself with actresses of exceeding beauty. When she is on the stage they are forgotten; every one is entranced by her little plain face, for upon it you see revealed the soul, heart, and mind of the woman whose story she portrays. Her changing thought, her varying mood, her every emotion.

The reposeful beauties in their exquisite French clothes, come and go unnoticed, even the men in the audience are engrossed in watching the sunshine or shadow on that queer little visage.

I said to an Irishman, "You are a very astonishing people, there are so many unexpected developments in your character."

"To ourselves," he said, "they are unexpected too. We do not surprise strangers any more than we astonish ourselves. We never know what depths, or heights, or desperations are slumbering within us until they are called forth by an unexpected turn of Fate."

Mr. Parnell was considered cold and reserved, but in reality the frigidity of his exterior covered fiery emotions; and he had not only the power of a noble desperation himself, but he could temporarily impress it upon the most cautious of his followers. The men about him did not stop to analyse his force; they simply felt it, absorbed it, and yielded to it. In Ireland the outward and visible man is by no means the sign of an inward and spiritual grace. You will see a red-faced, bright-eyed, white-whiskered personage dressed in a heavy check suit, looking like a well-to-do racing character. You ask who he is, and are told he is a serious-minded barrister and K.C., with no sporting proclivities, who amuses himself by an idiosyncracy of costume. You meet another man,

tall, thin, pale, kind and gentle, with grey, spiritual eyes and a soothing, pleasant voice. You ask who he is, and are astonished to learn that he has been a noted Fenian, and yet there is nothing about him to suggest either daring courage or mad chance. I said to a man of gentle manner, child-like blue eyes, and a soft voice, "Were you pleased to have General Maxwell leave Ireland?" "Yes," he said, "it was nicessary for his own good." "What do you mean by that?" I said. He answered as frankly and simply as a child, "If he had stayed he would have been shot." I laughed aloud. "You don't mean it?" "Yes," he said with a gentle sigh, "it was nicessary."

And who would suspect Professor MacNeill, a contemplative scholar, one of the five men in Ireland who understands Middle Irish—the almost impossible language and literature of the eleventh century—with being implicated in what led to the wildest and most hopeless rebellion that Ireland has ever suffered. Her children are too natural, and, perhaps, too many-sided to stage their parts. In England or America a statesman or sportsman dresses to his profession. A United States Senator feels it incumbent on him not only to clothe himself as a grave and reverend body, but to adopt a certain sort of portentous five-syllabled manner that harmonises with an important frock-coat and a black tie. These surprises are what

make the Irish people so interesting, for here a serious coat and black necktie might very well clothe the wittiest, the most light-hearted, and the gayest character. Take, for example, Father Healy. He wore the garb of a priest, lived not only a holy and self-sacrificing life, but was really an ascetic giving himself very few corporeal indulgences; and yet there was never a gayer spirit, or wittier tongue than his. Dr. Mahaffy, the Provost of Trinity College, a wit himself, and a judge of wit, said one of the most beautiful things of Father Healy that has ever been said of living man: "He was never at a loss for a kindly word, to meet him in the street was always like passing from shade into sunshine." How few there are—no matter how widely travelled or how large our circle of friends—who can say, "I have a sunshine friend." And in the British Isles, where the sun shines so little, to be sure that every time you meet a man, no matter how grey the day or lowering the sky you pass from shadow to sunshine, makes him blessed, aye, thrice blessed, among his fellows.

I never knew Father Healy, but Mr. Labouchere told me a great deal about him, and he not only revelled in his wit, but he greatly admired the simplicity, naturalness, and instinctive refinement of this gentle parish priest. In spite of going to the Viceroy's big parties, with the only

addition to his toilet a pair of freshly blacked shoes, he was nevertheless a true gentleman, for inside, he was as fine as silk. Mr. Labouchere was a wit, as all the world knows, and a very natural and spontaneous one, but, unlike Father Healy, he spared nobody; neither himself, nor his friends, nor his family, if through them he could contribute to the gaiety of nations.

One night he was in a particularly debonair and malicious mood, and we were indulging in frank personalities, when I said, "Do you know that you look like a Jew?"

"Why not, why not?" his eyebrows going up and his eyes dancing with mischief; "I remember when I was an attaché of the British Legation in Vienna, walking one day on the Kolowrat Ring, I met a very distinguished and patriarchal old Jew. He beamed on me and said, 'Is this Henry Labouchere?' I said, 'It is.' 'Let me shake you by the hand.' Looking at me most affectionately, he gave my hand an enveloping grip. 'When I went to London as a very young man to learn English, I spent every afternoon in the salon of your dear and beautiful grandmother. Let me shake you by the other hand.' And with that almost double embrace, it was suddenly borne upon me that I was shaking hands with—my grandfather!"

I am sure until I told Labby that he looked

like a Jew, the patriarch had been non-existent, and was created on the spur of the moment for my delectation. He said I was his best audience, and always made him confident that his most insipid joke contained savour.

Father Healy, after a terribly racking day, beginning with Mass at seven o'clock, a morning's sick calls up and down rickety staircases, from attic to cellar, and a very worrying afternoon, came home jaded and tired, threw himself in a chair and groaned audibly.

An old charwoman, who was polishing the grate, looked up and said, "What is the matter with you at all?"

"I believe I am in love," he said.

She answered, "Troth, and I wouldn't put it apast ye," and continued her polishing.

A joke of this kind was particularly amusing, as it formed a direct contrast to the common-sense reality of Father Healy's pure life; and yet he could, and did sometimes, pay a pretty compliment.

One day he met two young ladies, the Countess of Wicklow and a friend, going up a steep hill, making vain efforts to urge on a reluctant donkey harnessed to a little phaeton.

"Oh, Father Healy, we are so glad to see you. What shall we do to make this beast move?"

"Go before him," said the Padre; "and he is

a bigger donkey than I take him to be, if he doesn't follow you."

An intellectual Peer in England was giving a large house-party, and wrote to Father Healy inviting him to be one of the guests. Miss Bryce, a very pretty girl, hearing of the invitation said,

"Oh, Father Healy, I wish you could take me in your pocket."

"It is not in my pocket, but as a feather in my cap you should come," he replied. Which is as neat as Oscar Wilde's answer to the Customs House officer in New York, who asked importantly, "What have you to declare, Mr. Wilde?"

"Nothing—except—my genius," he answered.

That so much *ana* exists about Father Healy's wit shows how constant it was, for wit is an evanescent quantity, born of the moment, and quick to take flight from the most retentive memory. Frederic Norton, the musical composer, is perhaps, the wittiest man I know; he has more than once made me laugh until I cried at the description of some amusing experience, but at the moment I can only recall a story of his childhood.

When he was five, and his little sister Emily six years of age, they were awakened in the night by a loud noise on the landing. Frederic was frightened, but Emmie more courageously opened the door, and went out to see what had happened. Not daring to move, he called to her, "Em, if

that's a burglar bring him to me." Even at that early age his mind was capable of subtleties.

And only two or three stories remain in my memory of my eldest aunt, who was very witty. A pretty cousin was telling one day with smiles and no blushes, of a young man's devotion, and Aunt Betty said, "Molly, you're a fool, but you're not a born fool; you're a made fool—by men."

In the early days of Texas, in the primitive houses, instead of plaster, canvas was nailed on the light wooden partitions, and it was possible to hear every word of conversation from one room to the other. My Aunt Betty, sitting sewing, heard my father, who was desperately in love with my mother, ask her to marry him. When she refused there was a silence, a suppressed groan, and as he rose from his chair he said, "Madam, to-morrow morning you will find my body in the Colorado." With this heart-broken threat he retired to his room. The next morning Aunt Betty, always an early riser, met him coming back, fresh and handsome, from the bath-house. "Good-morning, Judge," she said, "I am surprised to see you; I thought you were in the Colorado." But the second or third time that my father proposed to my mother, she must have accepted him, for here am I to tell the tale.

Father Healy asked a friend, "Have you seen McCarthy lately?"





1730 LOVING CUPS, DUBLIN MAKE 1775

"No," he said; "he is pulling the devil by the tail."

"Ah," said Father Healy, "there are a great many doing that; the devil must have a very strong tail."

Father Healy was once comparing notes with the Rev. Dr. O'Fay about a recent journey which they had both made to France.

"Of course you were *au fait* at the lingo," said Dr. O'Fay.

"No; I was only O'Healy at it," answered Father Healy.

The wit of other people amused Father Healy quite as much as his own. He once heard two men preparing for a fight. "Come on," said the smaller of the two; "come on. I never saw a broth that was too hot for me, or the mait that was too fat for me."

One day he was with Dr. Kenrick, who missed his hat from the hall. They went into Plunket Street, a famous market for old clothes, and found a woman in the act of selling it.

"I only wanted it as a relic of your Riverence," she said.

"You seemed very anxious to get rid of it," said Dr. Kenrick.

"I was merely asking the value of it," said the quick-witted crone. Her answer much delighted Father Healy.

When he was a boy, he saw a large pig squeezing himself through a narrow gate. "Look," he said to his father, "at Bacon's Essays."

When he went to school at Castleknock, a very holy Father catechising a sailor's son said, "What is cursing?"

"Wishing ill to one's neighbour."

"Can you give me a more comprehensive definition, my child?"

"Damn your eyes, holy Father."

Dr. Murray, a great preacher and a friend of Father Healy, was preaching at Clones. The chapel was packed to the door. Nearing the close of the sermon he said, "One word more, and I am done."

"Oh, my darlint!" exclaimed an old woman, throwing up her hands; "that you may never be done."

These stories were amongst Father Healy's varied repertoire, but his own continual quickness of wit was like a stream that never runs dry. Florence MacCarthy, a poet, said to Father Healy he was going to the ancient territory of Desmond for a grand celebration.

"All the MacCarthys will attend, including the MacCarthy More."

"If all the MacCarthys attend, there cannot be a MacCarthy more," said Father Healy.

One evening Father Healy was going to dine

with Dr. Lee. He was a trifle late, and some one said, "Father Healy is making his toilet." "Oh," said Dr. Lee, "when Father Healy's hands are washed his toilet is made." Immediately afterwards the lively curate entered the room, and when the remark was repeated to him, Dr. Lee tried to disclaim it. "Oh, don't deny it, don't deny it," said Father Healy gaily; "it is the best thing that you have ever said."

He was very popular for sick calls, and I do not wonder at this, for his gay presence must have been worth many bottles of physic.

A messenger came one day to beg him to hurry, as a man near Bray had been shot, "when he was fiddlin' with a gun it went off grazin' his toes, and carryin' away his shoe."

"Don't tell me," said Father Healy, "that it is a case of shoeaside."

He was equally popular in the confessional, but even there he could not eradicate his sense of humour. A little girl at a convent in Bray, making her confession was in anguish; her words were uttered in gasps, and with difficulty she implied that she had called one of God's Anointed by a disrespectful nickname.

"If you mean me, my child, you are at full liberty to call me anything you like, from a donkey to an elephant," said her spiritual adviser.

An Irish friend told me that when she was a

little girl, she went to confession, and the priest, at the end of a long afternoon, sat with his eyes closed and asked rather wearily, "Well, my child, which one of the commandments have you broken?" Thinking to make herself important, she answered, "All of them, Father." And at once he was wide awake, with much admonition at his disposal, particularly that which related to exaggeration. How Father Healy would have enjoyed this unexpected confession.

Sir William Wilde was well known to be very slovenly in his person. Judge Barry, dining with Father Healy shortly after Sir William had been knighted said, "I left Holyhead in a gale, and came across the dirtiest night——" "It must have been Wilde," said Father Healy.

A man was describing the horrors of electrocution to Father Healy. "I only know one thing more terrible," said Father Healy; "elocution."

A popular doctor from Dublin made him a visit at Bray. Father Healy gave him a rod, and sent him to fish in the River Dargle.

The doctor returned at the end of the day and said, "I have killed nothing except time."

"That is more than you could say if you were at home," said Father Healy.

One evening he met at dinner a famous composer whose name he had forgotten; shaking his

hand he softly sang the tune of one of the musician's best-known works. The artist was deeply gratified, and never found out that it was only his music that remained in the good priest's memory.

Even in America we have lively wit; very often, as in the case of Daisy Gummery, it is due to Irish ancestors. The wife of one of the Professors of Princeton was giving an afternoon party. She introduced a tall German to Mrs. Barker Gummery. His name to her meant nothing. To him it was the pivot of the world, for he was the leader of various important orchestras, and a composer of some eminence. Daisy's impression was that her hostess had murmured, "Herr Stenke," so in open-hearted American fashion, she began her introductions, "Professor and Mrs. Meredith —Herr Stenke; Professor Whiteside—Herr Stenke; Mrs. Miller—Herr Stenke," but each moment the glowering German's visage became more sour and resentful. Finally, he lifted his strong Teuton fist, and beating upon his breast, in an increasing crescendo said, "Stengleburg! Stengleburg!! Stengleburg!!!" At the third beat, Daisy looked up and asked with reproachful sweetness, "Not the great Stengleburg!" "Ze zame—ze zame," he said belligerently. Not even Father Healy could have done better than that.

When living at Bray, Father Healy had for a

parishoner a wonderful old lady, Mrs. Dease, who lived to be ninety or more. She had a strong character, strong opinions, and a strong grey beard. Father Healy sometimes read aloud to her. He had a beautiful voice, fine elocution, and he was reading the pathetic pages of Sterne. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," made the old lady momentarily tender, he hesitated when he came to an oath, but as he read further it was merged in that beautiful well-known little passage, "The accusing Spirit which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in, and the Recording Angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever." Presently he stopped short and cleared his throat.

"What is the hitch about?" said Mrs. Dease, pulling off her spectacles.

"It was getting a little broad, Madam," replied the Priest.

"Oh, well, we're not so narrow ourselves; go on," she said.

She was at this time between eighty and ninety years of age, and still attracted her friends by her caustic wit.

One day, on his arrival for an almost daily visit, Father Healy said, "There is an old woman at the door, Ma'am, soliciting alms."

"What do you call an old woman?" asked Mrs.

Dease in a sharp voice, anticipating perhaps that Father Healy would say sixty or seventy.

"One about a hundred and fifty, I should say."

The old lady was charmed with the prospect of increased longevity and gave Father Healy a hearty handshake. On another occasion to encourage her he said old Parr had lived to a hundred and two years. Old Mrs. Dease said with a shrill laugh, that she was very much below par.

At a clerical gathering at Ballybrack a party of priests were discussing verse 14 of Psalm cxiii,, "They have ears and they do not hear, they have noses and they do not smell." Two priests came from the end of the room and asked what their confrères had been saying. "That you have large noses, and do not hear," replied Father Healy. Even though the priests had large noses, they, with the others, laughed good-humouredly.

Father Healy was no politician, and whatever his political views, he kept them to himself. One evening a priest of decided opinions was discussing with him the question of tenant rights, and began to interrogate Father Healy who, with the gravest face, made ridiculous answers.

Finally the priest said, impatiently, "What are your politics?"

"I am of my Bishop's politics," gently answered Father Healy, puffing away at his cigar.

"And what are your Bishop's politics?"

"I do not know," said Father Healy, more gently still; "I have never asked him."

Another time Dean Quirke, a fine old bluff priest, and a very advanced politician, called to see Father Healy.

"How goes the Landleague, Dean?" Father Healy asked.

"Latterly I leave politics to my curate," discreetly replied the Dean.

"Quite right, Dean, it would never do for you or me at our time of life, and in this moist climate, to stay for hours on the bank of a ditch with a gun in hand watching for a landlord."

Father Healy's friend, Charles Meehan, a wonderful scholar and a very gifted writer, possessed a sardonic wit, which was quite different from Father Healy's sunny-tempered sallies. They made a trip together in France. Father Meehan suffered terribly from indigestion, and one day without any farewell suddenly disappeared. Next morning Father Healy received a curt note asking for his razor. Father Healy answered, "Dear Meehan, I return the razor; if you should be disposed to commit suicide, I advise you to get it ground first." It was years before Meehan forgave the razor episode. Finally Father Healy wrote, "Life is too short for this sort of thing, let us dismiss such folly, come and dine to-morrow." There was never another breach in their friendship

after that. An auctioneer when dying, left Meehan a small legacy, who announced it exultingly to Father Healy.

"He left you that twenty pounds to prevent you from cursing his memory," said Father Healy.

One day when Father Healy called on Father Meehan, the pain of rheumatism in the latter's feet made him more than ordinarily cutting in his remarks on all his friends.

Finally, Father Healy said, "Meehan, I am sorry to see you have got the foot-and-mouth disease."

Father Healy had no fear of Meehan in spite of his bitter tongue. Bishop Moran, a schoolfellow of theirs, had been living in New Zealand. On his return the three friends met and were discussing a former student of Castleknock, at that time an excellent priest. Father Meehan said, "Did you ever see such a face as his? Even in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors you could not find one of worse expression, and I am sure it is only the grace of God that has kept that man from crime." The Bishop changed the conversation and began to describe his life, mentioning the fact that the natives gave great honour to reptiles, and the more venomous they were the more they worshipped them.

"That is the diocese for you, Meehan," smiled

Father Healy; "if you were to migrate there you would be hailed as a Deity."

It was said after this pointed rebuke that Father Meehan became milder in his conversation.

One evening Father Healy talking to him about a witty priest who had died, said, "What a pity that many of the good things Kenyon said are not preserved."

Father Meehan said, "They are preserved, by me."

"In manuscript?"

"Yes, in manuscript."

"Then," said Father Healy, "my name must often be in it."

Father Meehan said laconically, "Very likely."

Father Healy asked, "When do you mean to have it published?"

"Oh, who knows? Perhaps when I am in Heaven," replied Meehan.

"Then," said Father Healy, "if readers are to wait for that, you may write about me whatever you like."

Meehan, in spite of indigestion, and a very churlish temper, preserved a very youthful aspect. One day he said laughingly to Father Healy, "Time has writ no wrinkles on my brow."

"Possibly," answered Father Healy, "but he has played the very deuce with your neck," point-

ing to the withered skin of Father Meehan's thin throat.

When his last illness came, Father Healy asked him if he had seen a priest.

"Yes," he said; "Father S.—a good fellow, but a great ass."

Father Healy asked him if he had any message for the Bishop.

"Yes; you might tell him I am dying, and he will be very glad to hear it. I am quite resigned," he added, "and have made my will."

Father Healy said gaily, "Have you left me anything?"

"The deuce a farthing," Father Meehan answered vehemently, and then he began to murmur, "Jesus have mercy upon me, Jesus have mercy upon me," and he whispered those unforgettable lines of his own beautiful translation of the last words of Copernicus:

> "Not the grace Thou gavest Paul,
> Who saw Thy Stephen stoned;
> Not the grace that Peter won
> When blinding tears his crime aton'd
> But, ah, dear Saviour, give to me
> The grace which Thou on Calvary
> Didst give the thief who at Thy side
> Repenting hung, repenting died."

Father Healy was sincerely grieved at the death of Father Meehan, and brushed a tear from his

rough cheek, " which," he afterwards said, " was the only thing that had been brushed in the room for years."

One day, Father Healy was calling upon a priest in the country, who although an Irishman, had no sense of humour and was quite literal. As they were going over his farm he pointed to a heifer and said, " This is what we call a yearling, although it is two years old."

" That is a bull," said Father Healy.

" Oh, no," said the priest, " the bull is in the paddock."

A hypochondriacal priest in the country, staying at Bray, was walking along the beach with Father Healy.

" I have really got relief from drinking a tumbler of salt water fresh from the tide. Do you think I might venture to take a second? " he asked.

Father Healy looked at the long rolling waves, and said, " Well, I don't think a second would be missed."

" I cannot conceive how Jonah could have lived in the stomach of a whale," a student of natural history said to Father Healy.

" Oh, that is nothing," he answered, " I saw Dr. Meldon to-day, coming out of a fly."

A Protestant gentleman once said to him, " You

know, Father Healy, our church is founded on a rock."

"Yes," said Father Healy quickly, "a blasted rock."

Father Healy, like all wits, had a horror of monologue, which alas is one of the popular recreations of my country. A brilliant Englishman who travelled in America, said to me, "Do you know there is no such thing as conversation in your country; they indulge instead in a series of monologues. One man takes the floor and talks for ten minutes; he then yields it to another, and so they proceed; but there is no give and take as we have it in England." And I am obliged to acknowledge that this accusation against us is more or less true. Long-windedness is certainly a characteristic of my country, and bores are to be found galore. I have come to the conclusion that democracy must produce bores. We are all free and equal, the people in America are mostly polite, kind-hearted, and endowed with fortitude; so we have formed a habit of listening to bores with exceeding patience, whereas in England they would be ruthlessly squelched.

I remember years ago in London being on the point of leaving a large gathering, when I was stopped by an eminent American statesman, who began our conversation with an anecdote of 1863, and ambled through the intervening years until

we arrived at 1905. When I reached the bottom of the stairs, where a member of my family had been waiting since 1863, I never saw a man in a more towering rage. Human nature is alike all over the world, and there are in Ireland monologists as well as in America.

I went away once with a very dear Irish friend, and she talked to me for a week. Being her guest, I felt obliged to listen. We had charming apartments at the Beacon Hotel, Hind Head, a sitting-room and two bedrooms. At nine o'clock in the morning over our coffee she began and talked until twelve, then I had my bath and dressed myself for lunch. After a short walk, when she talked again, we lunched. We afterwards had a drive, and she talked until tea. She talked all through tea, and then until we dressed for dinner. When that meal was finished, she began quite fresh and talked uninterruptedly until eleven o'clock. On the seventh day I collapsed. The doctor had to be sent for, and he said I was suffering from symptoms of congestion of the brain; ordered mustard for the soles of my feet, the back of my neck, and perfect quiet for days to come. And I will never forget the blessed solitude and peace that followed. I can talk myself, and like to talk, and like to hear other people talk, but I must have spaces of silence; my powers of endurance are not limitless.

Canon Pope was a talker of great endurance. At one of Father Healy's famous dinners, when flashes of wit had been playing across the table there was a pause, and Canon Pope said:

"Language is one of the most interesting studies; it may be arranged in distinguishing classes of families, and the relationship existing between the members is obvious," and thus he ambled on for five minutes. . . . "Thus the Indian Gothic family sends forth its dialectic children in the Armenian, Zend, Lithuanian, Sclavonian, Teuton, Sanscrit, and Celtic. Primary dialects are divided into respective dialects. The brogue of Tipperary is an incipient dialect, where by lengthening the vowels——"

"Oh, Canon!" said Father Healy, who had been watching for an opportunity to interrupt this ponderous monologue; "Tipperary is hardly the place to lengthen your vowels, for there they think nothing of knocking your two eyes into one."

Mrs. Bischoffsheim asked him his opinion of Lord X.

"A charming fellow," said Father Healy, "with plenty of the small change of social conversation, but I never yet found a sovereign or five-pound note on the platter."

What an exact impression this gives one of conventional amiability.

But even Father Healy's wit alone, constant

bubbling fountain that it was, could not have given him, a humble parish priest with an income of not more than two hundred pounds a year, the great social position in the world that he had, without a wonderful personality to aid him. He never said unkind things of anybody, and even his criticisms were amusing and gentle. He was a man of sturdy independence, not ashamed to entertain the highest in the land—like the true gentleman he was—in the simplest fashion possible. Royalty, Dukes, Viceroys, litterateurs, poets, musicians, writers, all were only too pleased to dine with him; and the dinner was both cooked and served by his general servant. He gave his guests soup, roast, vegetables, a plain pudding, or dessert. His many friends with splendid houses often sent him grapes, melons, and peaches, or a few dozen bottles of wine. He need not have entertained at all, for he was a welcome and sought for guest by the greatest in the land; but he loved having people under his own roof. His beautiful, simple, sincere, sweet, and tender nature made him loved of all the world—Catholic and Protestant, aristocrat and peasant, rich and poor, English and Irish, all deplored Father Healy's death, which he met in characteristic fashion, whispering gaily to his sister, "Notice to quit!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE IRISH TEMPERAMENT

Better Strife than Loneliness
(Irish Proverb)

After ten years of homeless wandering and constant loneliness, I can shake hands with this proverb. For Strife passes. But Loneliness abides. My most forlorn moments are when, before unpacking, I enter a hotel bedroom. Why must these temporary abodes be rendered so detached, inhospitable, and lifeless? Why must hotels be so hopelessly ugly? With not even the smallest suggestion of that permanent habitation, Home. If ever this mortal coil proves too much for me, and I shuffle off, for my fell purpose I will select a large hotel.

The truth is that women, and above all women who are home-makers, should furnish hotels. Men look upon hotel-keeping as a business, a profit not a loss at the end of the year, no matter how the profit is obtained. I once stayed in a hotel in Harrogate which had been furnished by a lady. The carpet on the floor was a quiet green, the wall-paper a plain cream, there were flowered chintz curtains lined with green to darken the

windows, a pleasing engraving over the chimney-piece, a wardrobe with a sufficiency of hooks, a good-looking chest of drawers and dressing-table, a washstand with flowered china, a green screen, and, oh, wonder of wonders, a writing-table with paper, pens, a blotter, and a useful bottle of ink. I would like to furnish a hotel. Every room should supply the reasonable wants of the occupant, and a well-designed frame should contain these words:

"Welcome, Friend. Make yourself at home. Try not to be sick or sorry in this hotel. We wish your stay to be a pleasant one. Because you are under our roof you have claims upon us. Lonesome questions answered by our Home Advisor." —Who should be young, pretty, and optimistic.

Yes, certainly, when I consider life in all its aspects, hotels and otherwise, Strife is a thousand times better than Loneliness.

It is the successful combination of spiritual and human attributes that accounts for the fascination of the Irish character. Spirituality in an Irishman does not destroy his own humanity, or the understanding of it in other people. He may condemn shortcomings in his friends, but at the same time he forgives them. And the Irish are forgiving to each other. In Texas if two men indulge in an insulting quarrel it means war to the knife, and the death of one or both of them.

In England if two men quarrel with bitterness, it means a life-long estrangement. In Ireland if the belligerents quarrel on Monday, it means they dine together on Friday. And who shall say they are not the wisest, the most philosophical and civilised of the three? There is everything in the day, the mood, the hour. Fever riots in the blood on Monday, it boils and rushes to the brain, inflaming view and vision. On Friday the temperature has lowered, the pulse is quiet, the brain normal, and the point of view calm and friendly. And Irishmen, no matter how outrageously they quarrel, can afford to mend it, for their most prejudiced enemies have never yet called them cowards. Foes do not become friends to avoid a fight; a subtle understanding, deeper and more moving than an avalanche of words binds them together. Forgiveness and Hope bear their noble and yet human part in Ireland. Hell is not so much considered as purgatory. In spite of being mischievous sprites, turning the milk sour, weaving spells, and, if crossed, being excessively spiteful, there is hope even for the fairies, and they are affectionately called "the Good People." They were once angels who, expelled from Heaven, have not fallen further into Hell than this unsatisfactory world. They still have a sense of right and of justice, and befriend people who are kind and generous, but punish those

who are mean, miserly, and without consideration for the fairies. To cut down a thorn tree always brings disaster.

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

"By the craggy hillside
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night."

They are most worldly wise, the little people; it was a fairy prince who gave a peasant these words of wisdom: "What you don't spend yourself, your enemies will spend for you." They speak the most beautiful Gaelic, and sing the sweetest songs, accompanied by silver flutes and trumpets, and they love dancing and laughter. On the fifth day of the week, which is Friday, they are free to do mortals any harm in their power, therefore this day is unlucky for weddings, or journeys, or

even funerals. The Good People cannot avoid being changeable and capricious, the fear and doubt of finding forgiveness and mercy on Judgment Day makes them reckless and malicious. On the other hand, remembrance of their original blessed condition often influences them to beneficent and helpful actions towards man.

We are ourselves singularly like the fairies. A combination of good and evil, with a pitiful uncertainty of our fate on the final great day. We hope for mercy, but we have an active enemy in the devil, against us.—What splendid scope the War has given him!

The devil is not ignored in Ireland. He is constantly spoken of, and recognised as a foe to be outgeneraled, and even propitiated. He is not like the old-fashioned frying-pan, Cromwellian devil of Protestant countries, ever possessed by a desire to broil and baste. His pursuits are more diverse, and he has a sense of humour which enables him to grin when a quick-witted sinner eludes him. Purgatory, not being fatal, is his worst stumbling-block.

The tram was striking sparks from its red-hot tires on the main line to hell, when it pulled up at the last station, and the porters called out, "Catholics, change here for Purgatory! Protestants, keep your seats"

Good Catholics regard the devil with a kind of

pity on account of his many failures. He works so hard, so resourcefully, so intelligently, his success seems so sure, and then—defeat.

Doctor Damer, who lived near Tipperary, sold his soul for a boot—a top-boot reaching above his knee—to be filled with gold. On the day appointed, the devil arrived with a bag of sovereigns. Meanwhile, the doctor had cut away the heel from the boot, nailed it to the floor, and made an opening through the ceiling to the room below. The devil emptied the bag, and still the boot remained unfilled.

"Confound it all," he said, telephoning to hell; "send up imps with more gold."

Only at the end of a hard day's work was the boot full of coins, and Doctor Damer the richest man in the County. When he grew old, with admirable foresight, he gave his ill-gotten gains to the sick and the poor. It was quite by accident that the devil heard of his last illness. He at once called for the ratification of their bargain, but the doctor had departed the day before to work out his salvation in Purgatory, duping the devil for the second time. The "old boy" must be quick-witted to gain an advantage over his Irish antagonists.

Poor devil, it is only in Ireland that he ever has a word of approval. In Trinity College his signature is shown with fearlessness and pride.

A great magician having invoked the devil to find out the whereabouts of concealed treasure, found his pen and paper suspended in mid-air, and concealed by a black and fiery cloud, an invisible hand wrote in Syrian characters and signed himself, E. Quid. In the Syrian language it may be a portentous signature, but in the cold light of day, in a glass case, it suggests a facetious and most light-hearted devil.

A man, his ass and cart, were on a bridge with a swollen, hungry river rushing madly beneath it. The rotten timbers creaked ominously. The man crossed himself and said, "God is good. God is good." The creaking grew louder. "But," he added, "the divil isn't bad—the divil isn't bad."

A small farmer was showing an Englishman the nearby country. "On the top of that plateau," he said, "is the 'Devil's bed,' underneath it is 'Devil's punchbowl,' and on the other side is the 'Devil's glen.'"

"The devil seems to own a lot of places in Ireland," said the Englishman.

"Yes, Sir, he does," said the Irishman, "but he is an absentee landlord. He lives in England."

"Great noise and little wool," said the devil with pointed sarcasm when shearing a pig, and being deafened by the squeals.

George Bernard Shaw in *Man and Superman* makes the devil encouragingly polite to his guests in hell.

The Statue. "This is metaphysics Juan, why the devil should—(to the devil) I beg your pardon."

The Devil. "Pray don't mention it. I have always regarded the use of my name to secure additional emphasis as a high compliment to me. It is quite at your service, commander."

There are occasions when to say a man or animal will fight like the devil is high praise. Dr. Hyde makes the gossoon laud the pig by calling him "a divil."

It is said that the Irish will not say yes or no. Not because they cannot say yes or no, but because they are perfect adepts in evasion. It whets their quick wits, and gives their tongues a neat chance of thrust and parry. I do not know a better example than "The Minister and the Gossoon," in Dr. Hyde's *Religious Songs of Connaught.*

"One day there was a poor little gossoon on the side of the road, who was taking care of an old sow of a pig and a litter of bonhams along with her.

"A minister came the way, and he riding upon a fine white horse, and he said to the gossoon, 'Where does this road bring you?'"



Miss Kitty Gunning

Gossoon. "I am here a fortnight, and it never brought me anywhere yet."

Minister. "Now isn't it the wise little boy you are. Whose are those little pigs?"

Gossoon. "They are the old sow's."

Minister. "I know that, but I am asking you who is the master of the bonhams?"

Gossoon. "That little black and white divil that you see rooting. He is able to beat the whole of them."

Minister. "That is not what I am asking you at all. But who is your own master?"

Gossoon. "My mistress's husband, a man as good as you'd get from here to himself."

Minister. "You don't understand me yet. Who is your mistress? Perhaps you understand that."

Gossoon. "I understand you well. She's my master's wife. Everybody know's that."

Minister. "You are a wise little boy; and it is good for me to let you be, but tell me do you know where Patrick O'Donnell is living?"

Gossoon. "Yes, indeed. Follow this road until you come to a boreen on the side of your thumb-hand. Then follow your nose, and if you go astray break the guide."

Minister. "Indeed and you're a ripe little lad. What trade will you be when you'll be older?"

Gossoon. "Herding a pig. Don't you see that

I am putting in my term. What is your own trade?"

Minister. "A good trade. I am showing people what is the way to Heaven."

Gossoon. "Oh, what a liar; you cannot show the way to any place. You don't know the way to Patrick O'Donnell's, a man that everybody—big and little—in this country knows, and I'm certain sure that you have no knowledge of the road to Heaven."

Minister. "I am beaten. Here's half-a-crown for your cleverness. When I come again you'll get another."

Gossoon. "Thank you; it's a pity that a fool like you doesn't come this way every day."

This is a very consistent little study of Irish character. The minister never loses his temper, and is so amused with the boy's slipperiness and quickness that he gives him a piece of money. And even that fails to soften the lad's heart; he is saucy and sparkling to the last. The gift of speech is a most natural and not at all surprising thing in Ireland. A solicitor told me of a deed he had drawn up for an old peasant, who gave the farm to his son on his marriage. "Now put down as I say it, these words of mine," said he. "I am to live with my son until my death, I am to have free use of the fire without molestation. I am to sleep in the four-post bed alone." How

much is crowded into these few words, "free use of the fire without molestation." It means that none of the family are at liberty to say, "Grandfather, please move and let me get near the fire." He has provided against any such contingency; and no matter how many babies come, or how crowded the cottage may be, Grandpa will sleep comfortably alone in the four-post bed. Not the most brilliant lawyer could put more succinctly exactly what is meant than this Irish peasant. All kinds and sorts of people talk well. Literary people of course, it is expected of them—although a famous authoress sat next Mark Twain at a dinner-party, and never uttered a syllable. At the end of the evening he turned and said to her, "Why so boisterous, my child?" And the people who are not literary, people of leisure, and people who work, poets, priests, or peasants can express themselves in the most picturesque language.

A humble mother, at her son's wake, called out, "Oh, women, look on me! Look on me, women. Have you ever seen the like of me in my sorrow? Arrah, then my son, my son, 'tis your mother that calls you. How long are you sleeping? Do you see the people around you, my darling, and I sorely weeping? Arrah, what is this paleness on your face? Sure, there was no equal to it in Erin for beauty and fairness. Your

hair was heavy as the wing of a raven, and your skin was whiter than the hand of a lady. It is the stranger must carry me to the grave, and my son lying here." No queen could have lamented her son with more dignity. All emotions are transcribed into words. The Irish minstrel improvises beautiful songs. The Irish enemy improvises amazing curses. Strangely enough curses seem to be indigenous to the soil, but how grotesque an Upper Tooting curse would be, or a Virginia Water curse, or even for the matter of that, a Washington, D.C. curse. On the other hand, a Wexford curse is natural and not the least grotesque, and a very nice, compact, comprehensive curse it is:

"May the grass grow at your door and the fox build his nest on your hearthstone. May the light fade from your eyes, so that you never see what you love. May your own blood rise against you, and the sweetest drink you take be the bitterest cup of sorrow. May you die without benefit of clergy; may there be none to shed a tear at your grave, and may the hearthstone of hell be your best bed for ever."

It is a little difficult to curse three enemies at once, but in this instance of Bruader, Smith, and Glinn it has been admirably done. The original is a very long curse, but these verses serve to show the style of malediction:

"Bruader and Smith and Glinn
Amen, dear God I pray,
May they lie low in waves of woe.
And tortures slow each day!
Amen!

"Glinn in a shaking ague,
Cancer on Bruader's tongue,
Amen, O King of the Heavens! and Smith
For ever stricken dumb.
Amen!

"Bruader with nerveless limbs,
Hemp strangling Glinn's last breath,
Amen, O King of the World's Light
And Smith in grips with death.
Amen!"

Rafferty's curse, if it took effect, would be most unpleasant, there are such a variety of diseases embodied in it, while poisoned dragons' gall sounds indeed a bitter potion.

"The feet may you lose from the knees down,
The sight of the eyes, and the movements of the hands,
The leprosy of Job may it come down upon you.
Farcy, erysipelas, and king's evil in the neck.

"A chest-boil, and a cold felon on you
A wheezing, a smothering, and a seile siadhain,
Dragons' gall and poison mixed through it,
May that be your sleeping draught at the hour of your death."

I thought, until I knew more about curses, that even the curser could never take back his imprecation, that once hurled forth it was out of his keeping for ever; but there have been instances when they have been called back, and sent forth again as blessings. And because of this fluency with words that is perhaps why there is not a finer Irish literature. In speech beautiful thoughts and sparkling witticisms are lost and forgotten. It is far easier for me to express myself in words than by pen. I must read aloud all that I write, as my ear and tongue are both quicker and more discerning than my eye, conversation is far more stimulating to my creative faculties than quiet meditation, and I can perfectly understand the disinclination people who talk have to writing. The very best talker I have ever heard is an Irishman, George Russell, "A.E." The well-beloved, and the deservedly well-beloved, of Ireland. He has half-a-dozen ways of expressing himself, being a poet, a man of letters, a painter, a lecturer —and the two things—to talk and to lecture—do not necessarily go together. An agreeable talker cannot always stand on his legs and speak to an audience, but Mr. Russell can do both—and his conversation has every grace. He illumines his subjects without pedantry. He is instructive, and at the same time amusing and witty. He has a wonderful memory, and is master of a wide range

of subjects; his facts,—for he is that unusual combination, a practical poet,—are well marshalled together. He can express himself in a voice of many and varied tones, even the most insincere listener would realise his sincerity, and can there be a more rare sensation than to feel that a scintillatingly brilliant conversationalist is sincere? I have very often enjoyed and laughed at Oscar Wilde's paradoxes, and listened to him talk with delight, but invariably he gave me the impression of a charming orator expressing other opinions than his own.

Occasionally a silent Irishman is to be found. I knew an Irish doctor living in London who was perfectly inarticulate. A witty confrère, whose wife he attended, said of him, "O'Grady may know what is the matter with Herself, but he can't tell anybody."

And there are also Irishmen quite devoid of any sense of humour. But these are exceptions, for usually not only do the Irish possess humour and a ready tongue, but they possess a ready and reckless courage where chance is concerned. The Irish in America are rich, and they are poor. They take a chance, and Fortune smiles, or she frowns and runs away, but they do not grumble at her humours. The Scandinavians, on the other hand, take no chances, they work hard, make a competence, and are satisfied. What would the

world be without the hair-breadth escapes of the Irish? A chance gives them the millionth part of an inch, they take it, and the goddess, shaking her sides with laughter, claps her hands to applaud as she sees them scramble to a breathless success.

A wild Irishman from Australia was in Paris during the visit of the Tzar and Tzarina when the whole city was mad with gaiety and excitement. Every house was decorated with flowers and flags, even the trees bloomed and blossomed in paper roses, and very pretty if somewhat surprising they looked peeping forth from the green leaves. Joy and festivity was in the blood, bands played, soldiers marched, and Pat O'Flynn said, "I shall go to the ball with the Tzar."

"I'll bet you a hundred pounds you don't," said the English friend to whom he made the remark.

"Done," said O'Flynn; "I'll go; notify your banker that your account may not be overdrawn," and my friend O'Flynn began his machinations. He went to a costumer and hired a magnificent uniform of pale-blue cloth, braided in gold and silver, epaulets rich with bullion, a scarlet sash, and a glittering metal helmet. He then made in different pawnshops selections of orders—Turkish, Polish, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese—he was prodigal as to nationality and catholic in his taste—and these he pinned over the left breast of his uniform, until they overlapped like the

scales of a shining fish. The small interstices were filled with little street medals, heads of the Tzar and Tzarina, and the President of the Republic. The night of the ball he covered himself with a blue cloak lined with scarlet satin, and waited on the outside of the crowd until the Tzar and Tzarina and their suite passed up the steps to enter the palace. Just as they disappeared he threw back his long cloak and said to the excited police, "*Je suis en retard, mon Dieu! je suis en retard! le Tzar! le Tzar!! Je suis General Irishoffsky, General! le premier Irishoffsky.*" One emotional Frenchman, impressed by his grandeur, shouted out, "*Vive l'Irishoffsky,*" the crowd gave a cheer which they had not accorded to the Tzar, and he entered the ballroom in a blaze of glory.

His friend, the Englishman, standing well back in the crowd, watched the brilliant figure disappear, and said, "Well, I'm damned. He's the h—— of a fellow," went off to his hotel, and gamely wrote the cheque for a hundred pounds.

Doctor Patrick Murphy, when in the medical service in India, told me he was making a voyage from Calcutta to Bombay. On the boat were a number of Buddhist priests; they belonged to a silent order and were all very devout. But even buried in their habits and hoods, he thought he saw

in a lean face, burnt a fine bronze, the intelligent gleam of a dark-blue eye. And, for some reason or other, it seemed to him a familiar Irish eye. At first he dismissed the idea as impossible, but as he closely regarded the broad-shouldered, long-limbed man at his prayers, and saw how much more manly and free in action he was than is usual to the Indian, he decided if the opportunity arose to speak to him. When the boat arrived at Bombay, the priests, not hurrying away, were the last people to cross the gang-plank, and the blue-eyed one lingered well in the rear.

Taking his chance, my friend said, "An' will you have a drop of the craythur?"

The Buddhist priest raised his head like a war-horse who hears a trumpet, and, speaking in a low voice with a rich brogue said, "Faith an' I will."

"Then follow me to the cabin," said Doctor Murphy.

After a generous peg of whiskey, the doctor had only time to say, "Where do you come from?"

The priest said, "The West's awake, from Galway," he then hurried up the steps and Doctor Murphy saw him no more.

What Arabian Nights' romance could be more entertaining than the adventures of that West of Ireland broth of a boy, until he becomes among many other things, a priest of Buddha. Nothing

that Kipling ever wrote would be half so thrilling or so amusing as his experiences. The true and natural soldier of fortune, the man at home in every country, is always the Irishman, for it seems that he alone can get into the skin of another nationality. A constant reproach to the Irish is that they are visionaries and dreamers. And if they are—Joan of Arc saved France through a vision. The dreams of Napoleon made him conqueror of the world. I know the best, the sweetest, and the most worthy part of my life consists of dreams and visions. How often in the wakeful hours of the night have I endowed that home for governesses, where they can have breakfast in bed, tea at any hour of the afternoon, and stay out as long as they like at night. And the Judge Paschal Law School, in my dear Father's name, where men could become lawyers free of all expense. And the bank where deserving young people very much in love could borrow money when they wanted to marry—I've tried to work out a system of getting it back again, but it is very difficult. And the Temple of Cleanliness where the dirtiest could get kindly but at the same time tonic advice. And the Temple of Cleanliness where the dirtiest and the poorest would never be refused a clean towel, soap, and a bath. If only the fairies would tell me where to find gold, then I could prove to my fellowman my love for him. Now, alas! I am

limited to tonic advice, and it has not the weight it would have if given in the House of Hope. But, oh, of all things we must cherish our dreams and our visions, for I am sure in them lies forgiveness for our omissions and our sins.

CHAPTER IX

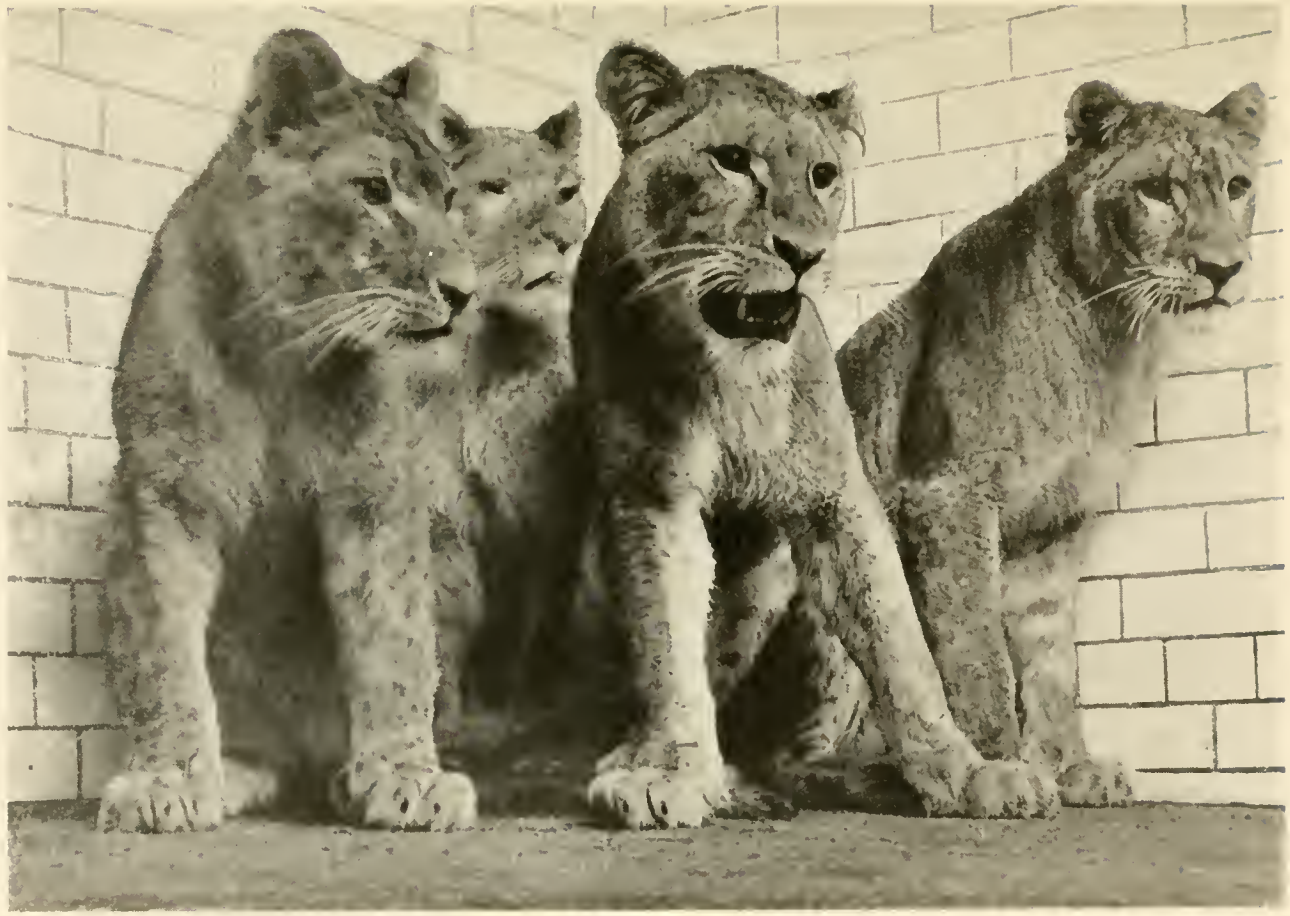
A PERFORMING ZOO

I HAVE been to Zoölogical Gardens in America, in England, in Germany, in France, in Holland, in Italy, and nowhere in the world have I found captive creatures so "domesticated" as in Dublin. Probably it comes from the patience, tenderness, understanding, and intimacy of the keepers with the various animals. The Irish are, except where patriotism is concerned, a philosophical race. They expect fierceness from wild beasts, and only seek preparedness in dealing with them.

A woman sits at the entrance of the Zoo, with all the various grain of a zoölogical menu arranged on her stall. I bought a number of small differently coloured packets, before entering the gate. The birds recognised them from afar, and came rapturously along the path towards me. The peacock knew his own particular paper at a glance, and ate out of my hand with sharp relish. The ducks on the pond stopped swimming and came with smiling beaks and wet-webbed feet, for the grain contained in their familiar little red bags. And all my way to the Lion House, I was followed by a motley procession of the feathered

tribe. Hearing that Flood, the keeper, has been more successful in raising lions in captivity than any other student of natural history in Europe, I was greatly interested to make his acquaintance. He is a good-looking, strong man of fifty or more, with handsome blue, steady, unwinking eyes. He says himself he has been so long among the lions that he now rather resembles them, and indeed I noticed a little soft yellow fur beginning to make its appearance on his ears.

There were six or eight young lions to be seen, two cubbies a fortnight old, four cubs of four months with a dog in their cage to mind and tame them, and two young lioness flappers, just beginning to take notice, filled with female curiosity and restlessly desirous of taking a promenade. Hugh, a fine large irritable Irish lion—for he was born in the Zoo—refused to be civil even to Flood. He roared loudly when any one went near his cage, and if a man stood at a respectable distance looking at him, he gave ominous rumbles. Leo, another lion born in the jungle, of much more amiable disposition, was evidently a seeker after popularity, for he squatted on his haunches, pressed his rough mane against the bars, and apparently enjoyed having his head scratched by people of sporting tendencies. Flood asked politely if I desired to participate in this unusual amusement, but I refused, fearing that, as many accidents have



Lion Cubs at the Dublin Zoo

befallen me, my hand might be left in the cage. And, indeed, I did not feel so much sympathy towards Leo as towards Hugh, who was after all, the traditional lion, a savage captive. There were some magnificent tigers in their cages, splendid fellows in the very pink of condition. One of them, by the commanding and persevering Flood, had been taught a trick, which he loathes from the very bottom of his tiger soul, but which for some reason, best known to himself, he performs.

In the corner of the cage lies a large log of wood. Flood, with a steady voice, says, "Straddle your log!" The tiger's eyes blaze with green fury, he snarls, showing all his dangerous white fangs, and snorts with such rage that his whiskers fly from his curling lip. Nevertheless, with dragging pauses, he sidles up to the faggot. "Go on, Sir, go on!" says Flood, and still breathing imprecations against his tormentor, and cursing with every breath, he slowly straddles the log. "Now, sit down," says Flood, and the sleek monster cat, with a "damn you, damn you, if I could only slit your weazand," slowly squats upon the log, displaying his magnificent white chest, which heaves stupendously. He is quiet for a moment, then, with a roar of pent-up rage, he flings himself from his seat, sails through the air, and grapples the iron bars with his sharp claws, giving them a good, rattling shake. And I was very glad, indeed,

that something strong stood between that monarch of the jungle and his audience.

"Do you know," I said to Flood, looking at a little velvety snub-nosed female lion cub and her brother, who seemed less intelligent but more manageable, "I have a theory that I could bring up a lion on bread and milk and moral suasion, and he would become a possible member of society."

"You might try moral suasion, but not bread and milk; the lion is a carniverous animal and must have meat. Theories are not successful when applied to beasts of the jungle. Kipling has done it in a book, and made them all talk; but a lion, as far as I know him,"—I looked at Flood's hands covered with scars—he knows him—"remains a lion. No feline, except the domestic cat, is ever tame while there is life in it."

"Have you ever known an amateur to try and tame a lion?"

"Oh, yes," said Flood. "There was once a gentleman who had even a greater ambition than yours, Madam; he was not satisfied to bring up one lion on moral suasion, but tried two."

"And what was the result?"

"Ah," said Flood, "the end was tragedy. Do you see that young lioness sitting in the middle cage?"

I looked; there was a large, fluffy, blond lioness, with a self-satisfied kittenish expression, and

a vixenish smile, regarding us attentively. I am certain she understood every word of the conversation. All female creatures understand conversations that are a tribute to their vanity.

"Yes," I said, "I see the young lady you describe. Is she the heroine of the story?"

"She is," said Flood. "This gentleman gave me a fair price for her and a good male cub. He took them both down to his place—he owned many wild acres in Connemara—and there he brought the two of them up on affection and close companionship. He fairly educated those lions, and when he came to see me he said they both followed him about like dogs, licking his hands, and showing him every sign of affection. He had a big hall with a stone floor, and they used to lie down in front of the fireplace on winter evenings; except for loud purrs, they might have been mistaken for monster poodles. When the male lion, in the world of lions, was about seventeen, and the lioness the same age, the gentleman made a visit to Dublin and, as always, he came to the Zoo.

"'Flood,' he said to me, 'you may be, and are, a specialist in raising lion cubs, but you are all wrong about their training; you are too strict a master; my lions wouldn't harm me for the world; you see I've brought them up by kindness. Now, entirely on account of the complaints of the family and servants, I have been obliged to put them into

an enclosure of tall iron bars, but they are as playful and gentle as cats.'

"'I beg of you, Sir,' I said, 'not to be deceived by those lions. They may love you, but love has never changed the nature of a beast nor of a man. Love does not make a coward courageous, nor a thief honest, nor an unfaithful man faithful. Animals and man remain true to their instincts. That young male lion is now just about ready to choose his mate, and he will want to offer her the thing he values most. It may be you, Sir. You say he loves you, so I beg of you to be on your guard. The psychological moment has arrived and you can't be too watchful. Did you ever hear of a Philadelphia family who had a young lioness for a pet, very gentle, harmless, and playful, but who broke out of her cage one night, attacked her master on a balcony, and bit the fingers off a policeman who came to the rescue? Put not your trust in wild animals, Sir.'"

"And then," I said, "what happened?"

Flood sighed. "The gentleman went back to Connemara;—it was in the warm spring. The sap was flowing in the trees and plants, birds were mating, and young animals were getting restless. The lions' master went to the enclosure, opened the gateway, and called to them. They were named Paul and Virginia. There was an instant's pause, then Paul sailed through the air

like a projectile, and caught the man by the throat. It was an instantaneous kill. Afterwards he dragged the body into the enclosure and laid it at the feet of Virginia."

At this moment I am sure Virginia, who had been listening to him with her head coquettishly turned to one side, grinned at me, and taking warning, I said to Flood, "I don't think, after all, I will bring up a lion on moral suasion; perhaps it is better to leave you without foolhardy rivals to your job."

Flood smiled. "Maybe you are right," he said.

"But there are civilised lions," I said. "Quite lately a travelling circus was going through New York, when a lion managed to loosen the bars of his cage, slip out, and take a promenade on Broadway. I need scarcely say that those who met him gave him the right of way. He was left to look at the shop-windows unmolested. Proceeding leisurely toward the Battery he paused before a sign and read:

"'The Best Free Lunch Counter in the World.
See For Yourself.'

"And he saw for himself. It was three o'clock when he entered. The place was quite empty. The barkeeper was reading *The Sun.* Hearing footsteps, he reached for a bottle of Bourbon whiskey, lifted his eyes from the paper, and paused

to see a large, shaggy lion eating from 'left to right.' Beef, chickens, hams, ducks, peach Melbas, disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. When the counter was cleared of food the lion, with ice cream clinging to his whiskers, squatted on his haunches and made full rumbles of grateful thanks. The barkeeper, not understanding his language, was petrified with fear, and his silence was getting on the lion's nerves; who, between the rumbles, began impatiently swishing his tail.. The distracted keepers, rushing down Broadway, heard familiar sounds, followed that direction, and with no difficulty captured the Free Lunch Lion."

"The man was mighty lucky to have food betwixt him and the lion," said Flood. "I'm glad they took him alive. I like the beasts."

"Tell me how it is that you are so successful with your little cubs; it is wonderful how they prosper in captivity."

"I have been at this business a long time, and I make a specialty of baby lions and their diseases, just as some doctors make a specialty of children's diseases. The critical moment for a cub is when he begins to eat meat; then he must be looked after with great care. Lions vary as much in constitution and character as human beings. One animal is sulky and morbid, a second is stupid, a third is subject to sudden fits of rage, a fourth is timid,

and a fifth curious. There are lions and lionesses who can only be trained by a woman—others can only be trained by a man. I've had lions of exceptional intelligence and sold them to trainers, but a cub from the jungle is more easily managed than one born in captivity; accustomed to man from the beginning, he has no respect or fear of him—while to a wild feline, man is still a mystery."

Then we discussed the insurrection and the War. Flood told me that only a week before his eldest son had been shot in the battle of the Somme. At the beginning of the War he enlisted in the Army, was on active service for many months in France, had been granted a short leave, and immediately after rejoining his regiment he had been killed.

"He was one of the finest young fellows you could wish to see. Tall, over six feet, straight as a pine tree, fresh-faced, as strong as a lion; and there was nothing he was afraid of; neither man, nor beast, nor gun," said Flood. "He's gone; it's harder on his Mother than it is on me," he sighed heavily.

Ireland has paid her toll. After the grand push I met many mothers too poor to wear black clothes, but they wore mourning in their eyes and in their hearts.

If Flood has a rival in the Zoo, it is the keeper of the elephants. "General" and "Captain" are

as well trained as the usual performing animals of a circus, the most amusing trick of their repertoire being a musical number. The small elephant plays the mouth-organ sweetly, the large elephant plays it boldly. But they had only one mouth-organ between them, that one unworthy of their talent, and they were obliged to wait the convenience of each other. Two instruments would enable them to perform duets. I supplied the deficiency with a fine large, resonant, red Japanese mouth-organ, which Mr. Percy Labouchere found for me in Cork. On the day of presentation, when I offered it to the large elephant, he gave it a great blast, which sounded quite a Wagnerian chord; then quickly transferred his attention to me, to see if I had concealed any apples about my wearing apparel. Since that day there have been many rehearsals, and now the elephants are adepts in duets.

All animals can be taught tricks; a member of my family owns a guinea-pig who sings. His voice has not the full volume nor the thrilling quality of Caruso's, but when his mistress says, "Sing, Squeezel," he pipes a fairy rondeau to carrots, and swells to twice his normal size at the applause which follows. Sir John Lubbock claimed to have a dog who could talk, and Lucian made his animals in conversation both wise and witty.



"General" and "Captain"

Are as well trained elephants as the usual performing animals of a circus

"Tell me," says Micyllus to the Cock, "when you were a dog, a horse, or a fish, or a frog, how did you like that life?"

"Every one of these lives is much more quiet than that of man, as the life of animals is within the bounds of natural desires and needs: for among them you could never see a usurious horse, or a backbiting frog, a sophisticated jay, a gormet gnat, or a deceitful cock."

I will allow that a frog's face does not suggest backbiting proclivities, it is too broad and genial; and a horse is too honest for usury, but jay birds —at least American jay birds—are gay birds, and are more than sophisticated, for:

> "De jay bird he 'loped wid de blue bird wife,
> An' it almost took dat blue bird life."

And gormet gnats—I beâr their scars still—are certainly to be found during the summer months in Ireland; and I've often seen a calculating and deceitful cock, head held high, staring absent-mindedly away from a worm, and when the attention of all the hens was distracted, he would swoop down and swallow it.

CHAPTER X

THE TREASURES OF IRELAND

While there is no capital that has given me more pleasure than Dublin—the fine Georgian houses, the picture galleries, the splendid libraries —the museum has given me the greatest pleasure of all. It was not originally designed for a public building, but was a magnificent house built by the first Duke of Leinster, the father of Sir Edward FitzGerald, for his unusually large family; the beautiful and charming Duchess being the mother of eighteen children. Lady Leitrim wrote of her when a widow, "The black is a setting for the fair complexion. As she sat there, a wax candle light upon her face, she was as proud and graceful as a swan."

When his friends asked the Duke why he had built his house in an unfashionable quarter, he answered airily, "Oh, they will follow me wherever I go," and he was quite right; being a Duke they followed him. And it is the same to-day.

There were innumerable bedrooms, dressing-rooms, nurseries, playrooms, and magnificent suites of reception rooms. When the house was young and filled with young voices and childlike

effervescence it must have been, in spite of its dignity and size, a gay and cheerful place, although Lord Edward FitzGerald wrote his mother, "Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas," but anywhere his reflections before the rebellion would have been sad and anxious. The house must have been at one time the scene of lively gaiety. The Duke of Leinster was an actor and singer of more than ordinary talent; there were theatricals and concerts, balls and ridottos, when great ladies and gentlemen in masques and spangles brightened the rooms with changing colour. And some subtle sentiment seems yet to linger about the place. It is a museum, but it is human. After the Union, when so many great houses met with changes, Leinster House passed into the hands of the Government, and became the National Museum.

One of the rooms has been embellished by the superb ceiling and finely proportioned panelling and doors, the noble chimney-piece and fire-grate from Tracton House—now demolished—in St. Stephen's Green. The large rooms leading from one to the other lend themselves to the display of the collection, which is varied enough to suit the most profound scholar, or a lady interested only in jewels. An archæologist might linger for days among the stones, the arrowheads, the urns, and utensils of ancient Ireland. An interesting speci-

men is the stone covered with spirals, which stands at the entrance of the tumulus of New Grange. The deep carving has defied the wind and weather of centuries. But that the Irish climate is kind is proved by many treasures that have lain in the earth eight or nine hundred years, and are still in a fine state of preservation. A piece of fringe made of horse-hair about four hundred years before Christ was recently found in a County Antrim bog, and in 1886, near the village of Islandbridge, swords, spearheads, bosses of shields, tongs, brooches, mantlepins, and helmet crests of white metal were unearthed and proved to be rich relics of Scandinavian chiefs engaged in battle against the ancient Irish, "greatly to their disadvantage on account of the Danes' corslets, thin and valiant swords, and their well rivetted long spears." These ancient warriors with their primitive implements fought with more manliness than men of the present day. It was a fair field and no quarter, but the air was clear of gas, and bombs did not tear up the earth and demolish strongholds, which stood unimpaired even when they surrendered through force of arms. The Danish viking sword-hilts of bronze, gilded and decorated with insets of silver wire, are finely wrought, but are not finer than ancient Irish work. The sword from the cemetery of Kilmainham is said to be one of the most perfect swords in any museum.



Ceiling, Wall Panelling, Doors, Mantel-piece and Fire Grates from Traction House, St. Stephen's Green. The Ceiling Dated 1746

And the Irish brooches of silver, of bronze, of silver gilt bronze, of enamel, and of gold and silver cunningly inlaid, are remarkable for delicate handling. The most celebrated is the Tara brooch, made about 700 Anno Domini, and discovered in 1850 on the strand at Bettystown near Drogheda. The main body of this large ornament is bronze decorated with fine gold filigree, and brilliant enamel and settings of blue and purple glass and of amber. The back of the brooch is probably executed by another hand, for the ornamentation of hard white bronze and cloisonné and red and blue enamel is freer in style than the front. The fineness of the work is exquisite; it was probably made by a friend and pupil of the Great Man who designed and illustrated the Book of Kells. Even more ancient than the brooch of Tara is a small collection of beads. Women of all ages have loved beads. Ladies of 900 were satisfied with glass. Ladies of 1917 demand pearls. That is the expensive difference. The eleven glass beads probably made in 800, and found in Kilmainham with iron weapons, have as much character as those manufactured to-day. Two of them are dark blue, with lattice patterns of lighter blue. A large one is of green glass studded with green enamel. How history repeats itself even in the combination of colour. Green and yellow as a decoration for the artistic young ladies of 800,

"Greenery yallery garments," according to Gilbert, for the artistic young ladies of 1877; so centuries pass by, and there is nothing new under the sun.

A jewel fit for a king. The Cross of Cong, perhaps the greatest treasure of the museum, was made for a King. Turlough O'Conor, King of Ireland in 1123, designed a shrine worthy to hold a piece of the true Cross, and Irish artisans fashioned this beautiful piece of work. The Cross is made of oak as hard as a stone, encased with copper plates, enriched by ornaments of gilt bronze. The sides are framed in bands of silver, and the whole is held together by nails finished in the heads of animals, each nail a little work of art. A crystal of quartz set in the front face of the Cross covered the precious relic. The proportions are beautiful, and the multiplicity of the designs formed of gold filigree as fine as a spider's web, show a fertile imagination, while the tenacious setting of the stones displays enduring craftsmanship. I have looked again and again at the Cross of Cong so often described and pictured, and never failed to discover some new or overlooked beauty.

Of great importance in the museum is the lovely gold work.

"This," I said to Mr. Armstrong, as I stood before a case filled with beautiful gold Brobdingnagian ornaments, pointing to a fine torque,

" is the collar of gold which Malachi won from the proud invader."

" No, indeed," said this gentleman of knowledgeable authority; " it is of a much later period."

" Will you please show me the collar of that celebrated Red Branch Knight."

" It has not been discovered," said Mr. Armstrong.

" Then," I said, " I will have to select a large beautiful torque and assign it to Malachi."

" Oh, you cannot do that," said Mr. Armstrong. " You really cannot."

How damping to enthusiasm and to fancy is a museum conscience, where everything must be verified by facts, dates, and evidence. Only a high-minded and patient gentleman delighting in research is endowed with this conscience. I honour it, but for picturesque description, I deplore it. Still the influence is admirable.

A lady asked me recently if I knew anything that would cure a liar. At the time I did not. Now I am convinced that archæological research would do it. Though I regret that collar which Erin would remember so much better if it could see it at the museum—and nobody the wiser—still it is some consolation to know that the best and largest collection of gold ornaments in Western Europe is to be seen in Dublin. In the early centuries Wicklow was rich in gold, and even

yet in the mountain streams an occasional unimportant nugget has been found. There are many beautiful specimens of almost unalloyed gold in the cases: Tiaras, diadems, lunulæ, hair plates and ear-rings, necklaces, beads, gorgets, and torques —I love torques because the Fairy Queen wears one of diamond dewdrops around her lily-white neck, and a golden lunula on her hair—bracelets, brooches, fibulæ, and torques large enough to encircle the waist, little trinkets and gorgeous gold balls—some of them larger than golf balls—strung together, and used by the Irish chiefs as collars for their coal-black steeds on coronation days or great festivals. Mr. Armstrong agreed cautiously that this theory of mine might be the case, but I could not get from him a definite admission.

As late as 1810, when little was known about Irish antiquities, two beautiful torques were found by workmen digging in the Hill of Tara. They were evidently, from their unusual length—one was over five and a half feet long, and the other but an inch shorter—intended to be worn over the shoulder and across the breast, holding in place rich silk draperies. And these priceless treasures were hawked about the streets of Navan, and offered for three or four shillings as old brass, but even at this price no one would buy them. Luckily they were discovered by Lord Essex and later acquired by the Academy.

What delightful object lessons are contained in a museum; it is an unforgettable kindergarten for grown-ups in the history of a people. Throughout the centuries it is apparent to the most casual observer that the Irish had, as they still have, hands.

I asked Miss Carroll, a fashionable Fifth Avenue dressmaker, who were the best fitters after the French, and she said the Irish. Her head fitter was a Miss McKenna, to whom she paid a salary of fifteen pounds a week. And nowhere in the world is there more beautiful lace or embroidery made than in Ireland. The specimens in the museum are very complete. Needlepoint, of course, is the richest and most difficult of the laces, and is a correct copy of old Venetian point. I have seen much lace in Venice, but never as beautiful a piece as the exquisite apron made at the Presentation Convent of Youghal. It is a work of art, an ornament that a Queen might envy. Aprons are pretty things, and can be worn coquettishly or demurely according to the spirit of the wearer. The Baroness Burdett Coutts always wore a black silk apron in the afternoon. My aunt Patty Hynes wore one in the morning, and I remember Marie Tempest in a costume play, wearing a short velvet gown of grey and rose, and a lovely lace apron. The lace schools at the Presentation Convent and at Kenmare are both employing many

workers. Limerick lace—needle run on net—is not of great value, but it has a charming filminess, the advantage of being flattering and becoming, and is recently much improved by the use of cream thread on cream net. There are various specimens of this lace in the museum, both old and modern. A flounce made in the middle of the nineteenth century has an exquisite border with any number of different stitches, and the Carrickmacross lace of guipure and appliqué is very handsome. There is an Irish cut work—an appliqué of muslin on net—that is also extremely effective, and I am very fond of tatting—*frivolité* they call it in New Orleans—I remember as a child having an adoration for "Miss Jenny," a pretty young lady with thick brown hair, who made tatting with a mother-of-pearl shuttle. And I have never seen more lacey, exquisite *frivolité* than the many specimens in the museum.

Irish crochet is said to be going out of fashion, but in countries with a warm climate, like America, there is nothing that will take its place, withstanding as it does the onslaughts of the most vigorous washerwoman. I saw a new design, the Coxcomb pattern, in Killarney on a collar and cuffs, and they would have transformed the plainest linen frock into a thing of beauty.

The old Irish needlework of the early nineteenth century is a marvel of beautiful, honest, pains-

taking industry. It is solid enough to last centuries. The most elaborate intricate patterns were used, and the soft light cambric is made heavy with raised thick embroidery. Mr. J. J. Buckley showed me a number of blocks for handkerchiefs —when handkerchiefs were worn rather large— designed by an artist, and each handkerchief would have taken an interminable time to complete. Even yet with the modern Irish embroidery there is small economy of time in any of the designs. The Swiss are the people of all others whose patterns in embroidery are both saving of time and work. In all the centuries the Irish have been adepts with the needle. The embroidery dress of Cuclinlainn, who lived in the middle of the nineteenth century, was that of an artist. He wore a soft crimson tunic, with a gold-worked brooch at his breast, a long-sleeved fair white linen kirtle, and a white hood enriched with embroidery of gold. And I am sure he had blue Irish eyes, raven-black hair, and was good to look upon.

Old Irish musical instruments, harpsichords with thick ivory keys and smooth inlays of brass, graceful quaint guitars, and narrow violins display the most exact and delicate workmanship; and the Irish pipes, long and graceful with their ivory and silver fittings are things of real beauty. I have heard a blind piper play them, and they are

wilder and yet more soft than the Scottish bagpipes. It was my good fortune to get a rare old coloured print from Miss Eleanor Persse of an Irish piper, and it was so exactly what I wanted that it seems almost a gift from the fairies.

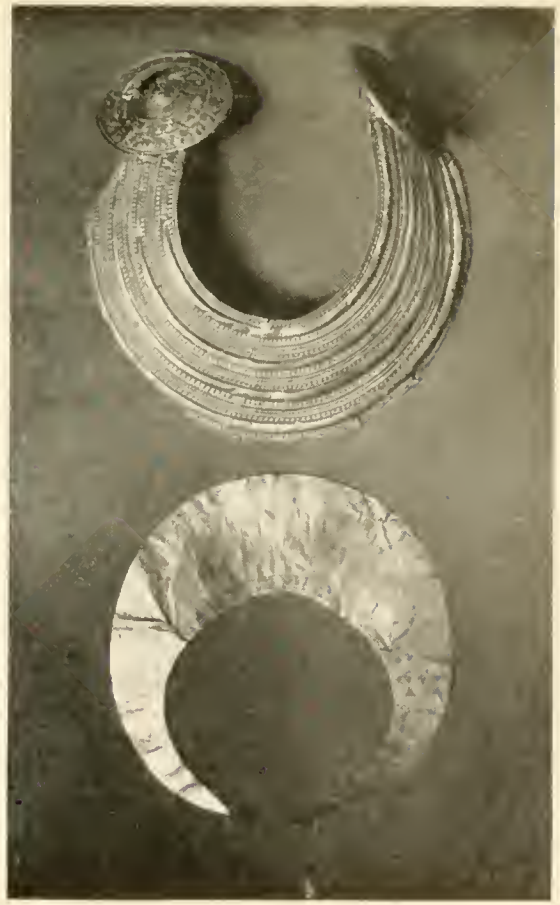
The form, ornamentation, design, and colour of old Irish silver can all be studied at the museum. Why is it that old silver has a more bluish tint, and is not so fiercely brilliant and glossy in polish as new silver? The potato—or dish rings—are very distinctly Irish, and are so many and varied in design that it would be difficult to choose a reproduction of one among them. Johnson copies them with exactitude. I like myself the one of 1770 almost better than any of them, with the man in a tunic among the roses. A dish ring surmounted by a black Wedgwood bowl filled with yellow jonquils is a lovely combination of form and colour. The loving-cups are also very beautiful. Instead of the conventional christening-cup, I have just sent Alma Lucy—my most recently acquired God-daughter—a copy of an old Irish loving-cup. She can comfortably grasp both handles for drinking her milk, and later on she can fill it with shamrocks.

Every day the good workmanship and fine designs of old Irish silver are more appreciated, and the commercial value increases. Mr. S. J. Phillips of New Bond Street, London, whose



THE TARA BROOCH

Made about 700 A. D. and discovered in 1850 on strand at Bettystown near Drogheda



GOLD LUNULA

Found in 1836 at Barrisnoe near the eastern side of Benduff Mountains, Tipperary County

father and grandfather before him were experts in silver, recently acquired four potato rings which he valued at two hundred pounds each. He said they were not the best specimens, and a few years ago he could have sold them for a less price.

With Mr. Westropp, one of the first authorities on glass in Europe, making additions to the specimens of old glass—more particularly Irish glass—the collection in the museum is very complete. Glass was made in Ireland as early as 1525. In 1729 the *Dublin Journal* advertised, "At the Round Glass-House in Mary's Lane, Dublin, are made and sold all sorts of fine drinking glasses, salvers, baskets with handles and feet for dessert, fine salts ground and polished; all sorts of decanters; lamps, etc., and for the encouragement of dealers it is proposed to sell them much cheaper than they can import them from England or elsewhere." Possibly the "baskets with feet" are the salad bowls which are so rare and highly prized to-day.

"Sold by Hector ye glassman to . . . Oct. 19, 1622. Bunches of glass at XXVs per case." In 1781 Irish glass was exceedingly popular in America. "Bunches of glass" from Waterford and Cork were exported to New York—"decanters"—I saw a decanter of Waterford glass in Charleston, South Carolina—"tumblers, wine-glasses, punch glasses, liqueur bottles, gerandoles,

chandeliers, lustres "—my father bought a pair of lustres made in Cork, in New Orleans—" celery bowls, salad and sugar bowls, butter coolers, cream ewers, custard and jelly glasses, candlesticks, pyramids "—we had a pyramid, whether it was Irish glass I do not know; it consisted of three tiers, the bottom one much larger than the top, of plain glass cut in a thumb-nail design at the edge. And each tier held glass cups of the same fashion. This pyramid occupied the centre of the table for parties. The cups, filled with custard, were heaped high with whipped cream and jelly. And we had a lovely large pickle urn, and a celery glass with a square base and a lip turned over the top, so I never see Irish glass that it does not give me a picture of the Old South. My mother seated at the head of her table, before a japanned tray gay with flowers and the cups of sprigged china, a monster sugar bowl of cut glass, which a negro handed to the family and guests that they might generously sweeten their own tea; a dozen different kinds of bread and cakes, and best of all, open-hearted, lavish hospitality—now, alas, only a memory of the past.

In Miss Persse's lovely old shop across the street, there is a certain salad bowl with a square base. It greets me as I enter the door; I often touch it with tenderness and my lips say, " Isn't it lovely, I wish it were mine," but my heart

says, "It is a reminder of my childhood, of my mother, of my Aunt Polly Hynes, of the old dining-room with its six windows all open, and the scent of roses and jessamine in the air; so can a bit of glass conjure sweet memories. I wonder if the tall candle shades, quite two feet in height, of plain or cut glass, that were used on the balconies to guard the lighted candles—they were called oilindieres in New Orleans—could have been made in Ireland. In form they curved inward at top and bottom, and outward to the centre. Occasionally a pair are to be found in the South but they become more rare each year. A friend in Georgia has eleven old Irish cut-glass syllabub cups, handed down from her great-grandmother. Syllabub can only have its proper flavour if served in glass. I have never partaken of it in England, but it is still popular in my beloved South. Uncle Remus, the old darkey made immortal by Joel Chandler Harris, said to the little boy who brought him from "the big house" a dainty supper sent by Miss Sally, "What's dis here, Honey, is it sillybug?"

"Yes, Uncle Remus, I think it is."

"Den I don't lak it, my chile. When you gimme foam gimme foam. When you gimme whiskey gimme whiskey."

This is one of my favourite quotations; like Uncle Remus, I desire the definite. Do not give

me the froth of love or friendship; give me the substance.

As happened so often, England with heavy taxes killed the glass industries in Ireland, but there is no reason why they should not be revived, with Muckish Mountain mainly composed of beautiful white sand, and white sand in Coalisland, and in Donegal, any number of factories could be started, and the beautiful models and drawings of good old glass are at hand. The great glass manufactories in America should secure all of the old Irish models possible and reproduce them. Miss Persse, an authority on glass, always has lovely pieces, and there are drawings of good decanters and tumblers, bowls and other objects obtainable at the Museum. I saw two American candlesticks on simple lines, at Mrs. Hanney's—the wife of George Birmingham—they looked well on each side of an old mirror. The specimens of Irish tapestry in Dublin—which is being so well revived by the Dun Emer Guild—are very well preserved. The Defence of Londonderry, and the Battle of the Boyne, in the Old Parliament house —The Bank of Ireland—retain their smoothness and brilliancy of colour, to a remarkable degree, and there are probably existing a good many pieces of Irish tapestry assigned to English and French artists. There are two effective and successful examples of the Dun Emer tapestry in the

museum. One is a copy of Flemish verdure of the sixteenth century, and the other is a small panel. The border of acorns and oak leaves is broad and free, and the centre, a background of trees with doves and an owl in the branches, a peacock and a raven standing on either side of an allegorical figure in rich robes, is a bold and decorative piece of work.

CHAPTER XI

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

"You can catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a quart of vinegar." This was the much advocated proverb of William Dargan, the son of a farmer, who became a great engineer, and subsequently was one of the largest capitalists of Ireland. It was through his munificent generosity that the people of Dublin held the Exhibition of 1853. Queen Victoria offered him a baronetcy which he refused; perhaps with wisdom, as in that case the statue which stands at the entrance to the National Gallery would have borne his title, Sir William Dargan, instead of the one word, "Dargan," which now excites interest and curiosity. We would have been congenial spirits, this great man and my humble self, for I too know that more flies are to be caught with honey than with vinegar.

Going into a grocer's shop in Grafton Street this morning with a very little honey I caught a fly, and the wherewithal—a pound of sugar—to catch more.

"Can you let me have a little sugar?" I asked the salesman.

"Impossible, Madam, we have no sugar in the

house. You must get it from your regular grocer."

With great meekness I said, "You are my regular grocer; I have been getting biscuits and fruit from you all the winter."

"You shall have a pound of sugar, Madam, and more if you want it," he said.

And then I went to the National Gallery, and stepped lightly on the grass, as I paused a moment to say good-morning to Dargan before spending some hours with the pictures.

As I looked around the portrait gallery, it seemed to me that people of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were more beautiful than people of the twentieth century. The features of the faces were more regular, the expression was agreeably contemplative, and there was an air of refinement that is absent in the present-day portraits. Or were the portrait painters more willing to subjugate themselves to their sitters? Now individualism must be expressed at all costs. An artist looks upon a portrait not so much as a likeness as a startling revelation of his own individuality and that of his model. A sculptor moulds the head of a distinguished man into a double-chinned, tumouresque-eyed, somewhat human-looking tortoise, and the world of art pronounces it full of rugged strength and originality. To accentuate the animal in grotesque protuberances

of flesh or otherwise, is the refuge of the artist who is unable to penetrate the divine spark in man, the soul. This, Gilbert Stuart, our American artist, who painted a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen when he made a stay in Ireland, has accomplished in his revealing portrait of Grattan.

There sits the man, distinguished in appearance and in mind. The face is long, and the nose delicate. The red-brown eyes of quick affection and understanding look with a quiet humour upon the world. The curling hair is a russet grey, and he wears a folded stock of white and a black velvet coat with a high collar. He was then of middle age, but clearly on the way "to learn the secret" —although it was later that he wrote:

"Solitude is bad. I have tried Tinnahinch for twenty years. It leads to a sort of madness. You think of your vexations, your age. Society should always be in your power. An old man cannot enjoy solitude. He has learned the secret. He has found out the rogueries of Fortune. Nor will reading supply the want. I would live in a house full of society that I might escape from myself. I was called the Spirit of the Dargle. I found out that a man's worst companion is himself."

And if a lonely man is a sad companion for himself, it is a thousand times worse for a lonely

woman—this I know—who has less independence of mind and action than a man.

A second beautiful portrait by Gilbert Stuart is William Burton Conyngham. The warm brown and soft reds of the background, draperies, and costume are the colours of an American forest before the trees of autumn shed their final leaves. The portrait of Miss Dolly Munroe, by Angelica Kauffman, dressed, as the novelists of the day would describe, "in some soft, clinging white material"—why always this uncertainty of stuff I know not, as there are in clinging materials, crêpe de chene, chiffon, mousseline de soie, tissue, Georgette, and satin to choose from.—Probably Dolly's gown with a folded bodice, embroidered in gold, was nothing more mysterious than paduasoy or satin. With this she wore a blue scarf, and on the table at her side is a bouquet of roses. The young lady is a plump and pleasing person, with dark hair and candid eyes, but her counterfeit presentment by no means comes up to her own reputation as a resplendent beauty, followed by such hosts of admirers that she was obliged to walk at six o'clock in the morning in St. Stephen's Green to avoid them.

Peg Woffington, whose reputation as a great and moving actress has survised the centuries, must have been more beautiful in expression and animation than in regularity of feature, as the

lower part of the face is too slenderly oval for the broad brow. Dressed in black and silver, and wearing a quaint hat, as the dashing Sir Harry Wildairs—one of her favourite characters—her portrait is arresting and improves with acquaintance. Not far away the brilliant eyes of Garrick, whom she loved, and who jilted her, seem to look mockingly at her jaunty air.

Near by is a better friend, the Countess of Coventry. A lovely woman, with soft black eyes, an arch face, and dark hair turned back from a pretty round forehead. She wears a gown of grey taffetas trimmed in many little rosettelike bows of pink satin. As the beautiful Maria Gunning, when for want of a proper court dress she could not be presented, Peg Woffington, noted for her generous deeds, sent not only to her, but to her sister, the regulation gowns. The beautiful Gunnings made a sensation, became the toasts of Dublin, and from her many admirers Maria chose the Earl of Coventry and married him.

Among the modern portraits the late Recorder, Sir Frederick Falkiner, in wig and splendid gold-laced gown, interested me; not so much pictorially, but from the complexity of his character. With an overwhelming desire to be sternly just, the interference of his kind heart made him liable to be more than merciful, and he was undone when it came to a woman's tears. A case came before



The Piping Boy
By Nathaniel Hone

him of a man who was accused of being a garrotter. The circumstantial evidence was going against him, and the prisoner and his wife who was in court, knew there was a possibility of conviction and penal servitude, as the judge had determined to put down the horrible crime. When things were looking serious the wife turned to an eminent barrister and said, "For the love of God, say somethin' for him, your honour."

The barrister answered, "If a man in a wig and gown were to address the Judge, my good woman, he would probably be hanged."—Judge Falkiner was extremely strict on such points.—"Speak to him yourself. He won't hang you."

And the woman called out, "Judge darlint, listen to me. He's the best of husbands, he's the best of fathers, 'tis not him that's done the garrottin', Judge dar——" "Silence in the Court," shouted the surprised clerk. The Judge, visibly affected, looked kindly towards the woman, but the next witness by very damaging evidence was evidently alienating his sympathy, when the man's wife whispered to the barrister, "Now, your honour, what's to be done?"

"Sob," said the barrister, "and keep on sobbing."

"Did you see the prisoner that evening with a cord in his hand?" questioned the opposing counsel.

A loud sob completely drowned the answer of the witness, and the woman amidst alternate sobs and groans called out, "If so be he had anny cord, himself was bringin' it home for me laundry wur-ruk. And now from that little kindness what's to become of us all!"

The Judge's eyes filled with tears, he cleared his throat, wiped his glasses with his pocket handkerchief, and summed up the case, saying the evidence only showed the prisoner had been led astray, that it was not strong enough to convict him, and with a caution the man was dismissed. As they walked down the street the woman was overheard saying to her husband, "Ach the poor craythur, there should niver be a thrial before him without a woman superintendin' it, an' if you betray his trust, Michael, I'll take a hand in garrottin' meself, an' 'twill not be far from home naythur."

Sir Frederick Falkiner was not unlike a popular Governor of Texas who, at the end of his term, was said to have completely emptied the jails of prisoners through the tears of their womenkind.

The portraits of Balfe, Maclise, and Lover make them all very handsome men; the smaller portrait of Lover as a youth is a mellow and charming drawing by himself. A later one of an aristocratic man of thirty-five or forty is when

he had attained fame as a novelist, poet, painter, and musician. A little drawing of Mrs. Norton with long eyelashes and a regular profile looks as though she had stepped from a book of beauty. A sketch made during the trial of Robert Emmet bears a striking resemblance to Sir Henry Irving. The death-mask above it looks more like Sir Henry's gifted and lamented younger son, Lawrence, who with his wife Mabel was drowned off the Coast of Canada when the Empress of India went down. Lady Irving is an Irishwoman, this may account for the likeness of the Irving family to Robert Emmet. The death-mask of Wolfe Tone has the same fine aquiline features. There is a certain Dante-esque type of face which belongs to the dreamer, the poet, the man of visions, the man of sacrifice, and the fanatic. Lord Edward FitzGerald looks much too human and too genial for the part he played. His sympathetic eyes were a deep blue, his lips were full, as of one who enjoyed laughter; but the dark Rosaleen made him her own, and he died for her.

The drawing of James Clarence Mangan, by Sir Frederick W. Burton, after his death, is of touching and perfect beauty. The old adage, "Beauty is but skin deep and ugly's to the bone," is a plain way of saying that great beauty depends upon correct bone structure. There are people who in youth have the beauty of flesh, and colour,

and skin; it passes, flesh sags, skin withers, colour fades, and in old age there is nothing left to attest to the rosy past. But a beautiful skull endures to the end. The head of Mangan is slightly raised, the curling hair has fallen back, and every line of the face is revealed, the broad brow, the fine nose, the lips apart—which retain a little of their recent suffering—are softly moulded, and the refined chin and thoughtful, sunken temples surmount disease and death, and still remain beautiful. What is more saddening than beauty and tragedy linked together by the iron hand of circumstance?

A more cheerful subject is Robert Jackson's portrait of Thomas Moore, who looks clean, fresh, and wonderfully well dressed for a poet. The face, with a shortish nose, sympathetic eyes, a handsome, humorous mouth, and a jovial dimple in the chin, is most agreeable. Sir Martin Arthur Shee has also painted a delightful portrait of Moore, in a deep-red velvet coat and a high white stock.

The portrait of William Carleton, a writer who has given me infinite pleasure, is not unlike—with his high, dome-like forehead, and ruddy countenance—that blunt cairl Sir Walter Scott. Sir William Wilde with wide-awake, merry blue eyes looks as if he might be enjoying a witty paradox of his son, Oscar.

A pleasing portrait of William Allingham, the writer and poet, brought to memory:

> "Four ducks on a pond,
> A green bank beyond,
> A blue sky of spring,
> White clouds on the wing:
> What a little thing
> To remember for years—
> To remember with tears!"

I too have a green bank beyond, to remember with tears.

The portraits of Stella, which hang by a handsome one of the Dean, are prim, with a forehead so high that I am sure it was supplied by the taste of the artist, and not by the unkindness of nature.

A portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh shows him more magnificently dressed than his Queen Elizabeth, who hangs by his side. He wears a corselet and trunks of grey velvet completely covered in pearls. Years ago Bram Stoker described the costume of Wilson Barrett in Nero as "a low-necked, short-sleeved 'nighty' made of emeralds."

In the very complete Dutch collection of pictures there are any number of decorative portraits. One of a young, fresh-faced girl—with soft, curling hair caught up at the back with pearls, and a gown of rich green silk, and well-placed, pretty hands—by an undiscovered artist is a

hauntingly charming picture. Miereveld's portrait of Elizabeth Brydges, painted about 1680, is as brilliant in colour as if finished yesterday. The face is coquettish and pleasing, the hair is dressed in curls, and from a pearl comb floats a fine gauze veil. The necklace and pearl-shaped ear-rings are of pearls, and the costume, a thing of enduring beauty, is of cream silk, brocaded in small flowers of brown and red, with the large sleeves split and bound in scarlet velvet to show the richly embroidered muslin underbodice. The scheme of colour is so gay and insistent that the picture is pleasantly unforgettable. In the same room hangs the head of a young white bull, by Paul Potter; as yet he is only a mischievous and sprightly young animal who has scarcely reached the age of adolescence, and is quite pleased at a delightfully decorative wreath of roses and jessamine round his neck. When my beloved grandson was four years old he and my son were walking through a field. A surly, sour-looking, undecorated bull was in one end of it.

"If that bull attacked us, would you defend me?" asked his father.

"I would," said my grandson; "but—what about me?"

I am hoping from this pertinent answer that logic will always be dominant in his mind.

George Moore admires and enthusiastically ex-

plains his admiration of Nathaniel Hone's "Sleepy Pasture at Malahide," a lovely warm summer day, of intense blue sky and drifting white clouds, with cattle lying down in a lush green field, too lazy to get in the shade of a long, still wood in the background. "The Piping Boy," like a little Pan, with his flute and fur mantle, is the son of an earlier Nathaniel Hone who died in 1784, a portrait painter of Dublin who did much brilliant work, but nothing better than this bright-eyed, eager boy. Another picture which arouses the enthusiasm and eloquence of George Moore—and he has floods of it at his disposal—is Millais' large canvas of "The Three Sisters." And assuredly it stamps him as a genius, this page from the life of the handsome, comfortable, leisurely, fashionable Englishwoman of the sixties. The background is ablaze with flowers, the furniture is fine, and the young ladies seated at a card-table are elaborately coiffed, and more elaborately dressed—all alike—as was then the fashion among sisters. The faces of the two ladies looking up are reserved and somewhat expressionless, as was the mode of the well-bred young woman of the day. The one who looks down at her cards might, if she looked up, have "a mutinous smile." With the change of fashion comes a change of smiles. Girls of the present day "smile daringly." Crinolines required demureness, and there never were

such wide-spreading, willowy, billowy crinolines as the three sisters wear. They surge together under the table like sea waves at high tide. And the dresses of dove-grey silk, draped in a thousand folds, and looped with deep rose-coloured ribands, were evidently the *chef d'œuvre* of " a Court dress-maker " who lived in Hanover Square. It would interest me to know just how many yards of silk were used to clothe and drape those tall young women. I am like Father Healy, who asked an Evangelical tailor, firm in the belief that no Catholic read the Bible, how many yards it would have taken to make a pair of breeches for the big angel of the Resurrection, who stood with one foot on sea and the other on land.

A young woman of undoubted good looks was making an excellent copy of Jan Steen's " Village School." We had some talk together, and she said it was a man's picture, as they so often stopped to look at it. Only her candid, innocent eyes kept me from smiling. Is there anything so attractive as perfect unself-consciousness? I am going back before the picture is finished, for she looks so like one I knew and loved; so sweet, gay and witty, a painter, too, who died too young to make a name. As I look at my catalogue, I see it was published in 1914, when Sir Hugh Lane was director of the Gallery. What a tragedy his death has been,

not alone a loss to Ireland, but to the whole world. His ambitions were exalted, but with his strong will and power of self-sacrifice, he could have carried them out. He had a steady goal to reach, and neither extravagance nor self-indulgence would have made him loiter by the way. He intended making the National Gallery in Dublin one of the first galleries in Europe, and the first stones were laid with Il Greco's great Francis of Assisi, and the splendid portrait of a lady dressed in rich red and gold brocade, by Veronese.

The Gallery with its already fine collection and his additions would have attracted visitors from all nations, and their pilgrimage, extended to other parts of Ireland, would have added material benefit to the country.

The pity of his death! And yet the vital influence of Hugh Lane can never die, but will ever abide to incite men to generous deeds and kindlier actions.

There is no place in Ireland that seems to me more historically interesting than Trinity College, with its traditions, its atmosphere, and its imposing appearance. The courts, which are equally beautiful in the grey days of winter, or with their noble outlines more defined by the clear skies of summer. The students, crossing and re-crossing the square, each man wearing his gown with a

characteristic difference—jauntiness, studiousness, carelessness, carefulness, gracefulness, awkwardness, courage, and shyness, a respect for habiliment, and an utter indifference to it are all expressed by the manner in which men wear their gowns. The long, oak dining-hall, with portraits of great men who have shed additional lustre on old Trinity by their honourable careers. In one corner the little pulpit from which Dean Swift preached his sermons is now used by the Senior Scholar to say grace before dinner. The theatre, so fine in proportion, and such a pure and beautiful example of Adam decoration, and the splendid library—the long, lovely Queen Anne Room with its pungent leathery odour from books upstairs and books downstairs. Books on shelves standing away from the walls. Books on shelves that are on the walls. Books on screens. Books in cases which can be seen through glass. Books so precious that not only glass but curtains protect them. Books little and books big, books old and books new, three hundred and fifty thousand in number, and yet people—*mea culpa*—continue to write them. To vary the monotony there are other treasures, the stoutly built Irish Harp of Brian Boru, the veritable, the well authenticated "Harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed"—but no longer on Tara's walls—after many vicissitudes is carefully preserved in a glass case and

pointed out to visitors as, "'is 'arp 'and with hevidence that none can ginesay."

"From what part of London do you come?" I asked.

"Battersea, Lidy, that was me 'ome but hi've lived in h'Ireland thirty years."

And not even Brian Boru has made any impression on his accent. Heaven send that we may not be in for a thirty years' war. Cockneys have risen in my estimation since Irish soldiers declare them to be among the best fighters at the front.

Among other treasures of Trinity is the largest gold fibula ever discovered; eight inches long, and of great weight, it must have been worn by a dressy Irish giant. But, after all, the most wonderful of Trinity's treasures is "The most beautiful book in the world." When I knew that I was actually to have the curtain drawn aside, the case unlocked, and to hold the Book of Kells in my hands I set about making a ritual of the occasion. My finger-nails had never been professionally manicured, that should be done; the most expensive *savon de parme* procurable in Dublin should be used with the lovely Dublin water to wash them, and they should be covered with fair white gloves; for surely this one Book of the World deserved much honour. The reasons of its being the Book of Books are Inspiration—Design—

Colour—and Execution. The original and fruitful designs embody much that is used in Celtic art. The graceful trumpet pattern. The ingeniously interlaced curved bands, the intricate knot design formed of eight lines, and quaint patterns derived from angels, men, birds, blossoms, flowers, foliage, fish, reptiles, serpents, and monstrous and imaginative animals. All these illuminate and illustrate the Four Gospels. The first thing that strikes the eye is the daring combination and jewel-like depth of colour. Black, blue, green, yellow, purple, sky-blue, dull green, and lilac jostle each other, form vivid contrasts, and yet seem to melt into a harmonious whole, while the absence of gold, glittering in other missals, is never felt. The steadiness of the hands who made these unrivalled wonders was so unerring the design might almost have been cut out of copper, filled in with colour, and transferred to the vellum, for there is no slightest deviation in these numerous intricate and delicate lines, and the sureness of touch is almost superhuman. Well might Gerald Plunket write of this treasure, " This work doth passe all men's coyning, that now doth live in any place I doubt not anything but that ye writer hath obtained God's grace." And, indeed, the book seems not only to have been written and illuminated by one who obtained God's grace, but to have received Divine protection in escaping destruction and



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL
By Jan Steen

mutilation during the unending incursions and pillage of many centuries. This famous manuscript was the property of the last Abbot of Kells, Richard Plunket, who surrendered the monastery to the Crown in 1539. Shortly after that date Gerald Plunket was evidently guardian of the book. Bishop Usher acquired it in 1621, and after his death it was transferred to the University Library, Trinity College.

Besides the most elaborate caligraphy ever produced, there are Charters in the Irish language giving grants of land from King Melaghlin of Meath to the Abbey of Kells, between A.D. 1024 and the twelfth century. They are of special interest, being the only deeds in the Irish language dating from before the Norman Invasion. Sad to relate, even this precious book, after escaping the Norseman and Dane, has suffered from an iconoclast of a bookbinder, who about a hundred years ago actually "trimmed" many of the beautiful margins out of existence, cutting the priceless leaves of vellum ornamented with rare and unique embellishments to a conventional size. Knowledgeable authorities all differ as to whether the book belongs to the sixth or the ninth century, and neither the particular version of the scriptures, orthography, pigments, ink, or wonderful illustrations have decided the vexed question. But, except to a few scholars who devote themselves to

these subjects, what does it matter? Among the missing leaves, one of them probably contained the name of the incomparable artist, who is now only known as "The Great Man." His work and pages surpassing all the rest are of supreme value, and even the loss of the colophon has its advantages as it gives the imagination full play.

I have made for myself the picture of a young monk with a noble head, his black hair grows on a peak on his forehead, his face is lean with aquiline features, his spiritual eyes are deeply blue, he has the smile of a boy sweetening his stern lips, and even with his extreme youth there is a look on his face of quiet, determined patience. The patience of one who loves his work. He wears a white wool habit, girded about the waist with a cord of emerald green, and he sits in the monastery by a great window opening very wide, looking towards the fair hills of Ireland. When he dips his brush on his palette piled with rich colours—malachite, lapis lazuli, velvet black, purple, orange, or sky-blue—and begins to paint, the strokes are so precise, so fine, so delicate, so daring, and yet so marvellously sure, the work seems almost super-human. His hands are a strange combination of the artist and the athlete, possessing both muscular strength and suppleness. He is apart from other men, this beautiful boy; almost a demi-god. Perhaps his food is brought to him, as it was to

Buddha, by a happy mother whose sweet voice tells him it is:

> "The milk of a hundred mothers, newly calved.
> And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
> And with their milk twenty-five, and then
> With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
> The six noblest and best of all our herds."

And nourished upon the poetry of curds and cream, that is how The Great Man wrote the Great Book of Kells.

It remains even to-day an inexhaustible inspiration. And designs suggested by it are found on the covers of books in every library in the world. I saw it taken downstairs for the night, and placed in a strong iron safe. And by walking quickly reached the Shelbourne in time for tea with Captain Miracle, a trench mortar man who has earned his title, brave lad, by being blown up forty feet in the air and coming down alive two fields distant from where he unconsciously started. The men on either side of him were blown to atoms; such are the accidents of war.

"Where have you been all day?" he asked.

"To Trinity College," and then I told him of my little ritual, and he said, "Madam, allow a Trinity man to thank you. I spent all my youth at Old Trinity."

"Your youth! How old are you now?"

"All of twenty-three, and maybe twenty-four and maybe not. I go back to France to-morrow."

"Oh," I said, looking at his boyish face, and a dimple that appeared and disappeared in his cheek, "how sorry your mother must be to have you go back."

"She is," he said; "so is my father, particularly as I am an only son, but I've always taken chances——"

"I can see that," I said; "your coat with its devices seems to be a sort of map of the War."

"Yes," he said. "Beginning with the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, there's a lot of things on it."

"What's this, a D.S.O.?"

"Yes, that's it, in spite of our fellows threatening to kill me," he said, laughing. "You see a trench mortar man is not popular. He sends off a mortar, the Germans instantly retaliate with another, which deals death and destruction. Our men, when they see me coming, say, 'If you don't take that damned thing away, we'll shoot you.'"

"And what do you do then?"

"Sometimes I move on and give the boys a chance," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "Personally I think condensed milk and army grub are worse than bombs. Especially the milk. After a week of it, I don't care whether I live or die, and you can take it from me that many a man has won

the Victoria Cross from the desperation engendered in his soul by condensed milk."

How often since that gay, young, debonair, devil-may-care, happy warrior went away I've thought of him. And sometimes—for I am the mother of an only son—I've prayed for him.

One can spend days in Trinity; it stirs the imagination. But, after all, the pride and glory of Dublin is her splendid Park. When the hawthorn is in bloom, and nearly two thousand acres of trees white, pink, rose, and red are ablaze with myriads of sweet flowers, then Phœnix Park is as beautiful as cherry blossom time in Japan. Each tree becomes a giant bouquet, vying with its next door neighbour in extravagant loveliness. The air is sweet with perfume, and the emerald green grass is brilliant in patches of colour from the fallen leaves. Its historical interest: the Fifteen Acres—an Irishism as they are really two hundred acres—where famous duels were fought, the Viceregal Lodge, the Wellington Memorial, the Magazine Fort, even the "Furry Glen," a golden, gorse-clad hollow earlier in the year, with its deep pool, sink into insignificance in this lovely kingdom of Flora. For the finest of man's deeds are as nothing when nature makes a supreme effort, as she does when hawthorn blooms in June.

When there was a lull in my sight-seeing and I began to be lonely, Kitty and her trousseau

arrived from London. It was not a wedding but an "on leave" trousseau, prepared to dazzle the eyes of William when he came from the front. William is Kitty's fascinating, inconsequent, enthusiastic, optimistic, Australian husband of Irish descent, and my friend, but he had not got his leave. So Kitty gave her fetching frocks an airing for my benefit. Nature has been kind in giving her a slim figure, a pretty face, and what is of greater value even than beauty, individuality. Her hair, eyes, and eye-lashes are velvet black; her skin is cream white, and she has a little impudent nose which contradicts the softness of her eyes. Her voice is soft, too. And she gives the impression of helplessness and leisure, but contrariwise is capable and industrious, being an excellent cook,—she learned her art in France,—and housewife. Since the war began she has been a faithful V.A.D. doing any jobs assigned to her willing hands, responsible for the big dining-room of a Hospital, or, when necessary, changing about to night nursing. With no leave for a year I thought she ought to rest, but action rests the young. An hour after her arrival we were careering out to Donnybrook in a jaunting-car, and she was using her patriotic, persuasive powers to get the strong young jarvey to enlist. He told her that he could not fight for England, that her English heart could not understand his Irish heart.

"But," she said, "I gave my heart to an Irishman when I married him. He's in France now, in the Great Push, fighting for his country."

"He may be that, he may be one of thim Irishmen—God help thim—with two countries. As for me, I've only got wun; that's Ireland, and here I stay wid her."

"Even so," said Kitty. "You are not a Sinn Feiner, are you?"

"I will show you, Lady," said the young man, and turning back his coat, we saw that he wore the badge of green, yellow, and white on his breast.

"Oh, dear," said Kitty when we went to our rooms to dress for dinner; "and I thought I could do some recruiting over here."

"Wait," I said, "until we get into the country, perhaps you will have better luck there, though I fear not; it's too soon after the rebellion."

As the days went on, Kitty began to be anxious about William. She got no letters, as he may be described as a delightful but intermittent correspondent. When a William look appeared on her face to distract her attention I would say, "don't regret the black and white lace gown,"—sometimes her conscience gave her pricks—"you can always have it made over, and it's awfully becoming."

"I wish William would write," Kitty would answer with a sigh. "Did you see the papers this morning; the great push going on and Billy in the thick of it."

"But you say yourself he's always lucky."

"He is, but why doesn't he write?"

"He is busy intriguing about his leave."

Kitty would smile. "And he'll get it; there's nobody like Billy; he does whatever he undertakes, and he makes every other man seem tame and dull, but I do wish he would write."

When war was declared, William sailed for Australia, and got a commission in the Australian Field Artillery. The statue of his father, born in Australia of Irish parentage, has not been placed in St. Paul's without reason, as the Right Hon. W. B. Dalley was the creator of the system by which Colonial troops take part in England's wars. In 1884, following on the fall of Gordon at Khartoum, he cabled an offer of Australian troops to the Home Government. In the interval between the issue of the offer and its acceptance he was subjected to bitter criticism on the ground that he was wantonly laying the colony open to the humiliation of a refusal. The conditions in those days were vastly different to those which obtain now. A large party in England held the view that the colonies were an encumbrance to be got rid of, and a liberal Government was in power at

the time. Moreover, Dalley had made, with Irish daring, the offer without even consulting his colleagues in the Ministry. There were proposals that he should be impeached. But the offer was accepted. A thrill of pride and delight surged through the country at the knowledge that it was to stand beside Britain in arms. Talk of impeachment dropped, the constitutional illegality of the proceeding was ignored, and Dalley became the most popular man in Australia, and was the first Australian member of the Privy Council.

There was never a more gallant spirit than William's. He has enjoyed every moment of his life. Even when luck has been against him his optimism has never deserted him. His enthusiasms are splendid, his appreciations are generous, his interest in other people so absorbing that he is never unhappy. He trusts fate, and considering how often when she has talked common sense to him he has tweaked her nose, she has been good to him. For this reason he feels that he is not only safe from the arrows of outrageous fortune, but even from bullets.

One morning Kitty came to my room looking radiant, and instead of "I wish Billy would write," it was, "Billy has written; shall I read you his letter?"

"Of course," I said, laying down my paper, which contained an overwhelming page of casual-

ties. "Sit down and read me the longed-for letter."

"In the Field,
"*Wednesday* 26.7.'16.

"My Darling,

"I yesterday got yours of 19.7.'16. While I remember it, will you tell me if you got my two photographs by Lekegian, of Cairo?—one of them displayed my beautiful field boots. Also, will you tell me if you got a small bunch of six or eight snapshots? In one of them I was about to dive into the Little Bitter Lake at Ismalia, and there was another with some Turkish prisoners. I sent all these things ages ago from Egypt, but as nothing seems to have got through the post then I fear they were lost.

"I have asked for leave from August 5th, enclosed is a copy of my application. I may get it. I think rather more likely than not. I have also asked for permission to have my batman with me. He is Gunner Potts from Wagga Wagga, and he is the most perfect thing in the entire army. We will all stop at Holland's in Half Moon Street—the place Ernest used to have. That at least is my suggestion, unless you want to stay somewhere else, in which case we will go where you like. You talk of my coming over to Dublin, but you don't seem to realise the time it would take, and that one watches every second of one's leave as greedily

as a miser watches his gold. Our time is taken from the moment we leave Boulogne (or Le Harve, as the case may be), and I shall be bitterly grudging every second lost on the boat and in the train. Why can't you get Mrs. T. P. to come over? We will have a glorious week in London, and she would love Potts. All meals will be at the most expensive restaurants, and will consist of the most costly foods obtainable. Theatres every night and cabs everywhere. I am craving to see the amusing people again—Derwent Wood, Augustus John, Evelyn, and the rest. I see Hugh Wright is playing at the Comedy, by the way.

"Talking of your friend Barry O'Brien, I went for a ride yesterday afternoon with the Padre, and in a town hereabouts, the name of which I may not give, he bought a book by O'Brien—*The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.* Just afterwards I got your letter, and will show it to the Padre when next we meet. The book, I believe, is quite a famous one.

"I had a glorious bit of shooting yesterday morning—one of those beautifully finished pieces of work that sometimes come off in sport and that one always remembers. The sort of thing that dear old E.G.M. would have loved. Nominally I was doing what is known as 'registering a target,' but actually I was conducting what in

the old days would have been known as a heavy bombardment. Thanks to the *Daily Mail's* campaign and the consequent plethora of shell we can do this kind of thing now, and thousands of lives are thereby saved. One bit of trench that I was dealing with lent itself to enfilade and—largely no doubt by luck, but also partly by skill—I managed to land an H.E. (high explosive) shell right in the trench itself. Up in the air went great masses of earth, timber, and sandbags, and if somebody wasn't killed—well, the Bosh wasn't doing his duty. The trench should have been well filled, because he had no warning that it was going to be fired on. It was simply a lucky shot which had been carefully worked out with pencil and paper beforehand, and that fact, plus the beautiful laying of the Australian gunners, did the trick.

"The worst of gunnery is that you rarely see the results with your own eyes. In that respect it resembles my practical joke on Horace Friend. But in both cases the results were equally inevitable. As I couldn't actually see one dead Bosh I didn't get the shell case for you, but you may nevertheless regard yourself with reasonable certitude as the possessor of more than one cadaver. The case of the first shell I fired I have kept as promised, and you shall have it when I come over. It would make a very good gong.

"I have heard some yarns of the Germans since I have been here—my knowledge of French plus my natural taste for talking to the peasantry have been helpful in that respect. The Bryce Commission's report is only a modest statement of the awful facts. When the original British Army came through here the German, if he was able to get hold of a wounded British soldier, used to *bury him alive.* I have it from a perfectly reliable old peasant woman, who is so steeped in horrors that she no longer detects sensationalism in her story, and who has seen the thing done.

"One of the most amusing things I have heard about them happened in a little humpy in which I have been sleeping the last few days. In this place they tried to *bayonet a dove,* and having failed to spike him, one of them took him out of his cage, and using him as a cricket ball threw him at a tree trunk. The bird was removed in a fainting condition by the old woman who owns him, and is still alive. In fact he lives in a cage just over my sleeping valise, and makes night so intermittently hideous with his croonings, flirtings, and gurglings, that I often feel as if I would like to have a cut at him myself—you know perhaps that these birds go on worst of all at night. Well, these Boshes affected to regard the absurd bird as a carrier pigeon, though, as the old woman help-

lessly observes, '*il ne sait pas même voler,*' which is perfectly true, as the dove had never been out of a cage in its life. These doves are all the go hereabouts—practically every *jeune fille* has got one, only one and never two, which is perhaps what makes the birds so lonely and complaining; the sight of them appears to have lashed the Boshes to fury.

"I am saving up all the cash possible for a burst in London, and then you can probably swindle me out of all you want. By the way, there are some things I must buy there for the winter fighting: a stove, a bridle, a small quantity of port wine, a brace of wire-haired fox terriers, a telescope, etc., etc. Also I want to get one new uniform ordered the day I land, as my present ones are getting shabby. I think I shall go to Tanty, as he makes the best breeches in the world.

"I am sending this off by means of the Brigade Padre, who seems a reliable person to whom to entrust a cheque. I can only say do not be anxious about me for a moment. If ever safe and reliable warfare existed, this is it. I cannot say any more, of course, but you need not worry—believe me seriously when I say this. I got a letter a few days ago from dear old E. G. M. It was dated February 3rd. He said that he thought we had them 'held safely' here. As compared to the actual facts, it seemed like a joke. The wretched Bosh

is simply *non est*. He is, as Evelyn used to say, 'augespielt.' No more now, darling, as the Padre can't wait. I will really try and write again to-morrow. I am afraid I may be unable to get away first week in August. Read a beside-the-leader article in the *D.M.* of August 7th, called 'Hefty Annie.' It is about a gun, and although it refers to a 15-inch, it gives you some idea of things in a general way. Tell E. G. M. I am coming over, and persuade dear little Mrs. T. P. to come to London. No more, sweetheart, except best love in all the world, and do write often.

"From

"BILL."

"'*If ever safe and reliable warfare existed this is it.*'

"There speaks the unquenchable optimism of the Irishman, and five columns of casualties in to-day's paper!"

"That's William all over, and do you think," said Kitty anxiously, "that we will have to take Potts of Wagga Wagga to the theatre with us?"

"Not at all," I said; "Potts will probably much prefer a boxing match, and being 'the most unique thing in the Army' doesn't make him eligible socially. Still, I am almost as sorry not to meet Potts as to miss William."

"I'll write and tell you about him," said Kitty

gaily. "And now that Billy will get his leave, I think we should really be moving on. It would be well to see something of Ireland, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "we had better leave Dublin to-morrow for Cork and Killarney."

CHAPTER XII

CORK AND QUEENSTOWN

The weather was so perfect, with its long warm days of sunshine and soft air, that we prolonged our stay in Dublin, and even after we were packed remained on, loath to go; but finally on a brilliant afternoon we started for Cork.

Travellers will tell you everywhere in Ireland—even people who practise economy—that it is impossible to travel third-class, but we did not find it to be the case. What it might be in winter, with the carriage windows all closed, I do not know; but occupants of third-class carriages are more amusing than those who travel first-class, more natural and communicative. They talk to each other, they talk to you with greater frankness, and present a better opportunity of studying character.

We had provided ourselves with books, but it was not long before a pleasant faced young man in Irish tweed and a gay necktie handed me the evening paper and began a conversation. He was a commercial traveller, and I am sure is worth his weight in gold to his firm, for never in the whole course of my life have I seen such tremendous unself-conscious confidence. He had no more idea

of class distinction than a kangaroo. I take it that to those hopsome creatures a duke or a dustman are alike. At first the conversation was general between Kitty, the young man, and myself, and it concerned hotels. His manner was just as free, and he was quite as much at ease, and as full of personal questions, as if I had been Mrs. Moriarty who kept a little vegetable shop in Camden Street, and pretty, well-dressed Kitty my assistant. He asked our names, our nationalities, our religion, our occupations, our experiences in the past and plans for the future, what we paid at the Shelbourne Hotel for our rooms, what they furnished us with for breakfast, dinner, and supper, to what hotel we were going in Cork, and he strongly recommended another for one-third of the price of the Imperial. He gave us as an example of economy a week of his life in London, where at one time, when he was hard up, he had lived on five shillings.

His questions reminded me of the paper served to aliens on their way to America. Though an American of many generations—my ancestors fought in the war of Independence—having married out of my country, in the eyes of the law I am an alien. Crossing very often I have answered these questions until they have become boring and monotonous. My last voyage I neglected the paper until the purser came to my stateroom and

said, "I must beg of you to answer these questions."

"I am not well enough," I said; "will you kindly answer them?"

"But I do not know your age?"

"You can politely guess at it," I said, and nothing could have been more polite than his reckoning.

"What is your height?" was his next question.

"I have been," I said, "five feet three, but since the day before yesterday, when Crippen was executed and described as that height, I have changed to five feet four."

"And your complexion?"

"Aquamarine. As the darkies say, I have been 'Splimmy Splammy' ever since we left the dock at Tilbury."

The purser gave up in despair, went off with the paper, and filled it up with proper respect to Government rule.

This young man's questions were much of the same order; by the time we reached Cork he could have supplied a very intelligent descriptive paper of Kitty and myself to the authorities there. Finally, Kitty buried herself persistently in a book, and he was left entirely to my tender mercies. I think I bore with him on account of his generous smile, and strong, even, white teeth. Good teeth

are always a recommendation to my favour. I remember years ago at the time of a general election I warmly recommended to Mr. Parnell two young Irishmen for important constituencies.

He turned gravely to Justin McCarthy and said, "What especial qualification have these two gentlemen for Parliament?"

"None," said Justin, "that I know of, except they both have very fine sets of teeth."

And remembering strangely assorted, middle-aged Parliamentary teeth, my recommendation was not at all a bad one.

My young friend of the teeth asked a thousand questions about America, and I strongly advised him to go there without delay. In all my travels I have never met any one so eminently suited to my democratic country. He will need no introductions. He can never be snubbed. His genuine interest would penetrate the strongest reserve. His good humour is imperturbable. And his smile will disarm the grumpiest pessimist that ever lived.

We stopped at a wayside station, and Kitty had barely ejaculated, "I have had enough of that young man," when he appeared with his confident smile, and a tray which bore two steaming cups of hot tea, and plates of cake and bread and butter.

"Here's some refreshment for you, ladies," he said.

Then Kitty forgave him for putting her through the third degree, and I was really quite sorry when the time came to say good-bye.

It gave me a thrill to hear the porter call out "Cork!" for what place in the world is more associated with song and story? It was too late to do anything but go at once to the hotel and dine. The dinner was excellent, and the strawberries were in perfection. The south of Ireland must be particularly suited to the growth of fruit. The waiter was a tall, thin man with a finely modelled ascetic face, not unlike Sir Forbes Robertson. He told us he had spent all his life in Killarney, but had been forced by the war to come to Cork as many of the hotels were closed, and that Southern Ireland was almost destitute of visitors. He had left his wife and eight children behind him, and as soon as travel began he would return. We afterwards went to the hotel in Killarney where he had been employed for many years, and they told us there he was one of the most notorious and daring poachers in the country, having been arrested several times. Anything more unlike a preconceived idea of a poacher than this refined, gentlemanly looking, soft-voiced, deferential waiter it would be difficult to imagine. He was also a famous dancer, and in the winter time had a

class for teaching children the old Irish folk dances.

About nine o'clock there was a rush of hurried footsteps on the street, and cries of "Up with the rebels! Up with the rebels!" but nothing further occurred. Cork is indeed unafraid to call herself a rebel city. In the centre of the town we had passed a large monument called the Martyrs' Memorial. It is erected to the three Fenian prisoners whose execution aroused the sympathy of the whole civilised world, including many Englishmen. Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien were Cork men who stopped a prison van and rescued two leaders of the Fenian movement, and though weighted with chains they got away and sailed for America. But by mischance a police sergeant who was in the inside of the van was shot. The whole country at the moment was at fever heat; five men were sentenced to be hanged, and others condemned to penal servitude. Even a man who was merely looking on at the fray was sentenced by an outraged judge and jury to be hanged; luckily the sentence was rescinded before the execution took place.

Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, an American citizen and an ex-officer of the Civil War, would have been executed but for the protection of the United States. On his reprieve he returned to America, and I met him several times

in New York. He seemed a quiet, cultivated gentleman, and for a long time I knew nothing of his sensational career. It was Captain Condon who, when his comrades were hanged, sobbed out in tones of deep tragedy, "God save Ireland! God save Ireland!" The crowd mechanically repeated the words, and finally they became the slogan of the Irish Nationalists. The words inspired T. D. Sullivan to write the song "God Save Ireland," which is now set to music and sung all over the world. It is played as a march by Irish bands, and many brave Irishmen have fought and died for England, inspired by the strains of that martial air.

The next morning was one of glorious sunshine, so I suggested to Kitty that as Queenstown was always described as a depressing place, to see it in pleasant weather would be advisable, therefore we had better take an early train and come back by boat. The distance is so very short that Cork and Queenstown are practically the same place.

The Lord Mayor of Cork is Admiral of Queenstown, and there is an old and picturesque custom connected with his office. Once in three years he sails to Queenstown, and when the boat anchors near the headlands, he flings a dart far, far out to sea. This proclaims his Admiralty.

When we arrived the Cathedral's new chime of bells were ringing silvery peals, and we stepped

proudly to "Let Erin Remember," and more sedately to "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls." "The Last Rose of Summer" sounded sweet high above our heads, and when we entered the Cathedral, Gounod's "Ave Maria" helped us to a reverent frame of mind.

God is never lonely in Ireland. He is never neglected. Here abides His Kingdom, and His subjects are ever in communion with Him. From early morning, when the portals of the churches are opened, until late evening, the people kneel, and with full confidence, pour out their hearts to Him. Joy, sorrow, success, defeat, doubt, despair, or victory are all laid at His feet. God is not only to be worshipped as a Divine Being, He is loved and appealed to as a Father, and trusted as a wise and helpful Friend. And if there are any latter-day saints, they are to be found in Ireland. While the subjects of the King, poor, cold, hungry, broken-hearted, and despairing, with blanched lips can whisper, "Thy will be done," it is not difficult to believe in the beatification of the human being of to-day.

It was almost midday and yet there were a number of people scattered over the church lost in prayer, and we saw a small, dark, rough head pass by, as a very small boy, not more than five, found his way to the High Altar. He made the sign of the Cross, remained for a time saying his inno-



HARPISCHORD, MAHOGANY, WITH ORNAMENTAL BRASS MOUNTINGS

By Ferdinand Weber, Dublin. The property of Robert W. Smythe, Esq.

cent prayers, then turned and smiled. I think he knew that we were strangers, and it was a little smile of welcome.

After seeing the Cathedral, a triumph of Pugin's architecture, we walked down the hill to the Place of Embarkation, where millions of Ireland's people have sailed for different ports. England reproaches Ireland with a long memory, but how can any country forget "State-aided Emigration," when Great Britain offered five pounds a man to banish her Irish subjects. And it was even worse after the famine, when thousands of poor peasants were transplanted to a land which required the unbreakable spirit of the pioneer to wrest from it any success. Many of them had never seen a town of even nine thousand inhabitants. Some of them only spoke Gaelic. A good many of them could not read. They were simple, primitive, agricultural tillers of the soil. What could they find to do in New York, Montreal, or London, with no money beyond the price of their passage? Herded together in the lowest quarters of the big towns, they were like lost sheep, and as easily influenced as children, their sweet, simple, kind, and generous natures were transformed and contaminated by vicious associations. It was not long before they were contemptuously spoken of as "the low Irish." In new, hurried, busy countries, where every man is for himself, the cause of their

tragic downfall was never considered. These poor aliens no longer prayed that:

> "The merciful Word.
> The singing word.
> And the good Word.
> Be for evermore the only heritage of men and women of Erin."

They were far from the land of their birth, separated from her for ever, and many of them were rendered desperate by despair. Mr. Labouchere—could he have been a relation of my friend Labby, who was always a loyal friend to the Irish—plead their cause in the House of Commons as early as 1848, and called the attention of England to their horrible condition, and unfitness for transportation. Carrying the plague with them, they died by thousands, both on board the ship and after their arrival. On the long voyage many families were swept out of existence. Children arrived without fathers and mothers, and numerous little babies whose names were unknown were handed over to the authorities. Altogether, seventeen thousand of these poor emigrants perished in this dreadful exodus. Since then emigration has never ceased, until now the whole of Ireland has a trans-Atlantic mind, and after the War, again Ireland's sons and daughters will sail to new and freer lands.

There is no lovelier spot than Queenstown; it is

beautifully situated on the hills, with its feet bathed in the blue river and the blue sea. But there can be no sadder place in all the world than the Place of Embarkation, saturated as it has been with the tears of those who keened the departure of their dear ones going to far-away lands. How agonising must have been their heart-broken cry, gathering force until it sounded far out to sea, as the ship gradually faded out of sight. To those on board, the Cathedral and its glittering spire penetrated even through the thick mist of their tears. Did the fathers think of this when they built it, and say we will raise a Tower of Faith even though it be a Tower of Tears; but the Tower of Faith will sweeten the Tower of Tears and keep our people unforgetting.

The sloping hill and the little shops were more cheerful. From one, a blue-eyed baby toddled unsteadily but joyously towards us.

"Come back!" her mother called. "She's the bouldest colleen in the town. Look at the bould eye on her. Let go the lady's dress wid your fists, you."

On the strength of the "bould eye" on her we bought papers of lemon drops and molasses candy. The young, dark, pretty, Italian-looking mother said the baby was always laughing and gay, and fearless and trusting of strangers.

"She do be takin' the hand of anny that comes

along, and I'm afraid of me life that wun day some one will be walkin' off wid the likes of her."

"I could walk off with her now," I said, "if you'll give her to me."

"Oh, no, lady, she's the first. I can't give that bould wun away."

A little lower down the street was a shabby, dusty, pell-mell, miscellaneous, crowded window of various objects, where a treasure might be discovered, and indeed was discovered. Only I did not bear it away. I have taste and appreciation of curios, but no really serviceable knowledge. The find was an old glass vase, in shape something like a Brobdingnagian tumbler; it was engraved by the hand of an artist, in landscapes, little villages, and churches with spires, and the price was only ten shillings. Kitty, who has excellent taste, urged me to take it; she even offered, and it was a bona fide offer, to carry it herself back to Cork.

"It is lovely," I said, "and I daresay I'll regret it afterwards." And I did, for later when staying with Nita Shannon we motored to Queenstown, and I went back to the shop and the girl priced the vase at three pounds.

"But when I was here before you told me it was ten shillings."

"Yes," she said sweetly, "I know I did, but me mother was away, an' I was only guessin' at the price."

"What," I said, "are you guessing at to-day? I will buy it."

She showed me various bits of china, but her guesses were as extravagant as if she had been a dealer in Wardour Street, and I left regretting my lost opportunity.

Kitty, that memorable day, bought a valuable copy of *The Decameron* with a good old binding, and we looked over it on the boat. The little steamer gurgled as she wheeled about, and we began to sail by softly wooded slopes, and old houses painted red, yellow, white, and blue, twinkled like jewels in the strong sunshine. They appeared such pleasant, peaceful homes close to the water, with flower-beds of roses. And such roses—pink, and white, and cream, and yellow, and scarlet, and wine-red, and little climbing roses of vaulting ambition reaching as high as the roof.

When we left the boat, and for the last few miles changed to the train, a nice little withered old lady, like a healthy winter apple, got into our carriage carrying a lovely bouquet of thick-leaved roses, perfect specimens of the Queen Mary, William Allen Richardson, and Abel Chateney varieties. She was a stranger to us, we had not even spoken to her, and yet my sixth sense, which often surprises me, told me that those roses would be ours. Presently she remarked amiably

that it was "a pleasant day," and Kitty, in a white gown with an open neck, said "Glorious," and the old lady admitted with proper clothes that it might be, but the long spring had discouraged her in providing a summer outfit, and now with sudden tropical heat, much too warm in serge, she was hoping to find a ready-to-wear frock at some of the shops in Cork. A black muslin if possible, with a pin spot of white. Her granddaughter would meet her at the station, it was for her she had gathered the roses. It seemed my sixth sense had failed me, which it rarely does after an active manifestation.

When we arrived at the station the lady solicitously pointed out our tram, and we thanked her and said farewell. We loitered, looking in shop windows before turning into St. Patrick Street.

"It is a fine street," I said to Kitty, "but I cannot quite agree with the Cork man who said, 'St. Patrick Street is the finest thoroughfare in all Europe, barrin' the bind in it.'"

And then who should we meet nearing "the bind," but our trim old friend wearing a dotted black and white muslin: not only had her desire materialised, but she was arrayed in it. She seemed pleased to see us again, nodded, smiled, stopped, and held out the flowers to Kitty. "Won't you ladies have these roses? My granddaughter did not meet me after all." Then my

sixth sense leaped for joy, and said, "Take that pink blossom, leave the blush coloured one for Kitty, it matches her beads, and never doubt me again."

"We must now," I said, "find Father Mahony," which was a trifle difficult as I had forgotten the name of the church, and could only ask where Father Mahony was buried. Several people didn't know, and had never heard of him.

"Perhaps," I said, "we should have asked where Father Prout is buried," for Father Mahony assumed as a *nom de plume* the name of a quaint old priest who once lived in the flesh, and was the figure of many an amusing story. One of them I am sure is true, for to this day the Irish are particularly fond of statuary.

While Father Prout's friend, Father Rufus, was studying for the priesthood in Rome, Father Prout made him a visit, and seized the occasion to expend a subscription contributed by his parishioners for an altarpiece. He spent days in going to artists and dealers in marbles, but found nothing that he liked, until one afternoon in a state of great satisfaction he begged Father Rufus to go with him and see his choice.

"Good heavens!" said Father Rufus; "that is a Diana; you can't have it."

"Yes, I can," said Father Prout. "I don't care what it is, it's lovely, and I'll have it. Those

chaps of mine at Ardnagehy will never know the difference."

Father Mahony, better known as Father Prout, was somewhat unconventional. The Jesuits at one time repudiated him, they did not care for his light-hearted contributions to literature; but he remained true to his religion, and died in a monastery. There was a time when I thought "The Bells of Shandon" poetry; people demand better things these days, and smile in a superior manner at:

"With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells—
Whose sounds so wild would in days of childhood
Fling round my cradle their magic spells;
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

Finally we did find St. Anne's, and an obliging young woman insisted on our listening to "The Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee." And then we climbed to the top of an adjacent hill to see the panorama of Cork, and were rewarded by a very beautiful view. The Lee runs through the fair green valley, surrounded by softly rounded hills, which are covered with roads, and built over with

houses. We walked along the Mardyke, the afternoon was warm, and we were glad that it was well shaded by trees. We saw no salmon leap, but there were salmon in the river; and despite the War there was a variety of shipping. The picturesque quays lie through the town.

I had worn Cork serge in London; every thread of it was wool, and it felt so pleasant and agreeable to the touch that I wanted to see the woollen mills at work. They seemed prosperous, and have no difficulty in finding a market for their wares.

Whenever we stopped to ask our way about, we found the people most amiable and communicative. Their speech is made benign by the hospitable, soft, full, round brogue of Cork, and they struck me as much more Irish than the people of Dublin. They have the reputation of being quick-witted, and quick at repartee, and the children in the schools are said to be remarkably precocious.

Cork is proud, and justly so, of the number of eminent writers, artists, and composers whom she has sent into the world. *Fraser's, Blackwood's,* and *Bentley's,* the three leading magazines of their day, owed much of their success to the brilliant articles of Doctor Maginn, Francis Mahony (Father Prout), and Maclise, who was not only an illustrator, but wrote clever verse and prose. Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was the author

of a number of plays. I saw *The Hunchback,* when a little girl, in New Orleans; and John McCullough thrilled my young heart and touched me to tears in *Virginius.* It is a fine dramatic play for a robust actor, and would do well on the cinematograph. Thomas Crofton Croker has written many books of charming Irish fairy lore, *Fairy Legends* and *Traditions of the South* have been translated both into German and French. I saw a prettily illustrated volume years ago in Baden-Baden. Richard Alfred Millikin was a musician, painter, and writer, but he never left Cork. John Augustus Shea was a writer and poet of note. John Francis Maguire, a prolific writer, was editor of the *Cork Examiner.* William O'Brien's novel, *When We Were Boys,* was of such absorbing interest that I sat up until two o'clock in the morning reading it. And he has written other novels, reviews, articles, essays, and verses.

And dear Justin McCarthy, what a splendid literary career he left behind him. A long list of novels, delightful books of history—what can be more entertaining than *The History of the Four Georges* and *A History of Our Own Times.* And no novel ever gave me more pleasure than *Dear Lady Disdain.* I was very young when it appeared in monthly instalments in *The Galaxy,* an American magazine, long since dead. I did not

dream that in the future the author would prove one of my most valued friends, and stand in place of my own father, when I married T. P. in St. Mary's, Father Scole's little church in Horse-ferry Road, now demolished, and the parish transferred to the Cathedral.

Stephen Foreman, who belongs to a later generation, is a versatile writer of prose and poetry. "The City of the Crimson Walls" is a fine poem, and *The Errors of Comedy* is a good novel. T. C. Murray, the dramatist, is a still younger man, and has undoubtedly a promising career before him. *Birthright* is almost too sincere a tragedy; it carries with it such sad and bitter conviction. Mrs. L. T. Meade, the author of *Scamp and I, The Medicine Lady,* and many other novels, sheds lustre on Cork.

Beautiful Kathleen Cecil Thurston, best known by her novel of *John Chilcote, M.P.,* was a Cork lady. The Rev. Lewis Macnamara wrote *Blind Larry, and Other Tales*—beautiful little studies of Irish peasant life. And there was John Paul Dalton, who wrote a highly dramatic poem, "Sarsfield at Limerick," and other poems and various essays. William Buckley is an author of note. *Croppies Lie Down* was exceedingly clever; and Mrs. Hungerford, the author of *Molly Bawn, April's Lady,* and a large number of spirited novels has won for herself a world-wide reputation.

S. Lennox Robinson, the author of *The Cross Roads* and other plays, is a young and clever playwright. The late Rev. Patrick Sheehan has written a number of very popular and original novels. Then there was John Fitzgerald, *Bard of Lee,* and various minor poets and writers who have shed a milder but no less pleasant lustre on Cork.

Among the artists from Cork there are James Barry, Daniel Maclise, R.A., Alfred Elinore, R.A., Samuel Ford, who gave great promise but unfortunately died at the early age of twenty-three. Richard Lyster, a musician as well as artist. James Cavanagh Murphy, who wrote brilliantly on architecture. Albert Hartland, a beautiful landscape and water-colour painter, entirely self-taught; and William Linden Casey, a water-colour artist of great merit, admired by Ruskin, taught King Edward VII drawing. Thomas Hovenden is a Cork man, whom America partly claims as he began his art career in New York, and almost all his subjects are of life in America; and William Magrath, though born in Cork, has also made his career in America. Thaddeus, a handsome and agreeable man, is a distinguished portrait painter and has painted many Royalties. Charles McIvor Grierson was born in Queenstown, and there are Eugene McSwiney, James Griffen, Samuel Wright, Hugh Charde, and Sir Egerton

Coghill. Seamus O'Brien, a young sculptor of decided promise and a playwright as well, has chosen San Francisco as his place of abode; and William Barry, a successful portrait painter, is now claimed by America.

A number of well-known musical composers were born in Cork. Almost every Southern girl has sung, "We May Never Meet Again," by Louis Blake, who lived in New Orleans, and "Maid of Athens," and "When We Two Parted," by Henry Robinson Allen. I heard Sims Reeves sing "I Watch for Thee in Starless Night," by Alexander Roche, at several concerts in London. And Matthew O'Riordan wrote a great number of ballads that were extremely popular in America. When I was a gay unconscious seventeen, with all of love before me, I used to sing with—possibly—heart-breaking pathos, "My Dream of Love Is O'er," and now indeed that it is o'er, I haven't the voice to sing about it. Poor young man, he was said to have written the appealing ballad to a faithless sweetheart, which only made it more fascinating. Louis Garret, the organist of St. Luke's, Cork, is a very gifted musician and composer. I heard a lovely song of his at one of the popular concerts in London.

So with writers, artists, and musicians, Cork has indeed a goodly roll of honour, and there are, as

always in Ireland, invisible claims connecting them with America.

The old curiosity shops of Cork are filled with objects of interest. At one of them I was lucky enough to find a charming coloured print of Mrs. Jordan, who made her first appearance in Dublin in 1777, in the part of "Phœbe" in *As You Like It*. She was a beautiful Irish girl with blue eyes and a dewy skin, who captured the heart of the Duke of Clarence, heir to the throne and afterwards William IV. Mrs. Jordan bore the King ten children, who were known by the names of Fitzclarence. Her five daughters married two earls, the youngest son of a duke, a general in the British Army, and a baronet. The King, who loved his children, gave Colonel Fitzclarence, his eldest son, one of his own titles, the Earl of Munster.

William's memory would have been held in greater respect if after a life of simple domesticity, which lasted for so many years, he had upheld his morganatic marriage with the faithful companion of his youth and the mother of his children. At the end of twenty years he tired of her, and at his request she left him. He married the Princess Adelaide in 1818.

The Chapel of Saint Finn Barr attached to the Honan Hostle, Cork, built under the cultured supervision of Sir John O'Connell, is one of the

most interesting, if not the most interesting, church in Ireland, being not only perfect in taste but a comprehensive example of national art. The architect, the builder, carvers of stone, the designers, and makers of the stained glass windows, the weavers and workers of the tapestries, and binder of the missals, and the artist who made and enamelled the beautiful monstrance are all Irish men and women living in the country, and under the influence of Irish tradition in history and in art. The little church, a model of the best skill, craftsmanship, and resource of Ireland, is built of Irish limestone, in the Hiberno-Romanesque style of a thousand years ago. It is suggestive of the Irish and is purely Celtic in character.

The outside of the building is dignified and simple, the west doorway has been adapted from the chapel of St. Cronan of Roscrea; over it is placed the statue of St. Finn Barr, the work of Mr. Oliver Shepherd, R.H.A., and the interior decoration is impressive and harmonious. The altar possesses a simple satisfying dignity, being composed of one great slab of Irish limestone. Mr. Oswald Reeves, a master of his art, has contributed a most brilliant piece of enamelling for the altar, and the art of enamelling is nowhere better executed than in Ireland. The design of the floor, which is original in conception and warm in colouring, is a connecting note with the brilliant stained-

glass windows, and the Stations of the Cross. I could linger long before those glowing windows, the work of Mr. Harry Clarke (whom Canon Hanney declares a genius in stained glass) and Miss Sarah Purser, for they are not only fine in design and execution, but they picture the poetic miracles in the life of many Irish saints.

St. Patrick, imposing in mitre and crozier, holds leaves of shamrock in his right hand, and his lips, slightly apart, seem to whisper his inspired prayer, those vigorous lines that embody all of Christianity in their strong appeal:

> At Tara to-day may the strength of God pilot me,
> May the Power of God preserve me,
> May the Wisdom of God instruct me,
> May the Eye of God behold me,
> May the Ear of God hear me,
> May the Word of God make me eloquent,
> May the Hand of God protect me,
> May the Way of God direct me,
> May the Shield of God defend me,
> May the Heart of God guard me,
> Against the snares of demons, the temptations of vices,
> The inclinations of the mind,
> Against every man who meditates evil towards me,
> Far or nigh, alone or with others.

St. Brigid, that humble, chaste friend of the poor, but, nevertheless, a woman of capacity and energy, as the founder of a cathedral church at Kildare, bears her church in her hand. The calf

which she succoured leans its little head against her arm, and there are suggestions of her many charities and miracles in the details of the window. St. Finn Barr gives a fine note of colour robed in his splendid red chasuble, his uplifted right hand which has once touched the Saviour is reverently covered by a glove, but the radiance pierces through it. The beautiful border of this window is suggested by the hazel tree, which when blessed by the saint bore leaves, nuts, and fruit in mid-winter.

St. Ita, a noble royal lady, the St. Brigid of Munster, is being presented by an angel with three jewels of great price, in appreciation of her love of the Trinity.

St. Columcille, "the Dove of the Churches," is surrounded by the doves who brought him messages of love from Derry to Iona, the angel who daily whispered counsel in his ear is beside him, and his white horse nestles his head on the saint's shoulder.

St. Fachtna, St. Declan and his miraculous bell, St. Ailbe who found a royal babe, the foster son of a tender-hearted mother wolf, St. Gobnet the patron saint of the bees, St. Carthage, St. Flannan, St. Colman, St. Brendan, and St. Mungret, all have beautiful commemorative windows of their lives and miraculous deeds in the hostel of St. Finn Barr.

The dominant note of colour in the furnishing of the church is a rich crimson. Miss Evelyn Gleeson, the founder of the Dun Emer Guild, has woven a dossal divided into four panels, each of them containing Celtic symbols of the four evangelists from the Book of Durrow. The background is a splendid red, and a beautiful border of Celtic work divides the panels and frames the dossal on the top and sides. Miss Gleeson is also responsible for an antependium of great beauty. The groundwork is dull gold embroidery, and the various sacred figures have been raised in thick embroidery in rich colours from the background. The vestments, among them a cloth of gold cope, chasuble and dalmatics, have been embroidered in the workshop of Mr. Barry Egan in Cork. The other sets of vestments are made of the richest Irish poplins, and embroidered in Celtic designs. Miss Kelly's missal, a labour of love, is bound in scarlet morocco, the vivid hue being controlled and softened by a border of soft olive greens outlined with gold. The high lights of the design are pin-pricks of gold and tiny pearls, which on close inspection prove to be the careful art of the designer expressed in a cunning inlay of white leather. The Celtic cross in the centre of the cover unites and forms part of the border, and flashes of semi-precious stones, topaz, amethyst, and aquamarine in the centre of the Cross, give brilliance and finish

to the completed design of a perfect piece of bookbinding.

Mr. William A. Scott, Professor of Architecture in the National University of Ireland, furnished drawings for the Celtic designs of all the altar plate to Edmund Johnston, who has a well-deserved reputation for the reproduction of antique Irish silver. The monstrance of silver plated in gold and enriched with large cabochons of sapphire enamel is a remarkable piece of work.

The creations of a nation reveal their character, and the Chapel of St. Finn Barr speaks more eloquently than a hundred books for the artistic ability of the Irish people.

CHAPTER XIII

KILLARNEY

A small share of anything is not worth much
But a small share of sense is worth much.
Old Gaelic Proverb

I DON'T like martial law in summer. Particularly on a hot day when it has nothing to do but shoulder a rifle, look in my window, and make the lowering of my blind a sweltering necessity. Kitty and I had pleasant rooms at the Royal Victoria Hotel, "by Killarney's Lakes and Fells," but numerous tents and soldiers occupied the sweet green field enamelled with wild flowers, between the hotel and the lake. Troops were stationed at Killarney on account of its being a very dangerous part of the country, an incipient rising had been quelled and was still held at bay. As a matter of fact not a single shot had been fired. Not even a youthful Sinn Feiner had defiantly let off a fire-cracker. A woman who made beautiful crochet, of a design called the coxcomb pattern, said she hoped the Irish in America would send no more money to John Redmond and his followers, otherwise all was in order. But there was a large party of happy officers and men enjoying a timely holiday.

Very likely a young officer with bathing, boat-

ing, and fishing tendencies had bethought him of reporting an official riot, which included "explosions, detonations, and pistol shots," altogether a different thing from the real riot, and his vivid report necessitated troops. Real jolly playboys of the Army they were. Bathing in the early morning, and at odd times during the day. Playing cards and games in the afternoon. Singing "Tipperary," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "My Little Grey Home in the West," in the evening, and guarding with vigilance a lonely stile, which separated the adjoining field, where father donkeys recuperated from overwork, and mother donkeys looked after donkeens.

The only really martial act I witnessed was an alert soldier prodding with his bayonet an ancient and obstinate ass, with no respect for martial law or military discipline, who would hang his head over that Sinn Fein stile. Naturally the windows of a hotel were more interesting than donkeys, especially when pretty Kitty was combing her long black hair, so we had often to shut out the lovely view and cool air for modesty's sake.

The officers were no less cheerful than the soldiers. They were accompanied by their wives, who knitted and read novels during the day, looked pretty, and wore dressy blouses for dinner. One young bachelor, a good pianist, singled out the

best musical talent among the soldiers, reinforced it with local singers, and we had several open-air concerts which were appreciated except by the old donkey, who lifted up his voice in a pitiful wheezing bray of protest at the shrillness of the soprano and the die-away tones of the tenor.

A very well-dressed young person imposed upon my inexhaustible well of credulity by calling a young captain "Poppa." I naturally inferred that she was "Mrs. Poppa," and we became quite friendly. The relationship of "Uncle" fills me with suspicion. I have been deceived by several benign uncles with showy nieces, but the American "Poppa"—the lady was a hyphenated American—suggests the domestic husband and loving father, and only that the captain continually sought to talk to us—and preferably to Kitty—thus arousing the jealousy of the lady, who told me he was her "man," and they were to be married after the war, I should never have known they were not married already. Captain "Poppa" did not mention marriage to me, he only said he was going to the front and was certain to be killed. However, if he escapes shrapnel and bullet, he certainly will not escape matrimony. The lady's unintermittent will and silent perseverance are certain to conquer his intermittent will and loquacious indecision.

Sunday, a magnificent day of steady brilliant sunshine, turned the lake into a sheet of gold; and

I said to Kitty, who was always amiable and open to any suggestion, that it would be well to make the Grand Tour. The little low Victoria was quite comfortable, we saw the ruins of Killalee Church and Killalee House, and crossed the winding Laun at Beaufort Bridge. Even on a Sunday there were one or two fishermen there, though it was late for salmon, but trout are always to be had. We diverged a little to obtain a view of Dunloe Castle, a mountain stronghold of O'Sullivan Mor which has been restored and made into a convenient residence.

There are beautiful views of the lake from the Castle, but lovely as the day and the drive were, we looked forward eagerly to the Gap of Dunloe. How many pictures we had seen of it. Irish artists love its threatening gloom and shadows, its shifting clouds and changing atmosphere. My enthusiasm somewhat subsided, when I saw "the ponies" which turned out to be tall, raw-boned horses; but Kitty told me to "be a sport" and the guide to "lep up," so I mounted my roan, which was ambitious and insisted on keeping a little in advance of Kitty's large bay mare. And I found it distinctly trying when my animal decided, as he often did, on violent trotting. We soon left gentle and domestic scenery behind us, and although the sunshine continued uninterruptedly brilliant, the sombre and wild hillsides cast dark and heavy

shadows. We looked into the purple tarns and indigo-blue lakelets, and up at frowning precipitous mountains, and down fragrant precipices blooming in wild flowers. It was magnificent scenery, towering mountains and steep hills, forests and woods, streams and lakes; but it was all lonely. The silence environed us and shut us away from the world.

Our first stopping-place was Kate Kearney's cottage, who was said to be a great beauty, and in the last century made and sold celebrated poteen. We refused to hear the echo, nevertheless we did hear it, and as long as soft-hearted Kitty dispensed at intervals various small coin it re-echoed. St. Patrick is supposed to have planted a plot of grass near one of the little lakes, and it is the greenest green grass and the most velvety that was ever seen, and almost miraculously, even in the coldest weather, its intense emerald hue remains unchanged. The black of the lake and the green of the sward, with the purple mountains above it, and the deep blue sky, made colour contrasts so striking they would have satisfied even the most daring futurist. Our guides not only gave us a picturesque account of Kate Kearney, but beyond the two lakes of Cushvalley and Augher they singled out a little white cottage with a freshly thatched roof, described it as the former abode of the beautiful Colleen Bawn, "The Lily

of Killarney," and relying on our ignorance gave an optimistic history of the unfortunate girl, ending with her happy marriage to a princely gentleman, and subsequent career as a lady of rank and fashion. The real story of John Scanlan, the son of William Scanlan of Ballycahane, a well-connected and well-to-do country squire, and the Colleen Bawn was much more thrilling and melodramatic.

The young man had been an officer in the Royal Navy, was dashing and handsome with ingratiating manners, and he easily won the heart of Ellen Hanley, a peasant girl of sixteen, who, on account of her exceeding beauty, her lily-white fairness, and her braids of shining golden hair, was known as the Colleen Bawn.

One evening in July Scanlan, Ellen, and Michael O'Sullivan were out in a boat, and they offered to ferry Nelly Walsh and three young men across the Shannon, from Kilrush to Glin. A terrible storm arose, and they all remained the night at Carrigafoyle, an island on the coast of the county of Kerry. Ellen Hanley wore a long grey cloak, a gold ring on her finger, and she carried a little round trunk filled with fine wearing apparel. The next morning the young men of Nelly Walsh's party went to Glin, but Nelly remained with Ellen Hanley. Later in the day Nelly was rowed across to Glin, leaving Ellen

Hanley with John Scanlan and Michael Sullivan, his servant and boatman. They had played together as boys, and so great was Michael's love and admiration for his young master, that he was ready to go even to the gallows for him.

The next morning when Nelly Walsh met Scanlan and O'Sullivan, on being questioned, they told her different stories of the absent Colleen Bawn. One said she had remained at Kilkee, the other that she was in Kilrush, and both told the story later that she had gone away with the captain of a ship. The grey cloak and the beautiful clothes from the little round trunk were given by Michael O'Sullivan to his sister, while he himself wore the plain gold wedding-ring on his finger, which Ellen Hanley had displayed with such pride to Nelly Walsh.

Certainly the evidence of foul play seemed against the two young men, but though suspected they were not arrested until two months later, when the body of the Colleen Bawn was discovered on a small and lonely estuary of the Shannon, under a mound of stones and slimy weeds. There was only a little bodice to identify her, and her perfect teeth, sound and milk-white as pearls. A rope was tightly knotted about her slender neck, showing that she had been first strangled; and a loop at the end suggested that a

stone had been attached to it, and after the murder her body dropped in the water.

It was proved that Ellen Hanley had been living with her uncle, a well-to-do ropemaker in Limerick, and while there she had contracted a secret marriage with Scanlan; afterwards he had tired of her, and she had been foully dealt with. When the river gave up its dead, Scanlan, sure of his safety, was visiting at one of the great houses in Ireland. He was arrested, committed to the gaol in Limerick, and the trial was begun with as little delay as possible. The great O'Connell, employed for his defence, did all that he could for the distinguished young prisoner, but the witnesses stood the cross-fire of his brilliant examination without a single contradiction.

The jury made no delay in finding the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to be hanged in twenty-four hours. Immediately after the sentence one of his family, a good horseman, travelled over the country to procure names of men of influence to a petition for mercy. A deputation of distinguished gentlemen presented the paper, but the judge said he had just sentenced an illiterate man to death for a murder less terrible, therefore he could not grant a respite to Scanlan, an intelligent gentleman, whose crime was far greater in enormity. The law must take its course. As a last favour Scanlan was allowed to

drive in the family coach to Gallows' Green, but the horses neighing pitifully refused to stir. Neither blows nor threats would induce them to draw their unfortunate young master to the place of execution. He was obliged to walk in the sad procession to the gibbet, and to the last protested his innocence, saying: "I suffer for a crime in which I did not participate."

Later, Michael O'Sullivan was found, arrested, confessed his guilt, and he, too, was executed.

Even the unique gifts of O'Connell could not save these two unfortunate young men. At this time he had gained the reputation of being the greatest criminal lawyer in Europe. Nature seemed to have given him every physical, personal, and intellectual advantage. He was tall, with a straight, muscular figure, a fine expressive face, deep blue eyes, and a voice of sweetness and tremendous power. It could roll like the thunder of a splendid organ, or in tender tones of irresistible pathos bring tears to the eyes of his hearers; and great as were his gifts of oratory, his intellectual gifts were still greater. He had a wonderful sense of humour, a razor-like power of sarcasm, and with this unusual combination of qualities he was still more unusual in knowing the letter of the law.

Even the most sensational murder cases are forgotten, but the Colleen Bawn has been made im-





Scenes in the Lake Country

mortal, first by Gerald Griffin's story of *The Collegians* and later by Dion Boucicault's thrilling drama of *The Colleen Bawn.* Mrs. Boucicault told me that her husband was so moved and inspired by *The Collegians,* although the play differed from the book, that at the end of three weeks he had finished the four acts, and on Saturday they had begun rehearsals. It was in *The Colleen Bawn* that I first saw this greatly gifted Irish actor, and with an ear attuned to sound, I have never forgotten his wonderful voice. Like Sarah Bernhardt's, it could be described as a voice of gold. Every human emotion: scorn, pride, rage, fear, despair, love, tenderness—oh, such exquisite melting tenderness—were conveyed in its myriad tones. And Dion Boucicault was not only an actor but a literary man as well. He wrote many thrilling plays beside *The Colleen Bawn,* and the libretto and the lyrics of that popular opera *The Lily of Killarney.* So perhaps after all, with a book, and a play, and an opera to keep her memory green, the beautiful Colleen Bawn did not meet her tragic death in vain.

When we reached the second black rock, cleft by the sword of the great Finn McCoul, our horses were stopped, and the guide told us to make a wish, which was certain to come true. I have a thirty years' wish on tap, so it was not necessary for me to linger long by the lake, where, according

to history, St. Patrick drowned the last serpent, but according to legend the serpent still lives, and is imprisoned in a copper chest which is lodged in the bottom of the lake, waiting for the last great day, when he will emerge for judgment. But until then he remains solitary, for no self-respecting fish would associate with him or keep him company.

The mountains, awe-inspiring, rose on either side to enormous heights above us. We saw an eagle soar and wild deer disappear, and the sun seemed to be less bright in the deep valley, it was so obscured by black and purple shadows. Whenever I was particularly enjoying the view, and drifting into a sentimental and romantic mood, my large red horse started off on a fierce disturbing trot, and by the time I reached the lovely lake I felt rather like a bruised jelly. We had a little anxious excitement when Kitty's mare galloped and her rider cast a neat brown shoe. There was some difficulty in finding it, but eventually the guide discovered a high suède heel under a spreading fern, and we left the splendid gloom of the Gap and stepped into the broad boat awaiting us on the Upper Lake. The younger of the boatmen was rather silent, but the middle-aged captain of the craft, who was a strong swift oarsman, was full of information and stories.

I was interested to see the islands of the Upper

Lake, particularly Arbutus Island, as I expected to find the beautiful pink American arbutus; but it is quite a different plant, much larger and finer than ours, though the flowers are far less fragrant.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of the lakes on that lovely day, the strong lights and shadows from the surrounding hills, the intense blue of the sky and water, the glossy green of the varied verdure, the sweetness of the sound of running water from the little streams that whisper to the lakes. But how strange the loneliness and the want of summer houses seem to an American. Killarney is more beautiful than our American lakes, and yet they are fringed with gay hospitable villas and cottages, while these sweet waters of Ireland are left undisturbed to silence and to loneliness. Lovely wild flowers bloom to the very water's edge—Water Germander, Heal-all and Bugle, Bluebottle and Adder's Tongue, and ferns were crowding forward to absorb the moisture, while deeper in the woods we got a glimpse of Foxglove, blackberry vines, and Sweet Woodruff, and near us a ruin was completely surrounded by Elecampane. There is everything to make Killarney beautiful—water, hills, woods, sky, for even when it rains the sky is silvery and clear. Brilliant patches of colour, fields of golden red, and headlands and rocks covered in the beau-

tiful magenta heather, that is never seen except in Ireland.

As we glided over the lake, Kitty called out excitedly, "I saw a snow-white silver trout."

The boatman said, "Did she have a rosy mark on her side?"

And Kitty, who was trailing her hand in the water said, "I don't know, it glided quickly under my hand, and looked like a fish carved from mother-of-pearl."

"Ah, 'twas her right enough," said the boatman; "'twas the Princess; she would be out late on a day like this, she loves the sunshine."

"The Princess," said Kitty, "is it a fairy fish?"

The boatman was slow to answer. "You Americans have no good people in your country, and don't believe in thim. I won't bother you with this tale."

"Oh, yes we have," I said; "and our fairies have wept real tears."

"That cannot be, lady," said the boatman; "the good people are too gay to weep. Thim mischievous crathurs have no tears in their little hearts."

"We have proof of the Virginia fairies weeping tears," I said. "It was ages ago when a breathless Puck came to the Happy Valley, and found all the fairies dancing at a great festival to the full moon of midsummer. His dress was made from a

black Iris, his wings were grey and drooping, and he looked sorrowful and broken-hearted. The pretty little rainbow creatures crowded round him and called out, 'Join the dance! Join the dance!' And he said, 'No, my heavy grief makes my feet like drops of lead. I have seen a horrible thing, a thing that has pierced my heart. The gentle Christ has been crucified. I was there, but could not help Him.' And he described to the good people that dreadful day in Jerusalem, and they all wept, and wept, and wept. And each fairy tear became a little rude stone cross, and if you go to that valley—it is no longer called the Happy Valley, but the Valley of Tears—you can pick up little fairy crosses to this day."

The boatman said, "God save us all, lady; I do belave on that awful day the fairies did let fall their tears, sure an' how could they help it; an' I would like to see wun of thim crosses."

I wore one on a bracelet, and showed it to him.

"Then," he said, "as you have the good people in your country, I will tell you about the silver throut.

"In the ould ancient times, a King had a beautiful daughter, who was to marry a Prince as beautiful as herself. But a dark Prince loved the lady, an' wun day he up wid his sword an' killed the fair Prince that was beloved by the Princess, an' threw his body into the lake. An'

whin the Princess heard about the murder she refused to ate, an' she couldn't slape, an' was always wanderin' be the edge of the lake. They tried and tried to find the Prince and dragged the lake and wanted to give his poor body Christian burial, but he was niver more to be found. An' the Princess pined and pined, an' got white an' still more white, an' wun day she didn't die, she just disappeared. An' the very same day, in the avenin', a boatman saw a white throut swimmin' up the lake at night, an' down the lake the next mornin'. An' that throut had blue eyes like the grievin' colleen, an' he says, ' Sure, 'tis the Princess been turned into a fish by a kind fairy to find her thrue luv.' An' from that day to this, hundreds of years, that silver throut swims up the lake in the avenin', an' down the lake in the mornin'—always, but wunce.

" Wun afthernoon an English soldier, who didn't belave in the Good People or silver throuts, whin she was dramin' caught her an' took her home, and put her in a pan with grase an' tried to fry her. But, glory be to God, she wouldn't fry. He turned her on this side and on that side, an' there she was as fresh as whin she came out of the wather. Suddonly he lost his timper, an' says, ' 'Ave you force me to it I'll ate ye alive, but ate ye I will.' Wid this he stuck his strong English fork into the unfortunate throut. Wid that

she gives a scrame like a Banshee, an' leps out av the fryin'-pan, lights on her little feet a lovely Princess in a long silver robe, her golden hair stramin' all over it, an' blood comin' out av her side. She looked at the soldier wid her big blue eyes an' says, 'You cruel murtherer, see what you have done. You tuk me out av me nice cool clane wather, where I was lukin' for me thrue love, who wun day will surely find me, an' you thried to fry me in hot soft grase. You were too stupid to see I wouldn't fry, an' while I am talkin' to you an' puttin' a thousand curses on to you, notwithstandin' these hundreds of years I have been thryin' to find me own thrue love; he may be swimmin' afther me this blessed minute, an' I will lose him yet. If I do, I'll grow to the size of a whale, an' I'll come out av the wather an' swallow ye whole.'

"The English soldier remimbered Jonah and his whale, an' he trimbled like an aspen lafe, an' whin the Princess subsided into a bleedin' fish agin, he quickly placed the throut on a clean china plate, dashed down to the lake an' put her back agin an' saw her swim away. An' iver since thin she has a rosy blush on her side, where that murtherous English fork wint into her."

"Oh, I wish I had caught that fish," said Kitty; "perhaps she would have become a beautiful Princess for me. Maybe now she would be sitting

in this boat in her shining silver dress, with her golden hair flowing about her like a golden mantle."

"I thought," I said to the boatman, "that was a story of Cong?"

"I don't know if they claim it in another part of Ireland," said the boatman, frowning, "but I have been on this lake over forty years, an' always I have seen that silver throut swimmin' up in the mornin' an' down in the avenin', an' always I hear the same tale about her."

"I am sure," I said, "it is the very same silver fish that inspired Yeats to those charming verses:

"I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand.
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

"When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And something called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair,
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

"Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands,
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.'

"I heard Yeats read that poem in America, and I could not resist saying to him afterwards, 'I would have done it better myself.' Perhaps he does not appreciate its beauties as I do. George Moore says he is no judge of his own books, as he has never read them, and that when he has leisure he intends to take a course of George Moore."

It had been a heavenly day, and the temptation to remain on the lake until the last possible moment was so great, that we were late for dinner. But not so late as a humble bride and groom, who were spending their honeymoon at the Killarney Hotel, and were evidently quite new to the usages of polite hotels. For the waiter said that when he asked them whether they would have *diner table d'hôte* or *à la carte* as it was so late, the bridegroom looked for help towards the bride, and when she gave him none he said generously, "We will take a little of both—and plenty of gravy." That young man could not have given a better augury for the life's happiness of his

wife, than wanting not only gravy, but plenty of it.

I find that simple, artless, straightforward, kindhearted men and women, with hearty appetites and good digestions, like plenty of gravy. It is an indication of mental and physical well-being. But the more complicated part of humanity, those who are emotional and capricious of health, do not like gravy. It so soon gets cold, and resolves itself into a grey solidity. Gravy seems to me a defiance to digestion unless you have an unhesitating appetite, and can eat without dalliance. I am too complex in temperament, indifferent of digestion, and dally too long over my food for gravy. I remember at quite an early age, when my parents implored me to eat meat, and I much preferred rice, that I would say, "A little piece of roast beef, but" (unlike the bridegroom of Killarney) "no gravy." And since that "*table d'hôte, à la carte,* and plenty of gravy," I can invariably tell by looking at people whether they like gravy.

The young, straightforward, hearty, burly, manly; the joyous, the frank, the healthy, the strenuous, the up-early big breakfast people, all delight in gravy, "and plenty of it." But the sad, the sorrowful, the uncertain, the analytic, the disillusioned, the doubting and the delicate, all eschew gravy.

CHAPTER XIV

LIMERICK

A STORY of Limerick is of two English ladies who were talking in loud tones in the street. One of them said to the other, "I've travelled all over Europe, in many countries, and"—looking about her—"I've never seen such dirty people as the Irish."

An old fisherwoman following behind with her basket overtook them and said with her eyes flashing, "Maybe 'tis thrue yez have thravelled the wurrld over, but whin yez thravel down to hell ye'll find no dirty Irish there."

Kitty and I stopped at a more than questionably clean hotel in Limerick, but the principles advocated by the proprietor were not only clean, but almost obsolete in chaste purity.

Lamenting the more recent history of Ireland, he said, "I wint to school with Charley Parnell,"—it was the first time I had ever heard that stern personality spoken of as "Charley,"—"and his thruble was as if me own brother had made a mistake. Ah, 'twas the greatest pity in the wurrld, for Charley was, from the time he was a bhoy, wun of thim who could make you do what-

iver he wanted. He carried power in his eye. And to think that in the end he was entirely put under by a woman. I stood by him, but 'twas for the sake of Ireland, I don't hould with thim things"—he waved his arm comprehensively around the shabby, disordered, dusty room, as if it was sacrosant—" and—I don't have anny of thim things goin' on here. It's thrue 'tis a hotel, but 'tis also thrue that I kape it unpolluted. And while I live 'twill be clane, 'twill be dacint.

"A little time ago two min and wun woman came to the hotel—I niver like thim Threes. Two women and wun man, or two min and wun woman —and whin I see thim, I take notice. Well, this last Three was unasyly gay, an' she with a skirt unchristian short, an' a bodice unchristian low, an' they was laughin' and talkin' an' pretindin' to be so friendly together, an' there was plenty of drink to the fore, with champagne corks poppin'. But the laughin' was too bould, 'twasn't natural, an' both the min looked hard whin they looked at each other, an' the woman looked soft at wun an' sly at the other, an' 'twas him that was her husband.

"An' thin come the avenin' when I tuk part. 'Twas after the make-believe merriment the three began to yawn, an' twasn't long before the two min wint upstairs to their bedrooms. An' thin the lady wint to hers, an' I follyed her, an' found her standin' with her hand on the knob of a door.

An' God save us all it wasn't her own door knob, nor yit her husband's, so I stepped close to her, an' I brought down the flat of my hand, an' I slapped her. I slapped that painted hussy as she had not been slapped since she was a bad little gur-rle. Thin the doors opened, an' the two min an' me an' the woman all stood lukin' at each other. An' thim two min didn't dare ax me why. I was so burstin' to tell thim I breathed like a man snorin', an' that was the only sound. Whin I found the talkin' was to be left to me, I said, 'I kape a dacint roof over my head, an' over the heads of thim that stays under it, an' if they are not dacint so much the worse for thim.' I luked at the woman, one cheek was blazin' red, an' the other snow white. Thin I tuk her by the arm an' handed her to her husband, who was the poorest spirited of the lot, an' I pointed to her reproved cheek, an' I said to the likes of him, 'If you had been half a man you'd have done it yourself, but I done it for you.' An' thin I told the wun who was not her husband, I could part with his company that minute, an' maybe I done a good job for I shamed that lot of Threes annyway. They was high up in the wur-rld, but high or low thim things don't go on in this hotel."

An arrival interrupted this thrilling conversation, and I said to Kitty, "That militant defender of virtue doesn't know it, but his methods are

Biblical. The woman was not stoned. She was slapped."

Kitty laughed. "Poor woman, she was not only slapped but she lost her admirer; he could never forget that sordid episode, it killed all romance—you may be sure of that."

We were much struck with the beauty of the women of Limerick. The fashionably dressed, and the poor, with shawls over their heads and bare feet, were equally good-looking. In the hot summer weather these thick blankety shawls which envelope them must be extremely uncomfortable. I wonder that some Manchester manufacturer does not make large cheap cotton shawls for the Irish market; they would be certain to have a quick sale. Both the women and men have a curiously southern appearance. They are tall and graceful, and the men particularly have a good length of limb, flat backs, and supple waists, like my own Texas cowboys. Their speech is soft, with a little drawl, and a comforting kindly intonation. The tallest policemen in Ireland are said to come from the South and West, and many of them are Limerick boys.

We passed an old man in a donkey car driven by a young peasant girl, who was as vividly coloured as a humming-bird. Her skin was startlingly red and white, her eyes dark blue with black lashes. She was smiling, and her teeth were strong and

white—an unusual beauty in Ireland—her shawl had fallen off her shoulders, and her little head was covered in thick plaits of glossy black hair. The Limerick women have a good upright carriage, as if they carried buckets of water on their heads like the women of the Canary Islands.

There is no town in Ireland that has a more interesting history than that of Limerick, connected as it is with Sarsfield, Cornwall, and the celebrated Treaty, which after Sarsfield with his 12,000 good men and true had left the country, was broken by England—alas! if it had been the only broken treaty—the situation is beautiful, being surrounded on all sides with splendid mountains which shelter it from cold winds, and the Golden Vale—said to be one of the most fertile districts in Ireland—dips down between the lovely hills, and provides fine grazing ground for cattle.

The broad Shannon on its way to the sea becomes, near the town, a series of lakes, gloriously reflecting clouds and sky. There has evidently been no plan in building the city, it has developed from a village; and there are pleasant curves and unexpected winding streets, and old gabled houses, suggestive of those in Flemish Belgium.

The Cathedral of St. Mary's was built in the twelfth century; it still stands, and the interior contains memorials of interest. In the chancel

is a monument to Donagh O'Brien, Earl of Thomond. It was restored by the Earl of Limerick, and is now rich in the coloured marbles of Ireland. The bells, said to rival those of Shandon in sweetness of tone, were made by an Italian for a convent in the Appenines, and he loved them so he lived within sound of their chimes. Money difficulties arose, and to meet them the Mother Abbess sold the bells.

The maker also had suffered in fortune, and, broken-hearted, he became a wanderer over the world. The law of coincidence brought him to Ireland, and as he sailed up the broad Shannon in the twilight of a golden day, the air was filled with music, and he heard once again his beloved bells. Ireland faded away; he was in Italy again, at the entrance of the long white convent. The scent of olive trees was in the air. The joy of his youth returned. The bells rang out the Angelus with a divine sweetness, and on their delicate chime his soul floated aloft. When they landed he was found dead.

King John's Castle is another landmark, having been built in 1210. It is a wonderfully picturesque Norman fortress, flanked by two drum towers. The walls are ten feet thick, cannonades having made superficial indentations, and through all the centuries it has been used as a garrison. Thomond Bridge springs from its gate, and connects the



On the Road to Parknasilla

English town with County Clare. In 1839 it was rebuilt with splendid broad spans, which are now daily traversed. At the west end of the bridge the famous Treaty Stone of 1691 was set upon its present pedestal in 1865, the year that ended our great Civil War in America—and it bears the inscription applied to Carthage:

"Urbs antiqua fuit studüesque asperrima belli."

The lovely little Castle of the Lax Weir, all overgrown with golden lichen and pale moss, is in the centre of the trap for salmon and eels, and a very ancient regulation connected with it still exists. At night a boat dimly lighted is moored below the Castle Weir, and from it watchmen call every hour of the night. In the eighteenth century there were famous gardens in Limerick, and even yet the flowers bloom with luxuriance, and the raspberries of a monster size have a flavour like that of a juicy flower.

Limerick lace is known all over the world, and of late there has been a revival of the tambour and run lace. Old Limerick lace was white until time turned it yellow, but now that a cream net and thread are used in the making, it is far more becoming. If a few ladies of influence would get Parisian dressmakers to recognise its flattering qualities this lace would have a fashionable and

prosperous future. There is no more charming veil for a bride than a full, clinging, soft diaphanous square of Limerick lace.

Besides lace-making there are other industries. Limerick hams are celebrated all over the world. Limerick butter, made from the cows that feed in the Golden Vale, is unequalled; and Limerick bacon is celebrated for the manner in which it fries with a crisp dryness. That is the test of all others of good bacon. The longer the war lasts, the wetter the bacon seems to be. A good deal of inferior bacon masquerades under the name of Limerick, but the genuine article is really the best in the world.

With its splendid situation on the Shannon Limerick at one time commanded a prosperous trade; it is close to the broad Atlantic, and some future day it should become a port to America. That is part of my vision and dream for Ireland.

The old shops with their prints, glass, china, bits of jewelry, silver snuff-boxes, and furniture are seductive. A persuasive salesman very nearly induced Kitty to buy a hospitable silver teapot, suitable in size for a small garden party. It seemed to me this large object, stored away in the limited kit of a V.A.D., was an unnecessary possession, so I intervened. The quaint little man then exhibited various articles for my delectation, a piping Pan of bronze, Indian silver, Nankin

ware, and as a last hope he dangled the locket of a queen to dazzle me.

"No," I said, "none of these things tempt me."

"You never can tell," he said, "what will take the fancy of people who like old stuff."

"Quite true; my friend Hicks, of Dublin, goes so far as to say that people who buy curios are not responsible for their actions." What an eerie hit-the-nail-on-the-head laugh that man gave; he had so often to his own advantage proved Hicks' theory.

In another musty, dusty shop we found an amazingly interesting human document. It was an old scrapbook of the O'Grady family, collected and edited by an unusually talented amateur artist, Miss Louisa O'Grady. Her water-colours, —I bought one—a fair-haired little girl holding a grey-eyed little kitten—painted with a touch as light as a butterfly, were finished with exquisite care, and somehow she had managed to convey in her work her own personality, that of a gentlewoman of taste and refinement. I imagine her with a sweet oval face framed in pale-brown silky hair, a slim figure, and slender hands; a dress of lavender muslin finished at neck and wrists with frills of English thread lace, a lavender ribbon around her waist fastened by a flat bow, and long flowing ends.

In this honoured book of the O'Gradys there

were letters from Kings and Queens, Statesmen and Ambassadors, poets and opera singers, a neat missive and a very beautiful youthful photograph of Patti. A lovely signed photograph—showing her splendid coronet of braids, more beautiful than any jewelled coronet she ever wore—of the unfortunate Elizabeth of Austria, who loved Ireland, Irish people, and above all Irish horses. Letters and a photograph of Garibaldi. Little sketches of famous artists. Lovely portraits of her family and friends by Louisa O'Grady, caricatures sent her by the artists of *Punch*. Letters from great actors. A little verse by Alfred Tennyson, and a long and well-written letter from Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh—one of the heroes of my youth who remains a hero still.

Admiring as I do bodily perfection, having seen the power of beauty, and the supreme advantage that a handsome appearance gives a man or a woman,—even the genius of the greatest artist is enhanced by a lovely exterior,—there is but one thing I admire more. The triumph of mind over matter. Spirit and intelligence rising superior to its cramped and imperfect abode. There must be such an array of fine qualities to do this. A great sweetness of nature to be reconciled to deformity; unintermittent courage to go forward and meet life as those well equipped for the fray; humility that can say, "Why not I as well as another?"

and a splendid pride to conquer in spite of being different from other men.

Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh possessed all these qualities, and more. It is true that he had blue blood in his veins, and could trace his parentage to the Kings of Leinster, but even the fighting heritage of his ancestors must have quailed at a misfortune such as his, for he was born with only the rudiments of arms and legs. And yet, with never-flagging courage and ingenious perseverance he did all, and much more than many normal men. His body was vigorous, and by athletic exercises he developed his stumps of arms, until they became as strong as steel, and lightning quick in movement. Strapped in a basket-chair, with the reins twined about his wrists, the whip held close to his side, he rode to hounds and took fences and walls with the boldest riders. On one occasion his chair seat slipped and he was dragged head downwards along the ground, but this dangerous accident did not prevent his riding again.

He was an expert fisherman, supplying the play of the wrist by dexterous and well-timed jerks with his stumps of arms. He was a good shot both in cover and in the open, resting the gun upon his left arm stump and jerking the trigger with his right. He was an experienced yachtsman, and wrote an account of a cruise off the coast of Albania; and he became a fair amateur draughts-

man and water-colour painter, while his writing—it cannot be called handwriting, as he had no hands—was round, legible, and full of character.

He was educated by private tutors in Ireland, France, and Rome, and in his youth travelled to Egypt, to Asia Minor, to Sinai, Jerusalem, and Beyrout. Returning to Ireland in 1848 while Smith O'Brien's rebellion was in progress, he joined the Volunteer Scouts, and was on active service, riding alone oftentimes all night. His physical disadvantages for him had ceased to exist. He not only lived as other men, but as an active and vigorous man. He could wheel himself about the house in a chair, but for walking he used the legs of his servant, who carried him on his back.

At the end of the rebellion he started with his eldest brother to India, by way of Russia, Persia, and Mosul. Visiting Nineveh on to Bagdad, and riding through a perilous pass to Shirez he saw the mule before him tumble over a precipice, but his wonderful nerve did not fail him, and by a quick jerk he reined his animal to hug the mountain pass and thus saved his life.

In India he hunted big game and killed a tiger, carried despatches in the Arungbad district, and held a post in Poonah. The death of his eldest brother made it necessary for him to return to Ireland. There is an ancient unwritten law that no head of a clan must be imperfect in body, but

the dominant courage and indomitable manliness of Kavanagh made him acceptable to the Kavanaghs, and he proved a more than creditable chief to the old traditions He was not without the love of women. His mother had been his constant companion and friend, and his cousin, Frances Mary, a beautiful girl who had other suitors refused them to marry him. They had sons and daughters, and he settled down to the life of a landlord with a high sense of responsibility to his tenants and to his country. He rebuilt the villages of Borris and Ballyragget on plans drawn out by himself, which were of such excellence they won the Royal Dublin Society's Medal. As a Justice of the Peace he administered justice in the courtyard of Borris House, sitting in his chair, and there he mended quarrels, made up differences between neighbours and smoothed away obstacles to wavering marriages. After his election to Parliament, when the House was in session he was always in his seat, and though he spoke rarely it was to the point, and he was a valued and energetic member of the Conservative Party.

His active spirit urging him to unceasing work was too much for his incomplete physique, and he did not live beyond middle-age. But what matter? He lived long enough to show what a completely intrepid spirit can accomplish. Without arms or legs, or feet or hands, he was sportsman, fisher-

man, draughtsman, traveller, writer, and a broad-spirited man of public affairs.

His sanity must have been perfect, his intelligence normal, and his self-consciousness small to enable him to live—cruelly hampered by circumstance—as though he were equal to other men. He was never spectacular or dramatic, but his life, sincere and simple, called forth the highest moral and physical courage possible to man. And though many Irish heroes have won laurels as statesmen, patriots, and soldiers, none have deserved a crown more than this valiant warrior who so gallantly carried his cross of defeat under the banner of Victory.

CHAPTER XV

A PLEASANT TOUR

We left Limerick on a pleasant warm day, travelled third-class to Parknasilla, and happened on an entertaining company. An amiable old priest, two farmers, and later a third entered the carriage. Greeted with enthusiasm, he was evidently a well-known wit.

"And have you paid your rint yet?" asked one of his friends.

"Begob an' I have not, an' 'tis me Christian duty to me neighbour an' me landlord not to do it. Shure an' if I paid him his rint wouldn't he be off to London to spind it, and then he moight run away with a London beauty, an' get himself into the divorce court. Do you think I am goin' to be exposin' a man with siven childer an' a wife to such timptation?"

The priest, who took snuff, said, "Don't you think you are taking too much time by the forelock, Jerry?"

"Ah, Father, 'tis foresight distinguishes the white man from the savage, an' 'tis foresight is keepin' me landlord from ruin."

Our tender-hearted tenant and his friends, to our regret, left us at the next station. The motor drive from the village of Parknasilla to the seashore, through beautiful country, was delightful, rain had laid the dust, the trees were dripping diamond drops, and the shadows were lengthening, but the sun shone brilliantly. We passed a cottage which seemed to have stepped out of a highly coloured picture postcard. It was freshly whitewashed, with a thatched roof of golden straw, two tall fuchsias, red and purple, grew on either side of the green door, and down the flagged path were rows of poppies and white lilies. Daisies besprinkled the vivid green grass in the little garden, and the low white wall was overgrown with scarlet runners and passion flowers. With the sunshine intensifying the brilliant colour scheme of scarlet, white and green, it was amazingly pretty.

Parknasilla itself is a perfect beauty spot. The hotel, originally the house of a bishop, has been enlarged and converted into a most comfortable abode. It is situated on a low cliff softly rolling down to an inlet from the sea. The various islands dotted about, and the gently lapping waves of blue water give the impression of a lake. In the distance is a long line of opalescent mountains, and there are many acres of lovely woods, winding walks, and little rustic bridges thrown across unex-

pected channels of sea water. The vegetation is boldly luxurious; with proper care even tropical shrubs and trees would grow in this rich and fertile country. The green of the trees, the blue of the sky, the pink and mauve of the mountains, and the flowers opulent in size and vivid in colour fill the eye continually with surprising beauty.

While we were there an officer from the Front arrived suffering from shattered nerves, the result of shell-shock. As a boy he had visited the Bishop, fished from the islands, and sailed a boat as far as Valentia, and his first consciousness after being blown up was an intense longing for the stillness and greenness of the scenes of his boyhood. When he got to London he said to his wife, "If I am ever to get well it will only be in that soft, kind, healing air." Expecting to be in Ireland for some months, they had looked at two or three houses which were to be let on the way. A picturesque place had the bathroom at the top of the house. Captain Magillicuddy noticed a tap for cold water, but no outlet for it, and he asked the butler left in charge, "After letting in the water and taking a bath, how is it emptied?"

"Sure the master used to toss it out of the window, he said the water was good for the flowers, and the exercise was good for him."

Mrs. Magillicuddy thought a man must be in the pink of condition to daily empty a bath-tub, so they decided not to take the house.

At the end of a pleasant lazy walk at Parknasilla we thought to try a more vigorous climate and moved on to Mallaranny. It was not so beautiful as Parknasilla, although any place where there are mountains and sea, and a wide open view, and thick hedges of fuchsia, and fields of magenta heather must be beautiful. The air is invigorating, and there were pleasant walks, and a recruiting office where they had not recruited anything except a snow-white parrot with a pale yellow lining to his tail, a crescent of blue feathers around his eyes, and a pink top-knot. He was called James, and said with cutting distinctness, "Give James bread and but-ter." Two puppies, a kitten, and a bachelor guinea-pig finished the innocent recruits.

The beautiful island of Achill is not many miles away, and we spent a glorious day there. Many jarveys beset us at the station, there were several younger drivers and faster horses that we might have taken for our long drive, but we could not resist the blue eyes of an old man, who assured us that his horse was good for any number of miles. So we mounted the car and started for the grand tour. The strong sunshine and the crystalline air revealed all the wild beauty of Achill. The

undulating shore, the white cliffs, the blue Atlantic with its—that day—kind waves and white caps rolling over the yellow sands. The fisherwomen in blue bodices and scarlet homespun skirts—in future, unfortunately they will be white, as the red dye came from Germany—gathering Carrigean moss, which makes the best gelatine, and latterly the soft, clean, jelly-like substance impregnated with salt has been found a valuable antiseptic for wounds.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Kitty. "I would like every artist I know to come to Achill. Did you ever see so much sea, and mountain, and sky before? It looks as if all the doors of the world were open."

"To-day," I said, "it is heavenly, but the sea can be terrible here. It was off the coast of Achill that the Children of Lir, when they were swans, suffered their worst hardships, and Katherine Tynan wrote her beautiful maternal poem of that period of their lives:

"But alas! for my swans, with the human nature,
Sick with human longings, starved with human ties,
With their hearts all human, cramped in a bird's stature,
And the human weeping in the bird's soft eyes.
Never shall my swans build nests in some green river,
Never fly to southward in the autumn grey,
Rear no tender children, love no mates for ever,
Robbed alike of birds' joys and of man's are they.

"Dews are in the clear air, and the roselight paling,
Over sands and sedges shines the evening star,
And the moon's disk high in heaven is sailing,
Silvered all the spear-heads of the rushes are—
Housed warm are all things as the night grows colder,
Water-fowl and sky-fowl dreamless in the nest,
But the swans go drifting, drooping wings and shoulder
Cleaving the still waters where the fishes rest."

"Look!" said Kitty, "there are swans, perhaps you have called back the Children of Lir."

"No," said the old man, "those are big gulls floating on the sea. It is quiet now, but in the winter when a strong wind blows over the Atlantic, the waves rise so high they look like blue mountains capped with snow."

"Did you ever see such colour?" asked Kitty. "Look at those black cliffs standing with their feet in blue water, the green grass on the level above them, the hollows full of purple shadows, the brown road like a ribbon winding along, and that donkey-cart of velvet turf driven by a woman in a scarlet skirt. What a picture!"

We had been sitting by the sea eating our lunch, and when we mounted the car again the old jarvey turned his head and asked if I was an American lady.

"Yes," I said; "I am from the South."

"Then you will like to know there's not a cot-



In Hotel Garden, Parknasilla

tage in Achill Island but gets silver from your country. Some of thim more, some of thim less, but all of thim gets it, an' if they didn't wirristhrue they would starve in the winter. There's not often an empty letther from across the sea, not often, an' how they do be looked for. This horse was bought with American money. Annie O'Brien sint it to me."

"And who is Annie O'Brien?"

"She's my daughter. All my childer is in America, ivery wun, only me an' herself's left in Achill now."

"And the horse," I said; "she's homefolks."

"Ach sure an' she is that, an' the wise wun she is. There isn't a craythur in Achill that she don't be on spakin' terms wid. An' well—as she's a lady I won't tell her age. Annyhow, she's as active and sure on her feet as a goat."

"Where is Annie O'Brien?" I asked.

"She is in wun of thim great hotels in the town of Cleveland. She ain't just a chambermaid you know, she's away beyant that. She's some kind of a manager an' she makes good money. It was she sint for the next wun, an' so wun by wun they left us. But for the war two of thim did be comin' back this summer. Achill looks bare an' lonely to you maybe, but people born to it drame of it; whin they go away, a sickness for it comes over thim, an' they do be comin' back. You see

that house we are passin', that's a Yankee house."

"A real Yankee?" I asked.

"Well, half and half," the jarvey said. "He played about here till he was ten. The best swimmer among the lads, an' beginnin' to be a hurler, too, young as he was. Thin his father tuk his family an' wint to America. The boy had a likin' for machinery, an' he invinted an' improved some cog to a wheel, an' as soon as he made enough he did come back to Achill an' brought a Yankee wife an' a Yankee bath-tub wid him."

"And did he build his house with two stories and plant those nice hollyhocks?"

"He did that, an' it's him that's got the hands on him, for he can do about annything, an' his wife, too. They got all the furniture up from Dublin. Oh, it's a grand Yankee house, an' thim two does be very kind to the poor."

"Don't they ever want to go back to America?"

"Divil a bit, lady, for herself lives for himself, an' he lives for the swimmin', an' hurlin', an' fishin'. The surf must be mountains high for him not to ride it."

A little further on we passed a freshly whitewashed cottage with sunflowers, gillyflowers, and white pinks growing in the patch of ground in front of the door. A woman with a broad face and bright dark eyes, dressed in a blue bodice and the

red skirt of the island, was weeding the garden. She looked up with a pleasant smile, and the old man stopped for a friendly chat with her in Irish.

"That wun," he said, when we finally trotted down the road, "has been to America, but it was just to see the land an' no more, then they sint her back, the pore craythur."

"Oh, but what a pity," I said; "she looks a strong, healthy woman."

"She do be all of that," the old driver said, "there's many a young wun couldn't do the like of her work. But it wuzn't her, 'twas Bridgit, her daughter, that sint thim back. Noreen Flanagan's son John wint to New York, him that lost his wife. He was restless an' couldn't settle to his work afther she wint, an' he left the two childer wid Noreen and Bridgit, an' if he done well they wuz all to follow him. He done better than he thought, an' he sint money for thim to come to him, an' money for the warm things they would want on the say. The baby had a red coat, an' the boy ivery thing of good Irish frieze, includin' a cap. An' Noreen an' Bridgit had grand cloaks, an' hats wid feathers in thim, an' they crossed to Liverpool an' sailed from there, an' John met thim, an' Bridgit niver said a wurd. The examiners axed if she was dumb or wantin', an' John said no, she chirped like a bird at Achill; but divil

a chirp or a cheep would she give in New York. They spoke to her in English, an' they spoke to her in Irish, an' they spoke to her in American, but nayther a wurd would she say in anny language. The craythur was struck dumb. An' the examiner said she must talk if she was goin' to be an American, but niver a wurd would she say, so Noreen brought her back to Achill."

"And can she talk now?"

"The same as iver—just the same as iver," the man said. "Maybe 'twas the noise. Maybe 'twas the strangeness. But annyhow, in America she would not spake."

We were nearing the end of our drive. To the right was a convent where the Sisters teach the peasants lace-making. In their dark-blue habits and white-winged bonnets, clustered on the steps and in the garden, they were like a flock of doves. I looked back at the far-away little cottages, all of them connected by those chains of silver that stretch invisibly across the Atlantic, and link America and Ireland together. And the golden chains are tender memories of the old country, and, above all, of unforgetting love.

It was at Mallaranny that Kitty left me in answer to William's letter, for, as she predicted, he had succeeded in getting his leave.

"Darling," he wrote, "I am now attached to

Brigade and Divisional Headquarters as Billeting Officer and Interpreter and have been driving through one village after another accompanied by Mayors, Gardes Champètres, or Town Mayors, searching out *des logments pour la troupe.* Also at each place I used to have to arrange a *bon petit diner* for Headquarters. I always managed to get a good dinner even in the most paralysing sort of places, in spite of a shortage in the ordinary necessaries which increased in acuteness as we reached our destination, and have made quite a name for myself in that direction. A sample of such a meal would be a *Soupe aux Legumes,* a Homard (tinned), *Sauce Mayonnaise,* a gigot, bought in some town we were passing, or a couple of fowls which had to be persuaded out of the *fermiere* by the most urgent arguments—the peasants think almost as much of egg-layers nowadays as the man in Béranger's verses did of his *deux bœufs blancs.*

" A Hun plane was brought down just in front of the battery this morning before I started out, and I will get a bit of it as a souvenir for you. I am sorry I can't get you the clock I told you of. Price, one of our officers, had a prior claim on it as I found out when I tried to take it stealthily from the wall. There are also two cats, one of which Price is taking home when he gets his leave as a souvenir, together with the clock. I

never did like cats, and never understood them, but these two I simply abominate. They are of a colossal and unnatural size. The Padre says that it is because they have been feeding on the battle-field. They are savagely wild and distrustful—not that I invite their confidences. One of them has been gassed, and periodically he coughs up foam. He has also had part of his tail blown off. Though one is a female and the other a male they are bitter enemies, and spit and snarl in company. Needless to say, they have lost their home; it may have once existed over the rubbish heap which crowns the dug-out.

"I stumbled across an Australian infantryman yesterday. He was washing a Hun helmet—one of those Imperial objects with gold on it. They are the most *recherché* of trophies amongst both the Tommies and our chaps, and I never could make out why. This chap was as proud as President Roosevelt after a right and left at lions. It appears that these helmets are very rare, as they are worn by those German soldiers who are so proud, daring, and enamoured of tradition that they disdain the new-fangled steel helmets. When one such is sighted there is a blackguard rush by all hands, as my infantry friend said, 'They kill him for the hat.'

"Hurrah! Rah—Rah! as they say in the States, I've got my leave, it begins next week, and you

had better start for London at once. We'll go to the Savoy and pretend it's Paris.

"A brief good-bye,
"Your devoted BILL."

I was lonely and could not sleep the night that Kitty left me, but the dawn was glorious, and I got up early and went down to the sea. The grass was covered with threads of gossamer, so fine they were suggested rather than seen, the dew-drops upon them separated by little spaces, glittered like rainbow rosaries, and whole decades were strung from bush to tree. As the sun rose I left the sands, walked through a wood, and reached a field where I saw a living illustration of Lycett's descriptive poem:

"Gracefully, steadily, easily
Three men are mowing,
Bending and rising, they capture the
Rhythm of rowing.

"Swish goes the cut of the scythes as they
Glide all together
Through the cool stems of the river hay,
In the hot weather.

"Then at the end of the swath comes the
Sound of honing,
Grating but ringing melodiously
Like a bee droning.

"Morning and noon-tide and evening
Comes a young maiden,
Porter and buttermilk carrying
Willingly laden.

"And while they drink under shadowy
Willows eternal,
The meadow distils for them heavenly
Scent of sweet vernal."

My mowers glided all together through the cool stems of the river hay, and there was the scent of sweet vernal, but to my regret no maiden came bringing buttermilk—my favourite beverage. I asked for it on my return to the hotel, but there never seems to be any buttermilk in the country, it is all sent to town.

When Katherine and Alfred who were to be my companions on a further tour arrived, being cheerful people my depression vanished. They have both developed great alertness of mind since Alfred meeting Katherine for the second time, on the House of Commons' Terrace, asked her to marry him.

Not allowing for love at first sight, and her charm and handsome appearance, Katherine said, "Marry you! Impossible! You know nothing about me, and I know nothing about you."

"That is why," Alfred said, "I have asked you to marry me. I thought it safer while you did know nothing about me."

Then began spirited arguments which did not end at the door of the church nor afterwards. They have filled each other's hearts, but at the same time they whet each other's intellects. And they make very stimulating and agreeable companions. Katherine being an American lady of independent thought and action, and Alfred being English and conventional to the finger-tips—although he thinks he's a Radical—there will always be subjects upon which they can differ. Occasionally Katherine feels that she would like a calm uncontradicted existence, and takes a week's holiday, but on the third day Alfred invariably follows her, that her mind may not become torpid.

Our first stop was at Sligo, an old seaport town, with its fine ruin of an Abbey founded in 1252 by a Dominican Order. Katherine is by instinct an archæologist, and Alfred and I, at her command, went over every inch of that ruin; through cloisters, arches, nave, and choir, but being two to one we finally got her to walk in the town, which is beautifully situated and surrounded by mountains, woods, and water.

The next day we spent sailing on Lough Gill, and agreed that in a different way, a more gentle, soft, and friendly way, it was no less beautiful than Killarney. The little white electric launch glided carefully through shallow water, passed pretty old houses, long settled on a grassy bank,

halted entangled for a moment in long-stemmed reeds, and looking down I saw hundreds of minnows wildly swimming about, agonised with fright by the sound of our slowly rotating wheel. Then wild ducks dived away from us, swam under water to the middle of the blue lake, and emerged with peevish protests, shaking a thousand sparkling drops from iridescent wings.

When we neared the middle of the lake, the deep blue of the water—the reflection of a cloudless mid summer sky—was broken by long sheets of vivid pink and yellow water-lilies, like yards of rose and daffodil velvet thrown upon a monster mirror. Little brown ducks, when we came too near, splashed away from us, leaving lines of white bubbles in their wake; and something from the bank, big and soft, slipped into the water and dived far up the stream; it might have been a furry beaver—the boatman told us they were seen now and then. The foliage was lush and green, and wild single-leaved roses, generous daisies, and coral fuchsias grew to the water's edge.

A charming little house with "To Let" was on the opposite shore; the boatman said the last people who lived there had been very old; now they were dead, and the house had been vacant two years. There were beds of flowers about it, old apple trees near the windows, and a little stable in the rear. Always dreaming of a home, I pro-

posed to Alfred and Katherine that we should drive out to see it. They agreed the place looked delightful; then manlike, Alfred began to think of the future dark days, dampness, winter, and loneliness. "It is not for you, you must be near your friends." We sailed across the lake near the house; it might have been a white cottage—except for the loneliness—on Lake George. And the kittiwakes, not swimming, but letting the gentle little waves carry them along not too near the boat, followed in our wake. The lake at this point began to broaden and widen out, and here and there were islands. The boatman pointed to one, round and well wooded, where he said a young girl lived in a little house, "with a dog, two cows, and some hins to kape her company, but except for thim she do be all alone. And in the winter whin the weather's at the roughest, maybe she don't see annybody for weeks."

"Hug the shore," said Alfred; "we want a glimpse of the fair hermit."

As we approached, a dabchick dived from the root of a gnarled oak, and left a yard of bubbles behind him. We saw in a small cleared space a freshly whitewashed cottage, and heard a dog bark, but the girl was probably on shore working for a farmer. There was a sweet little bay tucked in a curve for landing; the boatman said before the war he had conveyed many picnic parties there;

now all the young men of Sligo had gone to the war.

How sweet and restful, pure and gentle, the thoughts must be of a woman who can live for weeks and months entirely alone. What a calm, sensible, satisfactory companion she must be to herself. I know of an Irish girl who lived by herself on a little island in the St. Lawrence River. In the summer, for the fishing, she let lodgings to a weary, sick-hearted, disillusioned man, and she gave him back faith in the sweetness and modesty of womanhood, and he fell in love with her and married her, but that is another story.

From Sligo to Bundoran we motored through lovely country, drank long draughts of the pure mountain air, until we reached the sea again, and—

"Bundoran! and your summer crowds that run
From inland homes to see with joy th' Atlantic setting sun;
To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport among the waves;
To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the gloomy caves;
To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats, the crabs, the fish,
Young men and maids to meet and smile, and form a tender wish.
And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return."

One reason I should like to return is that I saw a remarkably pretty, old, black and white china



Poisoned Glen and Marble Church, Dunlewy, Gweedore

tea-set in a window, which I have been wanting ever since. As the summer crowds that run from inland homes filled the hotel to overflowing, and our rooms had been engaged days ahead, we only remained one night, and dashed off by motor to Gweedore, stopping on our way at Ballyshannon, where there is a castle, a famous salmon leap, and it is the birthplace of William Allingham, the essayist and poet who, like so many brilliant Irishmen, left it for England, and then wrote of its joys:

"I leave my warm heart with you, tho' my back I'm forced to turn—
So adieu to Ballyshanny, and the winding banks of Erne!
No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall.
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,
Cast off, cast off—she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps;
Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the clew.
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew."

The fishing in Gweedore is quite as good as that of Ballyshannon, the hotel is comfortable, and the people who keep it most obliging, as I know from a little instantaneous laundry work they did for me. My bag had not arrived, and by going to

bed at nine o'clock—the only time in many years—my underlinen and blouse were washed, ironed, and brought to my room the next morning at eight o'clock. I venture to say that, with all the complaints of Irish hotels, this willingness to oblige would not have happened in any other country. There were fishermen who brought back trout and salmon for breakfast and dinner, but the war has affected that sport; as we were none of us enthusiastic fishermen we made a short stay, and again travelled by motor to Leitrim through the Donegal Highlands, which were indescribably beautiful. They are without trees, but, like all of Ireland, carpeted in green.

The wide undulations of the lofty rolling valleys and hills made rich purple shadows, and the little white houses clung like swallows' nests to the sides of the steep hills, or burrowed behind a rising of the land. The mountains around us were over a thousand feet high, many of them green with indigenous forests, and finally we skirted the border of a still, blue, lonely water, Glen Veigh—the Glen of the Silver Birches.

This region has a tragic history connected in a manner with my own state, Texas, for the Adairs own cattle ranches there, and the wholesale evictions from his estate by Mr. John George Adair even stirred the people of my far-away land to sympathy. From the beginning of his purchase of

the estate he had been unpopular and wanting in understanding of the peasants. Emerson says in every condition of life there is compensation, so the mountaineer has a greater love for the hard, unyielding land than the man who lives in a smiling valley. The poor people when evicted were helpless for utter despair. A number of emigrants from this part of Donegal, having gone to Australia, when they heard of the bitter plight of their countrymen sent means for their transportation to Australia, and a few of them emigrated to Texas.

Peter Smith, our head gardener, was a Donegal man. He saved his wages, set up a greengrocer's shop in Austin, and soon became very well off. His sister, Mary Smith, a sweet and gentle woman, was my nurse. She married Miles Burns, a carpenter—how I did resent his taking her away from me—but her heavenly twins compensated me for her loss. They were flesh-and-blood doll babies, who could laugh and cry when they were bathed, and stretch out their hands and smile when they saw me. Miles was a sober and industrious man, and they lived in a little white cottage on the top of a hill, just a stone's throw from our house. In the gloaming I used to watch a light twinkling in their window, and a daily pleading question was, "Mama, can I go and see Mary?" There has never been in the whole of

my life a dearer delight than those visits, for Mary, who had always spoiled me, allowed me free scope with the twins. I was permitted to nurse them, and feed them and undress them, and set them side by side in a little bath-tub. At the early age of six I couldn't have been an altogether safe nurse, and one day I had the misfortune to trip and fall with Tommy in my arms. My mother, who was coming in through the gate, said, "Mary, I know you are going to make this child of mine a murderer; one day she will kill both of the twins."

"Oh, no," said Mary, "they are strong, and this is Betty's first accident. She washes them a good deal, but I haven't the heart to stop her, she seems to enjoy herself so much."

Miles from a carpenter became a builder, and a rich man, and was able to give his children every educational advantage. So this beautiful, wild mountain district brought back many tender, long-forgotten memories to me.

"There's an old ruined castle down that road," said the chauffeur.

"A ruin!" said Katherine exultantly; "then we must see it." How happy it would make her to expend her superabundant energy and extraordinary powers of organisation in restoring one.

"Is the road safe for a motor?" asked Alfred.

"The road is good enough," I said, "and the ruin must be an important one."

So we backed and turned and travelled along by the lake. A flag was flying on the Castle, and Katherine enquired of the chauffeur the name of the ruin.

"I don't know," he said, "it belonged to wun of thim ould ancient Kings, or maybe 'twas Saint Columkill himself; 'twas him that loved the water."

By this time we were fast nearing the fortress, and said I, "Well, Saint or King, he had lovely taste in curtains, and apparently they were made of everlasting brocade."

And then we drew up before the portals of Glen Veigh, the fine modern castle built by Mr. Adair. It stands on a little promontory, jutting out into the lake, under the shadow of a mountain which is thickly wooded to the top. And it has the surprise and charm of an oasis in the desert. About it nature looms in solitary grandeur. Lake, forest, and hill are primeval, but they surround splendid blossoming flower-beds, a rich rose garden, and large houses of glass, which give shelter to tropical plants, fruit trees, and vines heavy with grapes.

"I am disappointed," said Katherine, "I expected a ruin."

"I am hungry," said Alfred; "very hungry."

And we made a great spurt to the Leitrim Hotel, an ideal summer inn, built of Norwegian

pine, with numerous bathrooms, and many large, airy bedrooms furnished in excellent taste, and Alfred, who loves the sea, found the bathing in the Atlantic "glorious."

Our next little journey from Rosapenna to Port Salon, by open car and ferries, was pleasantly primitive; we failed to make connections, and occasionally sat for a time on the roadside, but our cheerfulness was unimpaired by the dampness of a grey day. The gay hotel and surroundings give it something of a foreign atmosphere. It might be a Swiss hotel, the colours are so definite, with blue sea, green hills, and salmon-coloured sands. The golf-links are divided by a little river which empties into the bay. Everything looked clean and fresh, and the air was agreeably exhilarating.

And then a pleasant motor drive to Cushendall, the little, quaint, straggling village which aroused Thackeray's admiration to extol its loveliness. We walked by the curfew tower, which still rings the curfew hour, and through a beautiful avenue of trees, to high cliffs that overlook the sea. Destroyers are anchored there, and sunburnt sailors come ashore to cheer the wounded Tommies who are sent for convalescence to the cheerful hospital surrounded by a shady garden. The drive by Cushendall to Letterkenny around the coast, beneath splendid cliffs and close to the sea is something

to be remembered. A number of carriages were waiting about the station, and Katherine wanted to operate at once upon a wart, the size of an egg, which stood out from a white-eyed roan horse's nose. But on closer examination it proved to be part of his lip tied tightly with pink cord to discourage him from nipping the passer-by.

Our time was so limited in Letterkenny it did not allow us to drive to Lacknacar to see the flagstone upon which St. Columba was born. The peasants say whoever sleeps upon it will never suffer from homesickness, and many poor emigrants have spent their last night upon that hard bed before leaving Erin, to render their hearts stout and unregretful in a strange land.

No scout on a prairie looking for Indians has a better eye for fruit than Katherine, she even found strawberries and cherries in Letterkenny, and added the basket to our luggage for Derry. It must always be Derry for the Irish or those who love Ireland—never Londonderry—London being superimposed only after English intrigue had pauperised and ruined the little town. There was an odour in the hall of the hotel altogether too pungent, and even more evident in my room, where it proved to be an over-ripe box of melons and peaches, a tribute of affection from Kitty, which had been waiting our arrival too long.

After leaving my bag—but alas! not my um-

brella—that had been taken from me at Rosapenna, a young, strong, sleek umbrella, in the very beginning of its career—it had scarcely been with me a month—while the one left in its place, old, weak and worn had been with its owner many years—I called Katherine, and we sallied forth to see the ancient walled town. It has a very beautiful situation, built on ground that slopes to a hill and overlooks the broad river Foyle. The walls still stand, and there are evidences of the siege, Ferryquay Gate, and "Roaring Meg," in an angle of the wall, and the post office is built over the place where Murray and Maumont had a hand-to-hand encounter, and the Frenchman was slain. But there is no monastery or ruin of one, in memory of Derry's greatest man, St. Columba, who was not only a great saint and scholar, but a man of great family, the well-beloved cousin of Prince Ainmore, through whose generosity he was able to found Durrow and Kells, those wonderful seats of learning and of artistic craft. Probably he has often turned the pages of the Book of Durrow, when he sat under the spreading branches of his oak trees, which he loved too well to cut down, even for the building of his monastery. It had to be fitted in among them.

I have been taught to love trees. When my father built our house in Texas a noble elm interfered with the balconies at the back of the house,

and rather than cut it down, both the upper and lower balcony were built around it.

St. Columba was priest, poet, and warrior, paying dearly for his valour, as after he had lost a battle against the King at Tara—probably if he had gained a victory it might have been different—St. Malaise sent him out of the country to preach a repentant Gospel in Scotland.

We looked in the shops to find a picture or statue of St. Columba, but there were none. Katherine bought a dozen—so-called—Waterford tumblers; they might have been made in Belfast, but they were undoubtedly old, of generous proportions, a good colour, and well cut. Alfred when he saw a basket of precious glass which had to be carefully handled, was, to put it mildly, restive. He made a few pertinent remarks about the ways of American women, but what was more to the point, he carried the basket. It is not difficult for an Englishman to be persuaded by his American wife to American ways, but Katherine has actually persuaded Alfred to look like an American. Any stranger would take him to be a good-looking, well-set-up New Yorker.

There are good shops in Derry, and it is clean and prosperous looking, a much pleasanter town than Belfast, but there are no manufactures, except the making of shirts, which only employs a limited number of women. The chief interest of

Derry lies in the decades of the picturesque past rather than in her present, and perhaps in her future, if Ireland awakes to the prosperity which is her due.

The world points to Belfast as an example of what shipbuilding and trade can accomplish in Ireland, but to me Belfast was a great disappointment. It has a large and ornate city hall, a very fine technical college, and unequalled—so they told me—linen manufactories. Almost the first thing I noticed was "Lyons," being woven on a satin-smooth tablecloth—but the wages, the hours, and the housing of the workers excited my profound sympathy. The lads were pale, with thin, round shoulders, and the girls looked tired, underfed, and dispirited.

The highest wages earned by a woman are twenty-five shillings a week, but few ever attain this princely sum. The little girls of thirteen and fourteen earn perhaps half a crown a week, and running between school in the morning and to a factory in the afternoon makes them an easy prey during the winter to pneumonia and bronchitis. All day the girls are standing bare-footed in the over-heated factories on wet tiles, and they catch cold going home. And they are even worse off in the dry-spinning rooms, where they breathe a fluff called pouce. The throat and lungs are often affected by it, and many of the women die of con-

sumption. The average woman worker dies under forty. Many of the houses where these poor people live are condemned, but the Corporation remains indifferent to their demolishment. The mortality of babies is very high, and the little children are ragged, dirty, and ill cared for, as must be the case with their mothers all day in the factories.

The prosperity of a community built up through starvation wages, misery, disease, and death is not prosperity to me. And the outworker is scarcely an improvement upon the factory girl. I always loved dots until I went to Belfast, then I saw many dozens of pocket-handkerchiefs embroidered in dots above the hem, and for three days' work an experienced embroideress received two shillings. Even the most persevering worker, not shirking early or late hours, cannot make more than nine shillings a week. These are fine, free Protestants, not under the domination of the priests, but contrast them with Catholic girls employed by the Sisters, who receive a living wage, have healthy, bright rooms to work in, and hours possible to the maintenance of health. No, to me Belfast is a living argument against wealth made through the bitter necessity of a people unable to cope with the Capitalist. It smacks of smugness and self-satisfaction, and a want of Christian charity. Something of the hard, unrelenting character of Chi-

chester, who wrote in 1609 of the native Irish, "I spare neither house, corn, nor creature, none of any quality, age, or sex whatsoever, beside many being burned to death, we kill men, women, horse, beast, or whatsoever we find," still obtains.

Curiously enough Belfast, whose sympathy was active for Republican America and Republican France, is devoid of sympathy for Republican Ireland. Katherine's grandfather was a North of Ireland gentleman who went to America for greater freedom. And in spite of the prosperity of the North and of Belfast, emigration continues to America. All the people to whom I talked, managers, foremen in the factories, and factory hands had relations in the United States. I did not see the great factory for mineral waters, or tobacco, where things may be better managed than in the linen factories, and women for some reason or other are no longer allowed to enter the shipping yards, but it was as well; we were not sorry to leave Belfast.

I carried the pleasantest memory of it away with a giant bouquet of roses, tied by green ribbons dangling a little black pig for good luck. It was given me by a charming, warm-hearted Irish girl, who had heard a glorified account of my character from a nurse in London, who applied radium to my face in the Radium Institute where I was treated for a burn. And the accident happened me in Buffalo,

New York—consequences—consequences—all the way across the sea to flowers and a bog-oak pig.

How intoxicating the fresh air of Portrush and the Giant's Causeway is after Belfast, but even among the wonders of the world Alfred was attacked with a sudden desire for home. He and Katherine turned their steps Londonward, and I crossed country to Claremorris and Katherine Tynan, stopping for a night and a day to see Enniskillen, a very pretty, picturesque, hilly town on the lovely green banks of Lough Neagh. My room in a clean country hotel looked on the waters of the lake.

The night was bright with moonlight, but the next morning I awoke to find it raining—Irish fashion—clear, clean drops from a silvery sky, and I ventured forth to the fair, which had that morning been opened. There were good horses, a red roan with brown eyes was an enviable animal, fine cows, fat sheep, a collection of adorable collie puppies, and in the exhibition rooms, some beautiful embroidery, one collar was equal to the best French needlework, and an interesting show of flowers. I lingered near a pot of Helenium Cupreum—nigger heads it is called in Texas, where acres of it grow—and memory obliterated the scene around me. I was a little girl again riding a stout mustang pony over a wide Texas prairie, the

warm summer wind bending the grass like waves of the sea, and my father off his horse gathering armfuls of " nigger heads " and blue bonnets, binding them together with ribbons of grass and slinging them at the back of my saddle—so long ago—so far away, and here to-day in Ireland—— The silvery sky had darkened to grey and it poured in torrents; there was nothing for me to do but get back to the hotel and read Douglas Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht,* a light, convenient, paper-bound book to carry in one's bag. Moorneen of the Fair Hair lived in Enniskillen.

" My grief that I and thou
Oh young maiden without melancholy
Are not in the dark island of Lough Erne,
Or beneath the dark woods of the rods,
Where the birds make their nests
And (there is) growth to the top of the boughs.
Or in a little valley beside a bay
Where the cuckoo speaks,
And the sea from the north to be beside us
Myself and my secret
Without sleep or slumber,
But playing in a corner together.

" My grief that I am not in the churchyard
Along with my kindred friends,
Or on the top of a hill making a dwelling,
Before you chanced into my net
Doubling the wounds in my heart,

And you turned my locks like a sloe-berry.
Short affection from a woman,
It only lasts a month;
But it is like a whiff of the March wind.
Oh treasure, it were not right to sell me
On account of a little riches
And in the future let your mind be satisfied with me."

What a distinguished song of love, and how redolent of the Irish woods, and sky, and sea.

"O! dear little mother, give him myself;
Give him the cows and the sheep altogether.
Go yourself a-begging for alms,
And go not west or east to look for me."

Isn't this charming verse the quintessence of love's selfishness? To make *me* happy, give all you have to my darling even if it leaves you a beggar. Barry Pain makes his charwoman explain the same sentiment in a different manner.

"If," says Mrs. Murphy, "a girl's really in love, and you say to her, 'Your young man poisoned his mother,' she says, 'Well, I've no doubt there were faults on both sides.'"

It rained all night, and the next morning I started early on my long journey to Claremorris, to make and to enjoy a visit to Katherine Tynan Hinkson, a delightful woman, happy in her religion, her husband, her children, and her work. When the Hinksons lived in London, she and

her husband in the early days of spring were taking a walk in Hyde Park, being the best of friends it gives them pleasure to do many things together. The air was mild, the sun shone, and the Park was full of people, but they succeeded in finding a seat unoccupied except for a very shabby, grease-bespattered coat forgotten by its owner. Katherine Tynan pushed it aside, but her husband said, "I must try and find the owner of that coat."

"Don't do anything of the kind," said K. T., "sit yourself down and enjoy this enchanting weather."

"K. T.," her husband said, "I don't know whether it's that you are an Irish Catholic, or whether it is natural to you, but you have a lax conscience. Isn't it my duty to try and find the owner of this top-coat?"

"No," said K. T., "I don't think it is, it doesn't look at all as if it belonged to a nice man; your duty is to let it alone, and amuse me."

"There," he said, "is the Irish Catholic again, pleasure before business always," and with that he put the coat over his arm and started down the path, meeting at a few paces a red-nosed, unprepossessing individual, who said to him sharply, "Here, where are you going with that there coat?"

"Oh," said Mr. Hinkson, as befitted a courteous Irish Protestant, "I was just in the act of try-

ing to find the owner, allow me to restore it to you."

"That's a pretty tale, that is," said the man, "if you didn't intend pinchin' that coat why didn't you leave it be on the seat? You was tryin' to make away with my coat, that's what you was, an' only for me hurryin' to catch a train, I'd report you an' your fine manners to the p'leece, that's what I would."

And then the Irish Catholic laughed long and heartily, and the Irish Protestant sat down and was silent.

I smiled as I remembered how well "K. T." had told this story. What a true poet she is, and how many wise and tender things she has said, and none of them wiser than: "With congenial work one is always happy. When Pandora let all the evils fly into the world out of that unlucky box, it was not hope that stayed at the bottom but work." And when a moment comes of devastating despair there is nothing so helpful as bodily effort. I can understand the poor mother who said, when news was brought of her only son being killed in battle, "Take me into my garden and let me dig. Oh, my God, let me dig." A spring cleaning, taking up carpets, putting them down, washing china, and polishing furniture can be a solace to the heaviest heart, I know—for I have tried it.

CHAPTER XVI

GALWAY, AN OLD CITY OF THE WEST

Roger Casement said of Galway, "Its ruin and decay appal me, and its trans-Atlantic mind," but in spite of the look, that it has been bombed, there are so many houses with tumbling walls and gaping windows, guiltless of glass or sash—my memories of the days spent in Galway are cheerful.

For one thing, the sun shone with long, level brilliant rays, as if they came all the way from America, and, indeed, there is no place in Ireland so connected with my own land by thousands of invisible chains as Galway. For centuries emigrants from the west of Ireland have steadily poured into the port of New York, and every young man and young woman with whom I talked told me they were only waiting for the end of the war to sail for America. Some of the youths had been already turned back from Liverpool, and I remembered that since 1851, when statistics were last collected, to September, 1916, 4,314,781 persons had left Ireland—over two million of them were men; and deplorable as it is to be compelled to leave their country, in our friendly and generous land, many sad and embittered hearts have

found compensation in hope, contentment, and prosperity. To some we have given even more.

There are few Irishmen at home or abroad who do not know of the existence and influence of that chivalrous paper *The Boston Pilot*. It has, for the honour of humanity, espoused many a weak but deserving cause, and it rose to importance and influence under the editorship of John Boyle O'Reilly, a Fenian who had been sent to penal servitude in Australia, but escaped with the help of the jailor's daughter, took an open boat to sea, was picked up by a whaling ship from Massachusetts, and landed at Boston. After a life of splendid endeavour, when he died the brief epitaph, "Ireland gave him birth, England gave him exile, America gave him fame," was as great a tribute to the land of his adoption as to his genius. Much as he loved Ireland, and greatly as he had suffered for her, he must have loved his healing foster-mother more. Men desire above all things fame; and his wreath of laurel had been woven and given him by America.

Many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, that great triumphant paper of Liberty, were Irishmen. Charles Thompson, the reader of those immortal words that thrilled the world on the 4th of July, 1776, was born in Ireland, so was Matthew Thornton, James Smith, George Taylor, and George Read; while Thomas McKean, Charles

Carroll, Edward Rutledge, and Thomas Lynch were of Irish extraction; therefore it is natural that our country is regarded by Irishmen as a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. But their prowess and success in other lands drain the very life blood from Ireland. And never can she have real prosperity until two things happen—an Irish Government formed of Irish people to govern Irish people, and a law, even if it should create a revolution, to close all public-houses.

How can any country hope to succeed with, as an eminent divine told me, eighty-six public-houses in a village of one thousand five hundred inhabitants. And never have I seen human beings more sodden with drink than in Galway. Faces a deep purple red, bloated and dropsical, and hands that trembled as if they suffered from shell-shock. These were middle-aged and old men and women, for drink is not so easily discerned in the young. And this picturesque and interesting old town swarms with public-houses.

There was a popular bar in my hotel, conveniently situated for its numerous patrons. While I waited for a jaunting-car a woman came in to beg. Tall and straight as a young sapling, her hair was a dusty black, and her skin was dried and tanned by sun and wind, but the bone structure of her face was beautiful. The forehead low and broad, the delicate nose straight, and the chin

slightly tilted was round and pure in outline. Her eyes were sullen and mysterious, and they were swollen underneath by drink. She had a child by the hand, a veritable Cinderella, who if dressed in muslin and lace might have been mistaken for a fairy princess, so perfect was her little figure and her little dark face. Like her mother, she held her body erect, and her ragged dress reaching barely to her knees, showed straight, brown legs, slim ankles, and narrow feet with indications of well-arched insteps. The sleeves of her frock were torn away above the elbows, and her round forearms, thin hands, and taper fingers were charmingly perfect. Her wavy hair was black and her serious, unchildlike eyes a clear grey, darkened by black lashes. I gave the mother a trifle, and this encouraged her to importune other visitors. When the manager came to tell me my car was on the way, he bade her go; but she lingered until he spoke to her with some severity, the child looking up at him all the time with her wondering, patient, accusing eyes.

When the woman finally departed I said to him, "Do you think that beggar would give me her lovely little girl?"

"Glory be to God, no!" said he. "If so be you but mintioned such a thing to her she would call down curses on your head, and on the hotel, and we might have to get in the p'leece."

My jarvey was young and talkative; he told me he had got as far as Liverpool, had been turned back, and was only waiting for the war to end before he sailed to join two brothers and three sisters, who had all preceded him.

"That," he said, "will lave me mother and father alone, but thim in America do be sendin' every week money to kape thim, an' they have enough, an' somethin' now and thin to spare for a neighbour. An' besides what comes from the States, me mother has the understandin' hand on her for hins. They will lay for her, whin they won't for annybody else in the County Galway. A young lady came to see her once, she was from the Agricultural Department, where they learn things out of books, an' she told herself to buy some hard English eggs, an' they would hatch out feather-legged yeller chickens called Buff Orpingtons. The grandest layers that iver was. An' me mother bought six, an' Betty, that's the little black hin that does be doin' all me mother bids her, set on the eggs an' scraped thim great things to her thin body wid her wings, an' wun day thim eggs was hatched, an' six tall p'leecemen of chickens kept poor Betty busy findin' food for thim. One of thim baby Buffs—they had regular John Bull appetites—ate as much as three Irish chicks, an' me mother had to put double the meal in the pan, but she said whin they began to lay thim big solid

eggs it would be grand. At first, whin they was so greedy an' gawky, we thought all of thim was cocks, but four of thim was preparin' to be hins. An' little good did that be doin', for divil of an egg did they lay whin they *was* hins. Day after day they threatened, but it was like the English Parliament givin' the Irish People Home Rule, they only give hope. An' thim hins didn't give eggs to me mother, they only give her hope. If you'll belave it, in two years all thim hins bechune thim only give one egg."

"Then the common or garden chickens are the best?"

"Common Irish garden or backyard chickens is certainly the best. Whin the lady come agin, me mother complained of the Buffs, an' the lady said it was the climate of Galway, it didn't suit thim. So now me mother keeps to the ones she knows likes Galway. Betty had a fine brood this year, twelve of her own an' two she foster-mothered, an' the old grey hin has siven."

"Is this Salthill?" I asked, as the tonic, invigorating air blew across my face.

"'Tis the same, lady."

"Then if you please I'll get down and walk."

I passed humble hotels and lodging-houses filled with people a-holidaying; they bathe at all hours of the day, and drink salt water as a tonic, and they looked fine specimens of humanity. Tall

young fathers, and rosy-cheeked mothers and babies. Vigorous old men and women, and strong, clean-skinned girls chatted on balconies and door-steps, or loitered on the sidewalk. One girl without a hat came towards me, her little sister balanced on her broad shoulders, the baby hands clinging to her massive braids of hair; she smiled as our paths crossed, and I thought:

> "I do not find a treasury
> Of perfect features, perfectly
> Planned with a sculptor's symmetry,
> But a face that is full of energy
> Yet soft like an old-time melody
> In the haunting Celtic minor key."

There must be something in the climate productive of hair and eyelashes, for they both grow to an abnormal length in the county of Galway. I saw perfect manes of splendid red hair and black hair, and silvery fair hair, and nut-brown hair, and black-brown hair. They brought to memory the description a friend who lives in Smyrna gave me of the women who once a year stand in rows in the market-place, exhibiting and offering their wares for sale. They come from a certain province in Asia Minor, where the climate and water are all conducive to the growth of hair; and these peasant women count upon selling their long braids at least thrice in a lifetime.

I said to the chambermaid who was preparing my bath in the evening, "What thick hair you have!"

"It's been thicker," she said, "'Tis long still, not far from my knees, but sure 'tis nothing to me cousin Noreen, she that wint to America; the ends struck her ankles, an' 'twas six fair plaits she had, three of them on ayther side of her head, an' the American lady she wint to live wid was so sthruck wid it, she had her let the plaits go free, an' her photograph tuk like that. I was offered in Belfast tin shillings a week to sit three days wid me hair hangin' down over a chair in a windy."

"And did you do it?"

"No, indade, I'd been ashamed of me life sittin' there, an' every man jack in the town lukin' at me loose hair."

"Splendid hair is a great beauty," I said.

"I think more depinds on the nose," she said; "you can twist bits into your hair, but you can't twist a bit on to your nose, nor take it off nayther. We've all got hair, me mother an' father an' all. Me aunt's is well below her knees, an' not a grey hair, though she is sixty an' more. It's black yet. An' me father had a fine crop whin he died, an' him one hundred and two."

"What!" I said; "he was more than a hundred years old?"

"An' the priest said if he had been rightly

counted up, he'd have a hundred an' four. Sure these men in the west do be livin' a great while. Me father was sixty whin he married me mother; she said he didn't look it, she was twinty, an' they was married forty-two years whin he died, but the priest said as me mother was so young, me father tuk off a little."

"And were they happy?"

"Sure as happy as the day was long, an' me mother had sivin childer. I have five brothers scattered about the world. Two in the Army, an' sure if the Germans don't shoot thim I'll shoot thim meself whin they come home, I'm that disgusted wid thim for jinin' up."

"Then you're a Sinn Feiner?" I said.

Her eyes flashed.

"It matters not what I am. I don't hould wid the English, an' 'tis their war, an' they wid no family feelin' fightin' their own flesh an' blood. Sure ain't the German Imp'ror first cousin to George, an' him first cousin to the Russian Imp'ror. An' what's it all about annyway, this cruel war? I've got two sinsible brothers in America, an' one in Australia, an' me sister married, an' me hotellin'. Did ye ever hear of Slieve Donagh? I was there two years. It's a grand place by the sea, an' the golf links all around it, an' flowers an' grass growin' just outside the windys.

"Quare things can happen in hotels. The last

summer I was there a young gintleman come wid his sweetheart an' her sister, an' they tuk rooms on my floor. She was a fine, handsome girl, but his father had tried to break off the match and couldn't. One evenin' there was a dance, an' she said she had a headache an' left the ballroom, an' made him stay wid her sister. The next mornin' he reported to the office he had lost tin pounds, an' I was that upset—oh, I couldn't slape—'twas my rooms ye see. They got a detective from Belfast, an' he asked me manny and manny a question, 'Where was I that evenin', and was the door locked, an' did I notice anny strangers in the hall or near the gintleman's door?' An' I said, 'No, not a one but the young lady he was goin' to marry; I didn't know if she was comin' from his room, but she was near his door,' an' thin the detective frowned that deep, an' said that was enough. An' after that he questioned the young lady; he had eyes that wint to the back of your head, until she got so nervous she broke down, an' said, 'I won't betray meself, I won't, I won't, you can't make me.'

"The detective called the young man then and said, 'This young lady has the money, and will return it to you.' The young man turned white and said, 'I don't want it; leave us, please.' An' no one knows what passed between thim two, but that afternoon he left the hotel, an' I heard he

wint home, an' 'twas for iver over between thim."

"Why did she steal from the man she was going to marry?" I asked.

"It come out that she was extravagant, an' wanted the money, an' she knew he had it, an' she was too proud to ask for it so she tuk it."

This indeed was a case of grotesque false pride, but what a lucky man to find out the character of the woman he loved before, instead of after, marriage. The next day of brilliant sunshine, I set to work in industrious earnest to become acquainted with Galway. An open car conveyed me to the splendid harbour. On our way we passed two tall, fair men walking rapidly, and my jarvey told me they were the Squires Burke. After all these generations they looked hardy Normans, showing their right to be called, in 1170, de Burgo.

In Ireland, even the peasants make mention of the twelfth or thirteenth century as if it were yesterday; and why not, speaking as they do the language of the demigods, and of the first man and the first woman? There are archæologists who claim that Adam and Eve, and that persuasive and meddlesome serpent, of course, spoke in Gaelic to each other in the Garden of Eden.

The most interesting part of Galway is the Claddagh, a picturesque little white straw-thatched, irregular village, where the hardy fishing



Island where a Girl Lived Alone, Lough Gill, Sligo

people speak Irish, and have their own laws and by-laws, and are remarkably free from crime. The old Claddagh marriage rings are much sought after, and are not only interesting as curios, but are beautiful in themselves; being hand-carved out of pure gold; the hard edges are worn away, and the model is a little heart held by two hands, the whole device being surmounted by a crown. And these rings have slight differences according to the taste and the hand of the artisan. The white hamlet which sparkled in the sunshine is said to be just outside the city proper, but with the ancient walls crumbled and destroyed, the line is invisible. There were two picturesque old-fashioned craft in the harbour, their strong patched terra-cotta sails set for a voyage to Arran.

It was not far to drive from the Claddagh to Queen's College. The grounds were pleasant and the custodian gathered me a little sweet-smelling bouquet of pinks, verbena, and geranium. There were no students as it was in August, and though the College was a fine quadrangular building, in fair condition, it gave me the impression of sadness. The newer diocesan College built on a hill is more cheerful, commanding a view of the water.

We drove through the town to the Church of St. Nicholas—the patron saint of the children of all nationalities, Santa Claus, or Kris Kringle, as the case may be—it is of architecture to the taste

of the generous Saint, low, broad, and inviting; although the doors are locked on week days since it fell into the hands of the Protestants. How beautiful it must look at Christmas, dressed with the beloved pine trees of the Saint of Gifts, blazing with candles, and twinkling with stars. Although it was erected in 1320, it is undefaced by the many centuries that have crumbled so much else in Ireland.

In the inside of the church the tombs are lightly carved, and reminiscent of Spain—probably a Spanish artist carved them, as in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was constant traffic between Galway, Spain, and Portugal, which accounts for the decidedly Spanish type of many of the people. Another indication of their descent is the popularity of yellow; a colour whose decorative qualities are not properly understood save in Spanish countries.

It was midday when we drove close to the weir; the hands were coming out of the woollen mills, and a number of the girls and even the men, wore a touch of yellow. Always interested in manufactures, I appreciated the honest stuffs woven in this prosperous mill. Not a thread is used except pure wool, which is sheared from the mountain sheep in Connaught. And the material, when made up into garments for men and women, will stand any amount of hard wear, and neither

lose their colour nor shape. If one or two of the fashionable Paris houses would place these cloths and tweeds advantageously upon the market, the industry would at once leap into wide popularity. There are other and more primitive industries at work, and I saw a quaint establishment that would have delighted an artist. It was a combination of power-looms, hand-looms, spinning-jennies, and a flour mill, and was a most homely, floury, ramshackle, cheerful place.

A never-to-be-forgotten tragic link between Galway and Spain is the story of James Lynch Fitzstephen, another Irish Spartan father, and his son. In 1493 ships sailed from Spain to Galway laden with fine cargoes; silks and laces, fans and wine, fair linen cloths, keen swords of damascened steel, and green and ruby heavy-stemmed wine-glasses. In exchange they were loaded with great bales of soft, thick Irish cloth of wool, skins cured and uncured, wolf-skins, and wild-cat skins, Irish flannel, and salted salmon and pickled eels, and in the winter, cargoes of mutton and lamb.

To encourage and better the understanding between the two countries, James Lynch, the Mayor of Galway, made a voyage to Spain. He received lavish hospitality from the rich merchants, but especially from Señor Gomez of Cadiz; and, in reciprocation of his kindness, he begged to take back to Ireland his host's son, a young Spanish

grandee about the age of his own boy. The visit at first proved a happy inspiration, for the two young men became as brothers, riding together, playing games together, choosing the same friends, and, also, the same inamorata.

The lady was doubtless beautiful, and a coquette, leaving both men in doubt, or perhaps giving encouragement first to one and then to the other. At the moment when she was lavishing her sweetness on Gomez, Lynch, in a wild passion of jealousy, slew his rival and threw his body into the sea. With remorse quickly gnawing at his vitals, he fled into the woods, remained there all night, but when morning came determined to confess his crime and give himself up to justice.

As he walked towards the town he met his father, James Lynch, stern as an implacable Fate, commanding a squad of armed men. He was arrested, his hands bound behind him, and marched to the prison, which stood just opposite the Mayor's house. His agonised mother and his two younger sisters saw him enter the jail and leave it the next morning to suffer his summary trial.

It only occupied one day, for the broken-hearted boy fully confessed everything. With his blood turned to ice, his father pronounced him guilty and sentenced him to be hanged. But the mother's heart, the one human refuge that never fails in time of stress or trouble, and only becomes more

tender and protecting in sorrow or disgrace, rose up in revolt.

Madame Lynch belonged to the Blakes, a powerful faction, who came to her rescue and added their entreaties with hers to her husband for mercy. When the stern father proved adamant, they forbade any man to execute the boy. Even though he had outraged hospitality, a more sacred thing in those far-off days than now, he was their townsman, their kinsman, and they were relieved to obey this order.

But they had not counted on the misguided sense of justice of James Lynch himself, who, when he accompanied his son from prison, and was deprived of his armed escort by the howling mob, seized the boy with iron grasp, led him up the stairs from the street, and, in full sight of the momentarily paralysed crowd, executed him. He stood afterwards waiting—perhaps hoping—who knows, that his own life would be taken, but a cold horror had numbed the hearts and even the hands of the tempestuous crowd who had witnessed the dreadful deed. In a pitiful silence, like a tortured spirit, this strange and unaccountable man disappeared into his house, never to cross the doorstep again. And I daresay he was left unmolested in his seclusion, for who wishes to invite a hangman, and such a unique hangman, to rout or festive gathering? Some member of the Lynch

family, six generations later, erected on the place of execution a death's head and crossbones in black marble. But no monument was necessary to keep this tragedy from being forgotten.

Curiously enough, "Lynch law" expresses the lightning-quick execution of the mob regardless of law, whereas the man from whom it derived its name sacrificed his own flesh and blood to Constitutional law. The French seem to me to be much more understanding in dealing with a *crime passional.* Jealousy makes the noblest men and women temporarily insane; we all admire and weep over Othello, and yet an English jury will convict a man who slays his rival, when in all such cases, justice should be tempered with mercy. But all capital punishment is, and has ever been, a blot upon civilisation. It gives the criminal no time for repentance, and it brutalises the minions of the law who execute him. The very contemplation of it is depressing.

There is nothing so good for the darkness of the spirit as the brightness of the sun, so I struck out for a good long walk in the country. A little green boreen tempted me from the main road, and I had not gone far when I noticed a new little cottage partly finished. It looked comfortable, except for the windows, which were much too small. The hall was fairly wide, with a door at the end which opened out to what would be in the future a

garden. There were two rooms, one quite a good size, and a nice little kitchen with hot and cold water-taps, and a practical-looking range stamped with an American Eagle. I went upstairs, there were three bedrooms and, to my great astonishment, a bathroom with an enamelled iron bath, a stationary washstand, and a medicine cupboard painted white with a looking-glass in the door. As I left the house I saw a middle-aged man standing in the boreen smoking a pipe.

"What a nice little house," I said; "do you know anything about it?"

"It's a grand house, a grand house, indeed, and I know all about it."

"Then," I said, "it's your house?"

"In a manner of spakin' it is, for Herself and Meself will live there, but 'tis Maggie's house in the law. We wanted it like that on account of the other childer, so Maggie won't have anny trouble whin we're gone."

"Maggie's in America?" I said.

"Thrue for you an' she is; but how did ye know that?"

"I saw an American bath-tub and range," I said. "I am an American, and know my country's manufactures. Did Maggie send them over?"

"'Twas she that done the same, an' whin Tom Murphy—he it is that's buildin' the house—first saw the like, he said he'd build no house with such

tomfoolery in it. But Maggie wrote him a soother-in' letter—she can put the comether on anny-body, Maggie can—an' thin he give in, an' got a plumber from Galway; an' Maggie was plazed whin we wrote her that."

"Does Maggie know how small the windows are?" I asked. "People in America love big windows, they wouldn't put up with Tom Murphy's four little panes of glass for a minute."

"They would," said the old man, "if they knew Tom Murphy. He's a grand carpenter, an' he does grand work, but he must have his own way an' take his own time. We was boys together."

"All the more reason why he should do what you want. In the large room downstairs and in Maggie's room, ask him to make the windows larger. I know Maggie loves sunshine and air."

"Thrue for you," said the man, "perhaps one might, over a glass—but Tom Murphy likes thim windys. Herself wanted thim larger, but he was so put about over the bath-tub she said, 'Let the crathur be.'"

"Maggie must like space, and new ways, and new things," I said, "or she wouldn't have sent the bath-tub."

"She would not," said her father, "she would not. And we must think of Maggie; she's a credit to Oireland and to America. She calls herself a Yankee now."

"What does Maggie do?" I asked.

"She's a writer," said her father.

"You mean, she writes on a machine?"

"That's it, it's on wun of thim machines, an' she says there's none better in Chicago than herself. Even the min can't kape up wid her. She's wid a big firrum; 'tis thim made the bath-tub and the range they give her, whin they found out she was buildin' a house for her mother. The man what owns the business is Irish too; he's a Cork man."

"How did Maggie happen to go to America?" I asked.

"I think she was born to it," her father said. "She was always quick, Maggie was, 'Nimble Feet' her mother used to call her whin she was almost a baby. An' soon she had nimble fingers, an' cud milk the cow, an' sew, an' she learned to write before anny of the childer her own age. An' thin her sister, who was fifteen years older than Maggie, got married and went to Chicago. Her husband is doin' grand, but they have eight childer, an' all they cud do for Maggie was to give her a home,"—eight mouths to feed, and yet they welcomed gladly their kin from across the sea, these generous Irish hearts.—"Our three bhoys was all in America, they are all married, an' it was Herself thought she couldn't give Maggie up. She was the last an' we clung to her, but the

colleen longed to go. She learned the machine in Galway, an' she cud make marks on paper an' write it out afterwards——"

"Shorthand," I said.

"That's it," he said. "Before she wint there was a place waitin' for her. An' now she writes an' says she has a great speed on the machine, an' often she can answer the letters for the firrum widouth a wor-rd from the boss. An' she is rich, Maggie is, wid five pound a week. Whin a neighbour wrote an' said the roof was laking on her mother, 'twas she sint a letter to Tom Murphy, an' it was not impty. That letter had sixty pounds; more was to come, an' she told Tom Murphy to build a house."

"Right away," I said.

"'Twas that, what the Yankees say, an' Tom Murphy he understood an' begun the house, 'twas last May."

"Fourteen months ago," I said; "Tom Murphy doesn't follow Maggie's example in speed. Poor little Maggie tearing away on her machine, and Tom Murphy dawdling about. I don't like Tom Murphy."

"Ah, well," philosophically said the old man, "'tis a grand house, an' sure we'll be in it before Christmas. Maggie has made some extra money by workin' at night. Thim fingers of hers is like lightnin'. I'll go an' bring you Maggie's photo-

graph. Herself has gone into Galway or she would make you a cup of tay; we have tay an' somethin' else for thim that's thirsty. The three bhoys an' the sister sinds so much a week, an' Maggie gives the house, an' we be intirely comfortable. There's nothin' we want but the childer —the childer, we do be wantin' thim," and he sighed heavily.

"Why don't you go to America?" I asked.

"Maybe wun day, but 'tis the mother of Herself we can't lave. She's an' ould ancient one, but Herself does be doin' what she is tould even now, an' she wouldn't be let to go to America. One of the bhoys has been home wunce, an' Maggie is comin' whin the war is over, an' bringin' our Mary's child. She is siventeen, an' has niver seen Oireland."

"What joyous days those will be," I said. "You look a young man to have big grandchildren."

"How old do you think I am, lady?"

I looked at him standing in the sunlight, tall, straight, fresh-skinned, bright-eyed, and said, "Fifty—fifty-two."

"Sivinty-wun," he said, "an' nivir a day's sickness in me life. Wait, lady, an' I'll bring you my little Yankee Maggie."

Presently he returned with a picture in a blue plush frame, and I was introduced to Maggie.

She looked very American, dressed in a well-fitting tailored skirt and jacket, a soft blouse open at the neck, a straw hat simply trimmed, and neat, well-cut shoes. The face was honest and frank, the dark eyes wide apart, the nose not too large, the mouth firm, and the chin square. Her character was all expressed in the photograph. Capability, adaptability, quickness, perseverance, and reliability. Well done little Maggie across the sea! Your silver chain unites Ireland and America to your credit—and to theirs.

CHAPTER XVII

EVERGREEN FRIENDSHIP

THERE are friendships like delicate flowers, that call for constant care and attention to keep them in leaf and blossom. There are other friendships that belong to a hardier order of plant, and by their own sturdy lives remain perpetual evergreens. Neither silence nor absence wither their leaves, nor prevent their buds from blooming. Such a friendship is mine with Nita Shannon. Whether we see each other or not for years, whether we write constantly or lapse into silence, we are sure of each other.

When I came to Ireland Nita at once bade me welcome to Oldcourt. Before I ever saw her I loved her as "Cissy's schoolgirl sister," and I chaperoned Cissy, a rosy, satin-skinned eighteen, in a cloud of white tulle and lilies of the valley, to her first ball. Her uncle, William Creagh, an agreeable bachelor and an indefatigable dancer, saw that we both enjoyed the evening, and Cissy, of a dewy freshness, was greatly admired, particularly by a dark-haired tall youth, who might have had a chance for her favour, but for a little contretemps which made us merry at his expense.

After bringing Cissy back from the fifth dance

to my protecting wing, he seated himself a little distance away from us, began talking to another débutante, and nervously raised his heel from his dancing shoe. And that nice, broad young heel was quite bare. Probably his poor bachelor's sock suffered from a hole when he put it on, and every strand of black silk had been destroyed by his vigorous dancing. In the brilliantly lighted room his heel shone pink and glossy like a round, enamelled shell. When a young girl has laughed heartily at a young man romance is destroyed. But even with his socks quite new and whole, and every advantage of face and fortune, Cissy would have remained heart whole; for she had already divined her vocation to become a nun, and only waited to fulfil it. She thought it fair to her mother and to herself to see the world, and she did see it and enjoyed it. But an exalted duty called her and she left it. Not from disillusion or dissatisfaction in life; her surroundings were all happy and fortunate, and she herself was healthy minded, cheerful, and gay. She loved people and movement, and dances and balls, and theatres and operas; but she valued a life of holiness and self-abnegation and self-sacrifice more. And she gave the most beautiful and touching thing in the world, a pure, young, clean, joyous heart, to her self-forgetful calling.

Nita has the same joyous nature, united to a

rare sympathy and unselfishness, and enlivened by the daring and courage of the Irish temperament. The first time she mounted a horse she rode to hounds without losing her seat; and when Mrs. Morrough, her great-aunt, left her a valuable lace flounce, a centenarian donkey, Oldcourt, one of the historic places in Doneraile, and no income to keep up the large house and many acres, Nita said gaily to her mother, "Oh, we'll manage somehow," and she has managed, not only to keep up the place but to dispense constant hospitality.

She sent "Jerry the Jarvey" to the station to meet me, a car-driver whose constant flow of wit inspired his friend Alexis Roche to make him the hero of a book. But Mr. Roche has filled the book with stories of horseplay, and not given enough of Jerry's reflections to do justice to his character. There are one or two worth remembering.

"There's many a thing I'd say to your honour alone, that I wouldn't say before a witness."

And there Jerry is not different from the rest of the world, for we all say things to one another we would hesitate to say before a witness.

And he shrewdly observes, "There's times when the truth might do better for you than any other thing you could lay your tongue to," and well for us when we realise "the time." When a woman speaks the truth, he might have added, it often passes for wit.

Miss Gladstone asked Parnell to name the best actor he had ever seen, and he said, "Your father." This was a witty answer, and quite true. All politicians are actors, and need to be more accomplished than those on the stage; for actors exploit mock emotions only, while politicians must constantly disguise their real opinions and feelings. I remember at the St. James' Theatre, when *Guy Domville* was produced, a play by Henry James, full of delicate suggestions and subtleties far above the heads of the gallery gods; and amidst hisses, catcalls, and boos, Sir George Alexander stepped to the footlights and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry the play has not pleased you"—his voice quivered with pain —"but believe me when I say, that you have hurt me to the heart."

The very Irish Member of Parliament and unrivalled actor sitting by my side shook his head, and said, "Poor Alexander, it's plain to be seen he's not a politician or he never would have made that admission."

"And this is Doneraile," I said, as we neared the pretty little town in the northern part of Cork.

"There's Canon Sheehan's house," said the jarvey, pointing to a pleasant cream-coloured cottage; "he was a good man if ever there was one, as good as his books; and we have a thousand pounds for his memorial, three hundred pounds

was sint from America, but by this and by that, they can't agree to it. Some wants one thing, and some wants another."

Remembering General John Regan I asked "if they wanted a statue?"

"That's just what the farmers do want; a statue of the Canon standin' wid a wise luk on his face, an' a book in his hand. But the priests and the people closer at home would like stained-glass windys for the chapel. Sure the sunlight comes pourin' in on the altar, an' 'twould be well for the light to be more subdued, an' I'm thinkin' 'twould be windys Himself would have wanted."

"And what do you suppose will happen?"

"That's past all tellin'," said Jerry; "thim farmers do be set on an image, but the wuns for the windys do be very fir-rum."

I only got a flying glimpse of Doneraile Court. There are many interesting country seats of county families scattered about Doneraile, and before the war fox-hunting, steeplechasing, riding, and soldiers from the little garrison town of Buttevant, a short distance away, made the little town gay.

Nita and her mother were on the steps to give me warm welcome, and I felt at home at once in the cheerful mansion, which was so like many of the old Colonial houses in Virginia. What a vast difference there is in houses. Those that are low-

lying, damp, and closed in with dark shrubbery, seem to hold all the tragedies and unhappiness of the former owners, while those open to the air and light are cheerful, and seem to be impressed with the gaiety and happiness of past generations. The gardens of Oldcourt lie to the right, and the climate is so mild in that part of the country, that flowers bloom late in the autumn and early in the spring. In front of the house is a wide open sweep of lawn, which invites every ray of sunshine and ensures a cheerful distance between the splendid trees and woods which surround the place.

It was a fragrant, lovely, midsummer moonlight night, and after dinner we sat on the porch. The lawn had been mown, and there was a scent of sweet vernal in the air from a small haystack not far away. From it apparently proceeded a long, gentle whistling, not unmusical, snore. Nita said she thought a drunken tramp had gone to sleep under the fresh straw, and she must go down to the lodge and get Murphy to rouse him up and persuade him away. I assured her it was only a cow with adenoids, but that theory was unsatisfactory, and finally we both tip-toed gently over to the haystack, circled around it, and there was neither man nor beast to be seen. The sound ceased, and only recommenced when we were in our bedrooms. After dinner the next evening the same whistling snore began again, and Philip



Doneraile Court

Barry, who was dining with us, said it was an owl and proved it by going to an old oak tree at the right of the haystack and rousing up a big horned owl, who uttered a sharp protesting note at being disturbed from his whistling slumbers and flew away.

I looked in vain for the most cheerful ghost in all the ghost world—"The Radiant Boy"—who, clothed in dark blue, is bright with stars and sits on an old iron gate on the Mallow Road, threatening to throw a brilliant missile at the passer-by. He was not always an open-air ghost, for about a hundred years ago, which is no time at all in Ireland, Captain Stuart came to Fort Lewis, now called "Wilkinson's Lawn," and having lost his way craved the hospitality of Colonel Wilkinson for the night, who made him welcome, but, as his house was overflowing with guests, gave him a room which was rarely used. A bright fire of logs blazed on the hearth and a good mattress and clean bedclothes had been placed not far from it. Tired from the day's shooting and wandering in unknown country, he soon slept soundly. But at twelve o'clock he awoke; the roaring fire was blackened ashes and a Boy luminous with silver stars stood before him. He was terribly frightened and hid his head under the bedclothes, but the light seemed to penetrate through the blankets, and when he looked out the Boy was still there. In

the morning he told his experience to Colonel Wilkinson, who said with the house full he had been obliged to put him in the "Boy's Room," but he hoped a blazing fire would discourage the apparition—evidently it had not.

When Fort Lewis was burnt down, it was then the Boy appeared sitting on the old iron entrance gate of Ballydineen House. He only makes rare appearances now, which is a pity as he must be a lovely shining apparition. And he is only one of the many Doneraile ghosts of decided originality.

Nine green cats continually march up and down the Glen that begins at Byblox and ends at Ballydineen. They cry out in hollow voices, "Ohee—Ahyeh!" Perhaps these green ghosts were starved for milk, as they often run up and overturn the milk cans of maids or men milking in the morning. An ovoid-shaped ball of soft yellow light keeps about three feet from the ground and travels from Ballyandrew into Doneraile Park. But if any one comes near it, a semi-transparent racing skeleton is seen to hold the ball in his hands. The Far Dharrig seems to be a most attractive ghost, as he answers the description of a favourite china figure, being a rosy-faced little man about three feet high, dressed in green breeches, a gay red coat, and a black sugar-loaf hat. He never wanders, but confines himself to Ballydineen.

I went as late as I could to Doneraile Bridge,

hoping to meet the flying yellow dog which watches the road at the turnpike, waiting for a black ram. When he appears they both proceed to other interesting friends in Oldcourt churchyard. Probably they confine themselves to the orthodox midnight appearance, and I, not late enough for that, missed them. A man dressed in a tall hat, knee-breechès, and frieze coat also walks Oldcourt Bridge at midnight. Another attractive ghost connected with Doneraile Park is the Pooka, a shaggy, black colt with mild eyes, who now and again is seen trotting into the Park. The first Viscount Doneraile occasionally rides in the Park himself with a full pack of hounds in pursuit of a stag. Many people have heard the horn, and cry of the dogs, and the hoofs of the horses as they rush past.

The night that the fourth Viscount Doneraile died, in the month of August, a farmer from Sycamore was going to Mallow driving a mare and cart. Just outside Doneraile on the Mallow Road, near the Kennels, a shaggy monster hound bounded over the wall and preceded a great coach drawn by four headless horses. Rushing out of the Kennel gate they were followed by a second great hound, and they all ran in the direction of Doneraile. The eyes of the farmer's mare started out of her head, she sprang forward as if she had received a cut from a whip, and ran until

she was white with foam, and he had to go back with her to Sycamore.

A romantic Doneraile ghost is a daughter of William St. Leger, who about 1573 fell in love with a young Irish chieftain. Her father set his stern face against this union of hearts, and Roche was killed at Crognaru by the followers of Sir William. The young lady went into a decline and was found dead near a wall between Crognaru and Ballyandrew; and to this day, when night falls, like a big whire moth she drops over the wall and waits in the same trysting-place to meet her ghostly lover. The second Viscount Doneraile is also restless, as he is frequently met, dressed in leggings and hunting costume, riding a powerful black horse toward Richardstown.

Doneraile Court has many interesting stories connected with it, but none better known than the history of the Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger, who in 1713 was initiated into the mysteries of Free-masonry.

The Lodge at that time was held in a room to the west side of the entrance hall. The partition was undergoing repair, and one of the bricks had tumbled down near the chair where Miss St. Leger had been reading a somnolent book which had put her to sleep. When she awakened she heard voices in the next room, saw the proceedings of the Lodge, and becoming agitated opened the door

to enter the hall and met Tyler, Lord Doneraile's butler, who was evidently a Mason, for he at once called his master. After a consultation of the members, they decided the best way out of the difficulty was to make the eavesdropper a Freemason. Doubtless she made a very creditable one, for her portrait represents a strong-minded lady, painted in a Freemason's apron, with her hand resting on the open page of the Book of Mysteries, and her finger pointing to an important chapter. Lady Castletown has one of the jewels she wore, and the other is in the Lodge at Cork.

I knew a Southern lady who was a Freemason. She was a young, beautiful bride, the wife of a distinguished Confederate officer, and her plantation lay directly in the route of Sherman's march to the sea. All houses were to be burned, she was alone, the fate of the women was uncertain; to give her protection her husband asked that she should receive the first degree of the order of Freemasons. This is probably the only instance of a woman Freemason in America.

The Right Hon. Lord Doneraile raised a Volunteer Corps called the Doneraile Rangers in 1779. It consisted of a cavalry corps of light dragoons. They were magnificent in scarlet uniform faced with green and edged with white, and gold epaulets, buttons, and helmets. The March of the Doneraile Rangers was so inspiring, that when one

of the soldiers was sentenced to death in Dublin, he asked the Sheriff to allow him as a last favour to dance on the scaffold to this lively tune. To see a dance of death attracted a large crowd. Lady Doneraile driving in her carriage asked why they had assembled, and was told the circumstances. She bade the coachman whip the horses to Dublin Castle, and got a reprieve. It would have been a crime against gaiety to execute a man with so irresponsible a temperament that he could nimbly caper on the scaffold with a rope around his neck.

Doneraile Court dates back to 1636, when Sir William St. Leger bought various lands. The house, which faces the River Awbeg (Spenser's Mulla), is surrounded by many beautiful acres; the extensive gardens include a wilderness, a labyrinth, and a canal; at the end of the demesne the river is broad and deep. In the fine deer park the trees—tall elms, ash, birch, Spanish chestnuts, gnarled oaks and beautiful fir trees—grow to a magnificent height. The elaborate and exquisite gardens, so beloved by Lady Castletown, with their thickets of herbaceous borders and great beds of flowers—which include almost every plant that blooms—with all their loveliness, are of less interest to me than the many legends connected with the place. I do not know whether Lord Castletown has ever seen any of the Good People, but he believes in them; and I imagine in that fra-

grant, friendly old garden they often dance until the break of day.

There is a famous curse connected with Doneraile, which is of more than usual interest, as it afterwards was changed into a blessing:

"Alas! how dismal is my tale
I lost my watch in Doneraile.
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal
Pilfer'd at once in Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone never fail,
To fall in showers on Doneraile,
May all the deadly fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile.
As lightnings flash across the vale
So down to Hell with Doneraile.
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile."

"How vastly pleasing is my tale,
I found my watch at Doneraile.
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Were all restored at Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone ever fail,
To hurt or injure Doneraile.
May neither fire nor foe assail
The generous town of Doneraile.
May lightnings never singe the vale
That leads to darling Doneraile.
May Pompey's fate at old Pharsale,
Be still reversed at Doneraile."

In 1829 there was a conspiracy at Doneraile, and the men suspected were in great danger of

their lives, until the eleventh hour when O'Connell was employed to defend them. After travelling all night he arrived at Cork and proceeded to the Court where a simple breakfast was served him. On hearing the legal proposition unguardedly stated by the Solicitor-General, O'Connell, with his mouth full of bread and milk, spluttered out, "That is not law." The Solicitor-General insisted it was, and the Court was appealed to; the decision rested in O'Connell's favour. Rather crestfallen, the Solicitor-General was soon pulled up again for referring to an Act of Parliament which O'Connell knew was only passed for a limited time. "That Act has expired," he called out. This was the second blow, and all through the trial he hectored the Solicitor-General; and, not content with browbeating the witnesses, he finally succeeded in browbeating the Solicitor-General himself. During the proceedings he threatened him with impeachment in the House of Commons for his unfair mode of conducting the prosecution.

"The allegation is made on false facts," the Solicitor-General said.

"False facts, Mr. Solicitor," said O'Connell jeeringly. "How can facts be false?"

The end of the Doneraile trial was that O'Connell succeeded in getting the witnesses in such a tangle, and made them contradict themselves so

often, that the jury in five minutes brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

With his nimble mind and appreciation of the many sides of life, O'Connell disdained no means of winning a case; he even employed, if the occasion demanded, what actors would call "stage properties."

At the Clare Assizes in Ennis two brothers named Hourigan were indicted for maliciously setting fire to a police barracks, and it was stated that the barracks had been ignited by means of a jar of pitch. O'Connell, who was employed for the defence, had a skillet containing pitch secretly placed under the chair of the chief witness, and over this he placed his own broad-brimmed hat so effectually as to conceal it. Bennett swore that he had observed the barrack on fire, and knew it was set on fire by pitch, for he smelt it. He was then cross-examined by O'Connell.

"You know the smell of pitch then?" said O'Connell.

"I do well," replied the witness.

"You can smell pitch anywhere?" said O'Connell.

"Yes, anywhere."

"Even in this Courthouse, if it was here?"

"Without doubt I would."

"And do you swear you do not get the smell of pitch here?" asked O'Connell.

"I do solemnly swear it," replied the witness; "if it was here I'd smell it."

Then O'Connell taking his hat off the skillet of pitch, which was placed underneath the witness's chair, cried, "Now go down you pitch-perjured rascal. Go down."

This saved his client, for the jury in high good-humour discredited the witness.

CHAPTER XVIII

MITCHELSTOWN CASTLE AND AN IRISH ROMANCE

Among other pleasant experiences in Doneraile, Philip Barry motored us to Mitchelstown. The day was perfect. An Italian sky flecked with silver clouds, the air balmy, and yet with a hint of the coolness of autumn underlying the warm sunshine. We travelled through the county of Cork, which was as brilliantly green as if a June sun shone upon the grass and late blooming flowers. There were many points of interest on our way. Kindly looking old houses with porticos of Greek design, picturesque cottages with thatched roofs, and country seats surrounded by many acres.

"We will see," said our kind host, "midway between Doneraile and Buttevant, Spenser's Castle of Kilcolman, now an ivy-grown ruin; but it is possible still to climb the moss-grown staircase, and to view the wide and beautiful country stretching to far-away green plains. It was on this spot that Spenser wrote his immortal poem of the 'Faerie Queen,' and Sir Walter Raleigh when he came to visit him was welcomed by 'Colin Clout's Come Home Agagn.' Although the charm and

beauty of Ireland has been his inspiration, Spenser was traitorously ungrateful to her, for he wrote a paper, published in 1635, advocating the abolition of the inhabitants."

"He did not realise," I said, "that though the Irish of that day might have suffered wholesale butchery, the future generation of children born in Ireland would have been Irish—for human beings are as much a product of the soil as flowers and plants. Nature takes aliens to her absorbing breast and re-nationalises them. The Pole of to-day is the American of to-morrow. The Englishman of to-day is the Irishman of to-morrow. The great scheme of creation permits no interference with her plans and products. It is impossible to circumvent her. Crêpe myrtle or yellow jessamine will not grow out of the South. Edelweiss will only grow on the top of a mountain."

"Yes," said Philip Barry, "the descendants of English Protestants in Ireland may re-echo English opinion and sentiment, but their hearts and natures, and the very fibres of their being, are Irish. They cannot change what Irish soil, and clouds, and sun, and rain, and dew have made them. There are differences in Ireland, of course, between the North and the South, as there are in every country between the North and the South, but in essential points they are the same people.

"A Northerner was trying to explain to an Irishman in Cork that, geographically, Ulster was a different part of Ireland, and the man from Cork said, 'Whist man! is your nose a different part of your face? or your arm a different part of your body?' And whatever the future contains for Ireland, certainly Ulster is an integral part of it, and, contrariwise, nothing is more convincing of the unity of the Irish people than their diverse religions. The zealous Faith of the Catholics, and their strenuous example, have made Protestants almost equally devout in the practise of their religion."

"Both Protestants and Catholics," I said, "seem to me simple people, easily influenced and led by their leaders, politicians, who for the most part of all classes, creeds, and countries are looking to their own interests. Spenser, though a poet, was a politician, and he paid dearly, if I remember, for his bitter advocacy of Irish race annihilation. His castle was burned, and he and his family escaped with difficulty to England, where, having contracted pneumonia on his perilous voyage, he died almost penniless. But tell me about Mitchelstown, is it an old castle?"

"No, the castle is modern, but the ancestry of the Kingston family goes back to FitzGibbon the White Knight, a man who betrayed his kinsman Desmond at the instigation of Sir Walter Raleigh,

and thus kept his four hundred thousand acres—a splendid estate once upon a time, but now poor and heavily encumbered. I've got a book in my pocket with a description by an Englishman, who wrote seventy years ago, of Mitchelstown; it answers to-day. Perhaps you will read it to us."

"From afar off, as soon as the traveler enters the beautiful valley which bears its name, the tower and battlements of Mitchelstown are distinguished rising above the surrounding woods. The gates are at all hours open to the public; it is said that nothing delights Lord Kingston so much as to see people enjoying themselves in his demesne. In England the passage of vehicles through the Park would be considered by most squires an annoyance, but at Mitchelstown Lord Kingston would scarcely permit a carriage to enter without rushing out to greet the occupants and inviting them to make a survey of his castle and its grounds.

"No long, chilling avenue depresses the visitor before the lawn and pleasure-grounds are reached, and the Castle stands before you, a pile of castellated buildings, extensively and elegantly proportioned, and built of stone of the purest white, quarried from the hills of the estate.

"Nothing can be more simple in arrangement than the interior. A noble flight of steps leads from the entrance-doors into the gallery, 150 feet in length. At the other end of this gallery a cor-

responding flight of stairs leads to the upper chambers. The gallery is lighted by many oriel windows, the fire-places are of knightly character and blazon, designed expressedly for the Castle. Doorsteps from the gallery open into the noble reception-rooms, and overhead are two ranges of bed-chambers, sixty principal and twenty inferior bedrooms. In an emergency as many as a hundred persons have been accommodated with chambers in the mansion.

"The stables of the Douglases, made famous by Sir Walter Scott, did not boast more ample accommodation. Four-and-twenty steeds may here be kept ready for war or chase.

"The gardens of Mitchelstown have long been celebrated; the noble Earl himself took special pleasure in them. It is indeed a remarkable sight to see, as far as the eye can reach, festoons and bunches of grapes; some of them are the black Hamburgh variety brought to the utmost perfection here, and there is one vine said to rival in size and fruit the famous vine of Hampton Court. There is a lodge for the reception of picnic parties, who from time immemorial have been permitted the free range of grounds and gardens, and to inspect the castle on application at the door. Many a family fault and failing may be considered amply remedied by this attention to the Stranger.

"When English people hear of a nobleman's seat which there is difficulty in visiting, they can contrast it with Mitchelstown, where every visitor of whatever station is provided for, welcomed, and even invited to return. Lord Kingston does that which the well-bred noblemen of England are far too slow to do; invites to Mitchelstown, without distinction of rank or title, all who can derive enjoyment from it.

"'If you are a scholar,' says the noble lord, writing a friend, 'you shall be conducted to scenes recounted in history; if you are a lover of the picturesque, you shall have a room with a dozen beautiful prospects; if you are a sportsman, the horse and hounds invite you to follow them; and there are hills abounding with grouse, and streams alive with trout. Bring your gun, or rod, or pencil, or your book, you shall be equally welcome and equally gratified.'"

"There," I said. "Isn't that a splendid description of a castle and Irish hospitality?"

"Naturally," said Philip Barry, "with this open-hearted and exhaustless hospitality, the Earl of Kingston got into money difficulties. A mortgage was to be foreclosed, writs were issued. For a time the martial spirit of his ancestors asserted itself, Lord Kingston and his friends held a sort of siege against the Sheriff and his men, but eventually the Castle doors were opened, the Earl of

Kingston drove away, and the men took possession of the Castle and its property."

"And are we to meet the present Earl of Kingston?"

"No, the Castle has passed into the hands of Mr. William Downes Webber, through the death of his wife, a Countess of Kingston."

Meanwhile we had neared the little town of Mitchelstown and asked a fresh-faced young countryman whether to turn to the right or the left, and he answered in a manner characteristically Irish—"Go to the right, it will take you through the town and you will come to a little round square; pass to the left of the round square, then take the road straight on, and that will lead you to Mitchelstown Castle." He made a gesture of a half-circle with one arm, and cut an angle with the hand and wrist of the other, to indicate the topography of a round square. We followed his directions and found the "square" but not the "round." A few minutes later the Castle was disclosed to us. It was built by the Earl of Kingston in anticipation of a visit of George IV, who said on his arrival at Howth, "Kingston, Kingston, you black-whiskered, good-natured fellow, I am delighted to see you in this hospitable country."

"The Irish are not snobs," said Nita, "but being instinctively gentlefolk—they have tradition behind them to make them so—they appreciate

other gentlefolk. If a Royalty had lived among us, had appealed to our loyalty, had encouraged our industries, and had appreciated our exalted ideal of nationality, The Irish Question would have been settled long ago. But the Royalties have been afraid of Ireland. They have believed everything which has been told them by interested politicians, and Ireland has been, and is, a victim to ignorance and misrepresentation."

The door opened and disclosed a fine wide hall, splendidly lighted and hospitable in atmosphere. In spite of its great size Michelstown is all that a castle should be, and usually is not. The windows are large enough to let in plenty of light and air, and the huge house is easily heated. The rooms are magnificently spacious, and the bedroom furnished for King George is solidly impressive and pleasingly luxurious. The wall is hung in a French paper, that one often sees in the châteaux of France; it gives the impression of old-rose brocade drapery; the windows are warm with rich silk hangings, and the view of the distant mountains is enchanting. The carpet is thick enough to render the heaviest footsteps noiseless. The fine old bed is of noble size, with unfaded hangings, and George Rex missed some delightful nights' rest in it.

We were cordially welcomed by Mr. Webber: the name sounds German but, as a matter of fact,



Mitchelstown Castle

this gentleman is the scion of an old Irish family. Charles Lever has not created a more amusing character than Frank Webber in *Charles O'Malley*. Mr. William Downes Webber has a pretty taste himself in literature, and possesses a large library and an unique history of Mexico. He has been a traveller in many lands, has collected many mementos, and is a remarkably vigorous gentleman, rising eighty, but still walking vigorously and riding on horseback in the early morning. He showed us through the rooms and even the basement which, in spite of the humid climate of Ireland, is perfectly dry and light. There are innumerable kitchens, still-rooms, sculleries, wine-cellars, laundries, drying-rooms, plate-rooms, and, in fact, space for every conceivable convenience in keeping a great house clean and in order.

I remember when visiting Ashburnham Place, Lord Ashburnham spoke of his need of small rooms. There was no place for a lonely man to sit and be cosy; for the library, dining-room, drawing-rooms, and billiard-room were all of such vast proportions that the shadows in the corners gave one quite an eerie feeling. The Earl of Kingston has provided just such a small, complete house in one wing of the Castle; it comprises a moderate-sized dining-room and library, a small boudoir, cosy bedrooms, and a good kitchen and accommodation for a limited staff of servants.

Mr. Webber prefers himself to live in the Castle, but he sometimes lends this suite of apartments to friends for the summer.

The Castle is built upon the site of the mansion, which was once surrounded by the present beautiful grounds; the high wall has disappeared. There are many romantic stories connected with all the old Irish families, but none more thrilling than the elopement of Mary King. Her father was Robert, second Earl of Kingston, and he married in 1769 the only daughter of Richard Fitzgerald, the Squire of Mount O'Phaly, County Kildare.

It was discovered after the death of a young brother of Lady Kingston, that he had left an illegitimate son, who was called Henry Fitzgerald. The boy was so beautiful and winning that when his aunt saw him she constituted herself his guardian and decided to bring him up with her own children. And he not only won her heart, but, by his persuasive and singular charm, he conquered the affections of the whole Kingston family, particularly of his little cousin Mary, a child who gave promise of being a great beauty. And, beside his power of fascination, Henry Fitzgerald had more than the average intellect. Passing his examinations well, he entered the Army at the age of nineteen, and by dash and courage quickly rose to the rank of Colonel. With a tall, hand-

some figure, flashing blue eyes, regular features, and a witty Irish tongue, he captured the heart of an heiress, married her, and became very popular in London Society.

In the meantime his little cousin, Mary King, had grown up a remarkably beautiful girl of sixteen. She could have been cast for the part of Lady Godiva, for her splendid curling red hair, reaching below her ankles, covered her like a royal mantle. Her eyes were black, her teeth were pearl-white, her figure was charming, and her smile was said to be enchanting. Her cousin, regarded by the family as a son and brother, had ample opportunity of intimate intercourse with this lovely maiden, who, like a goddess, was the personification of health, strength, and beauty, and like a goddess she as mysteriously disappeared. Going out to walk upon the lawn one morning she was seen no more.

There were a thousand theories as to her disappearance; gipsies had been seen in the neighbourhood, and it was thought she might have been abducted and forcibly carried away to be a gipsy queen. But the gipsies were watched, and they seemed quite satisfied with their own swarthy ruler. The country and London were searched by the Earl and his friends, but nothing was discovered. The little river near Mitchelstown and even the Thames was dragged. A small fortune was

offered in reward for information which would lead to the discovery, in life or death, of the beautiful young girl, "tall and slim, with brilliant complexion, dark eyes, and thick braids of red hair;" so the bills described her.

But not even a rumour reached the distracted parents; it seemed as if she had been spirited away by black magic, so complete was the silence. The Countess of Kingston grew pale and thin, mourning her missing daughter; the Earl of Kingston became nervous and irritable under the constant speculation and strain. Finally, the family left Mitchelstown and moved nearer London. The police came and went almost daily to the house to try and obtain a fresh clue.

During all this time Henry Fitzgerald was unremitting in his efforts to find his cousin. He was constantly with her father. He helped to drag the Thames. He continually interviewed the detectives. He was always hopeful of finding the girl, and he was a source of consolation and strength to the anguished mother.

At length some uncertain information reached Lord Kingston which made him hope that his daughter was still alive. The post-boy one day informed him that he was employed by a stranger, a handsome gentleman, to drive him the week before to London. As they were about a mile from the city, they overtook a beautiful young

lady walking on the road, she was tall, with dark eyes, and splendid braids of hair which stood out like a halo from either side of her head. The gentleman, who was driving, asked if she was going to London, and she said yes. The gentleman was then mighty civil, and said, "If you will take a seat, Madam, I will put you down at your own door." She thanked him, and entered the carriage. When they got as far as Temple Bar he put them down and they seemed quite friendly and went away together. The gentleman paid him very well. The description answered so accurately to Mary King's appearance that Lord Kingston put forth fresh efforts to find his daughter. He spoke to Colonel Fitzgerald, who seemed deeply impressed by the information, but there was no further news of her, and but for her singularly beautiful rich hair, the mystery might have remained for ever unsolved.

In those days maidservants read very little. And some of them could not read at all. But in the lodging-house where Mary King lived one of them seems to have been the usual sharp, observant London slavey. She placed the Honourable Mary under observation, and one day, unexpectedly entering the young lady's room, she saw a pair of sharp scissors and a great mantle of lovely waving red hair lying on the counterpane, and Mary King in short curls stood weeping by the bed. The maid

managed to secure a lock of this wonderful hair, and with it she journeyed to the house occupied by the Kingstons. When she asked for the Countess of Kingston it was with such mysterious assurance that the butler unhesitatingly led her to the Countess, saying the young woman wanted to see her on a matter of great importance. After the door of the boudoir was closed, she told the story of the beautiful young lady who lived in a lodging-house in Clayton Street, Kennington, with her husband, a very handsome and distinguished gentleman. He had brought her there about three weeks before, and he was very loving to her, but was sometimes absent. The young lady would then stand looking out of the window for hours, weeping, and one day she had sobbed aloud and cut off all her beautiful hair. The girl then handed the long red curl to Lady Kingston, who pressed it to her heart, almost fainting.

At this moment Colonel Fitzgerald opened the door and entered the room. He had arrived for one of his usual visits of sympathy and condolence. When the servant-maid saw him she divined a tragedy, and rising to her feet made a dramatic gesture, saying, "That is the man, my lady." "No! Oh, my God, no!" said Lady Kingston, and fainted. Frightened and confounded, Colonel Fitzgerald rushed from the house. He was quickly followed by Lord and Lady Kingston,

who found their daughter in Kennington. They were able to persuade her to start at once with them to Mitchelstown. The girl had been brought up in the shadow of the beautiful Galtee Mountains and was homesick for the open-air life of Ireland. She was only sixteen, and no young girl of that age has a realisation of the grand passion. Romance, adventure, many things may appeal to her, but not an abiding love. I daresay that in a short time she was forgetful, quite happy, and properly repentant, but according to the manner of the times, the outraged family honour required vindication. Girls of the present day protect their own honour. In the eighteenth century men did it for them.

Robert King, Mary's brother, challenged Colonel Fitzgerald to a duel, and it was fought in Hyde Park—probably near the Serpentine, in the early morning in October, 1797. The two young men stood under the splendid trees, only ten paces away from each other. Colonel Fitzgerald was alone, as he had not been able to find, among all his fashionable friends, any man who would act as his second. His conduct in their eyes, and in the eyes of the whole world, had debarred him to all claim of gentlemanhood. These cousins, who had been brought up as brothers, no doubt were both filled with emotion, and their hands were unsteady, for no less than four shots were fired

without effect. Perhaps, in spite of all that had happened, neither wished to kill the other. When the last shot went astray, Colonel Fitzgerald said quite humbly:

"May I ask advice from you, Major Wood, as a friend?" Major Wood said, "I disclaim any friendship now and for ever with you, Colonel Fitzgerald, but if you acknowledge your base conduct, the affair is at an end." Colonel Fitzgerald replied, "I am willing to admit that I have acted wrongly." Major Wood was not satisfied with so tepid an apology. The duel was renewed, and two more shots were exchanged without injury to the combatants. Colonel Fitzgerald, having fired all the powder he had brought, asked Major Wood to supply him with more, or to allow him the use of one of Robert King's pistols. Major Wood declined both of these proposals, and said the duel would have to be renewed the next morning; but the police got wind of it and arrested both the young men. When they were set at liberty, Colonel Fitzgerald travelled incognito to Ireland, with the intention of persuading Mary King to a second elopement, and he went to live in the little town of Mitchelstown, which is not far from the Castle. Probably the hotel that stands there now was the veritable inn that gave him hospitality.

The innkeeper was both curious and suspicious about his distinguished and solitary guest, a gen-

tleman in manner and bearing, who knew nobody in the neighbourhood, and, both strong and active, shut himself up in his room by day and only ventured out by night.

At this time the Kilworth Mountains were the hiding-place of a very well-known band of highway robbers. Captain Brennan, a handsome, reckless dare-devil, was not unlike Colonel Fitzgerald in appearance; and it was a natural mistake of the innkeeper to tell Lord Kingston that he was sure he harboured under his roof the veritable highwayman, for whom Lord Kingston in command of the Yeomanry was searching. The anxious father instantly suspected a case of mistaken identity, and he resolved that if another duel was fought, it should not be a bloodless encounter. Seeing Lord Kingston's rage, and not being able to define the reason, the innkeeper betrayed his nervousness to Colonel Fitzgerald, who took alarm and left Mitchelstown for Kilworth.

It was evening when Lord Kingston and his son, Colonel King, arrived at the hotel in Kilworth. He asked whether a guest had arrived there that day, and was told that a handsome gentleman had just gone to his room. Lord Kingston sent the waiter with his compliments to the unknown guest, and said he wished to see him on a matter of business. The door was locked, and Colonel Fitzgerald did not open it, but called out

that owing to the late hour he could not attend to any business. Lord Kingston recognised the seductive voice of his ungrateful nephew, and he and his son went to the door and loudly knocked, demanding entrance. There was silence, but the lock was weak, it yielded to pressure; and they rushed into the bedroom to find Colonel Fitzgerald dressed and armed with a brace of pistols.

Robert King seized and tried to disarm him. The two men were clasped in a silent, death-like grip, when Lord Kingston, trembling with excitement, fired, and Fitzgerald fell. Dr. Pigot, of Kilworth, was sent for, but could do nothing. And Henry Fitzgerald only lived a few minutes. When he ceased to breathe Lord Kingston rode like the wind to More Park, dismounted, and sought his brother-in-law, saying, "My God, I've killed him! I don't know how I did it. But—oh, I most sincerely wish it had been by another hand than mine." He then offered to take his trial.

Bills of indictment were prepared and put before a grand jury, which was composed of gentlemen of the highest rank. The Earl of Kingston and his son Robert were charged with the crime of murder. Subsequently, the Indictment formed at the Cork Spring Assizes was moved by certiorarl to the High Court of Parliament, in order that the Earl should be tried by his Peers. On the 18th

of May, 1798, the House of Lords in Dublin acquitted him, there being no evidence to sustain the Indictment. Robert King and John Harvey, a friend, who were with him the night of the murder, were tried by Petty Jury. They were acquitted, for no witnesses could be brought forward to sustain the prosecution.

Probably Colonel Henry Fitzgerald's friends could more easily have forgiven his elopement with Mary King of the beautiful hair—for well could the reckless man have said, "And she strangled my soul in a mesh of her gold-coloured hair"—than his unforgivable sin, black hypocrisy.

When one thinks of his daily visits to the Countess; his frank demeanour to Lord Kingston, and his constant interviews with the detectives, shooting seems too good for him.

His wife, who apparently sank into an early insignificance, I hope was consoled by a more honourably minded gentleman, after her husband's timely death.

Mary King's story had an unexpected and conventional ending, not at all in accord with her dramatic début. For she neither ran away a second time, nor did she go on the stage. She went instead to England, under the name of one of the collateral branches of her family, and lived with the widow of a clergyman of the established Church of Wales. This lady was the head of the

house of her son, a young clergyman, who must have been a man of parts, as he possessed a comfortable living. He seems conveniently devoid of curiosity, for he knew nothing, nor did he ask anything, about the enchanting being, gifted with charm, a lovely person, and an eloquent Irish tongue, who was living under his roof.

Mary King missed her true vocation in not becoming an actress, as her sense of drama is undeniable. Like Wilkie Collins's New Magdalen, she was moved to make a thrilling confession, saying that she had been reading a book—she did not add that it was a book of life—and in appealing tones, with suppressed emotion, she revealed her wrong, her flight, her discovery, her return to her beloved mountains, and her final repentance. The cleric was deeply moved at her convincing recital, and at the psychological moment she fervently exclaimed, "Behold, I am the Woman."—And a very considerable woman she was, especially for a clergyman to tackle. However, he must have felt himself equal to the task, although at the moment, he is described as being naturally shocked. But Mary King had been a very young Magdalen. Her eyes were very bright, and her voice was very sweet. He said, what man has said from time immemorial to beautiful woman under like circumstances,—and what he will say ever again, —that, "She was more sinned against than

sinning." Long red hair is a valuable asset for a sinner.

Her spiritual adviser so greatly pitied that it did not take him long to forgive,—nor to love her. He desired to compensate her for all she had suffered, and, as an honourable gentleman, offered her the protection of his hand, which she gratefully accepted, and became after marriage a most devoted wife and mother, and an exemplary parson's lady. Thus the thrilling romance of a three-volume novel ended unexpectedly in a peaceful rectory in Wales.

MY IRISH YEAR

The Irish say, "The first thread is not of the piece," so I have given myself time enough in Ireland for the weaving of threads. Three American naval officers stationed in Queenstown, were talking to me to-day. One of them said the best book on China was written by a man who had never been in it. This may be possible of China, but it could not be true of Ireland. There are so many misrepresentations of the country, the climate, and the people, that to form a correct judgment each individual must see for himself. I have lived in Ireland considerably over a year now, and I can only speak of the people as I have found them: agreeable, obliging, and easy to get along with. And reliable? Quite as reliable as any other nationality, for as Josh Billings said, when some one asked him what he thought of the French people, "Human nature generally prevails." Sometimes it is more, sometimes it is less, and in a different manner—but it prevails, until we go Up or Down, as the case may be.

I have travelled a good deal, and in my opinion the two nations the least greedy for money are the Norwegians and the Irish. And Ireland offers to those of moderate income almost every advantage.

Life in the country is most agreeable. Horses are good; labour is cheap; vegetables and flowers are easily raised; and people are not straining every nerve to dress fashionably and live with extravagance of detail; health, neighbourliness, an outing now and then, this constitutes their happiness.

And Dublin is pre-eminently a comfortable place to live. Large enough for independence of thought and action, and small enough to have people humanly interested in one's welfare. The old Georgian houses with their beautiful front doors, fanlights, stucco, ornamentations, and fine mantelpieces are to be had at a low rental, or there are small houses in Rathmines or elsewhere of decided prepossessing individuality. A little grey house in Wellington Place, with two tall chimneys, looks like a fairy godmother's house; there are raspberry bushes and a cherry tree in the garden, and I envy the occupants of it. The wages of servants are very moderate. The markets are good. "Little dressmakers" are excellent, and the Sisters of Charity do exquisite needlework and embroidery. If fashionable, smart society is desired there is the Castle, the Viceroy, the officials about him, and the "Castle set"; if literary society is the preference, there are the intellectuals who talk brilliantly and write brilliant books. Dublin is small enough to avoid fatigue, as the li-

braries, the picture galleries, and the shops are within walking distance of each other. It rains a good deal, but the rain from silvery skies is light and soft; the air is pure, and there are no fogs. During the whole of last winter it was never necessary to resort to artificial light during the day. The blackness and gloom of London are quite unknown here.

And any one with a liking for pictures, old mirrors and glass, enamels and china, old furniture, and old prints can make a collection in Dublin to better financial advantage than in London. Ireland is by no means exhausted of treasures in art. Quite recently a picture was sold in Galway for a few pounds which afterwards realised three thousand in the English market. At the sale of an unpretentious country mansion, the old silver, and Waterford glass on a moderate sized dining-table was estimated at being worth six thousand pounds. In Irish country houses there are pictures by Romney, Reynolds, and Hugh Hamilton—the distinguished Irish artist—Gainsborough, Battoni, Kneller, Amigoni, Van Scorel, Mignard, and other of the immortals.

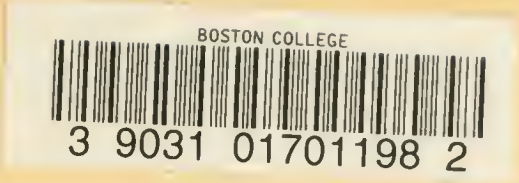
Professor William Magennis has made his fine collection entirely in Dublin; among his pictures are examples of Lely, Rubens, François, Boucher, Carlo Dulci, Gaspar, Poussin, Van Artois, Van Uden, Teniers, Jannsen, and a number of the

best-known Irish painters, among them Bingham Guinness, who is popular in America, Edwin Hayes, and Collis Watkins. If after buying an old picture restoration is necessary, Sir Hugh Lane said there was no one better than Nairn, whose father and grandfather were artists before him.

Personally, my Irish year has been a pleasant and profitable one; the friends I have made have been kind—I could not have written Herself—Ireland without their help. The extraordinary memory and intelligent suggestions of Professor William Magennis have been of especial value to me. And I have tested the worth of friendship by last winter getting a poisonous attack of communicable influenza and lavishly distributing it to my visitors, but they generously forgave me. I was rather ill for some weeks, and found it possible to do without a nurse, from the constant care and attention which was ungrudgingly given me in the Shelbourne Hotel. When I go away from Ireland I shall be sorry to say good-bye, and it will warm my heart to return again to these kindly people and green shores. But—who knows—perhaps I shall not say good-bye!

The Shelbourne Hotel,
August 1st, 1917.

THE END


BOSTON COLLEGE
3 9031 01701198 2

Date Due

	5133		

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed for the same period, unless reserved.

Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you.

The borrower is responsible for books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.